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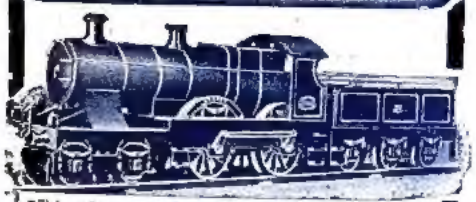

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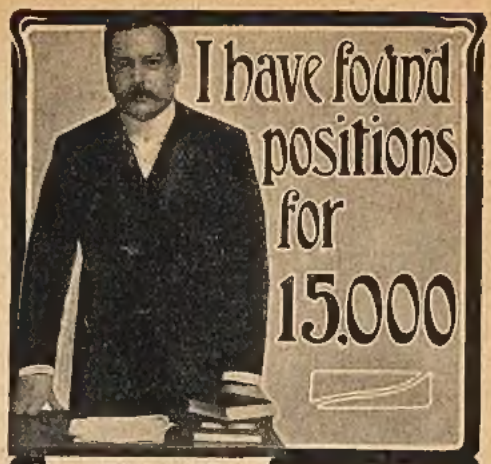

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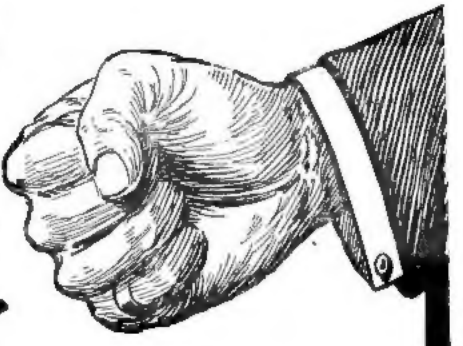

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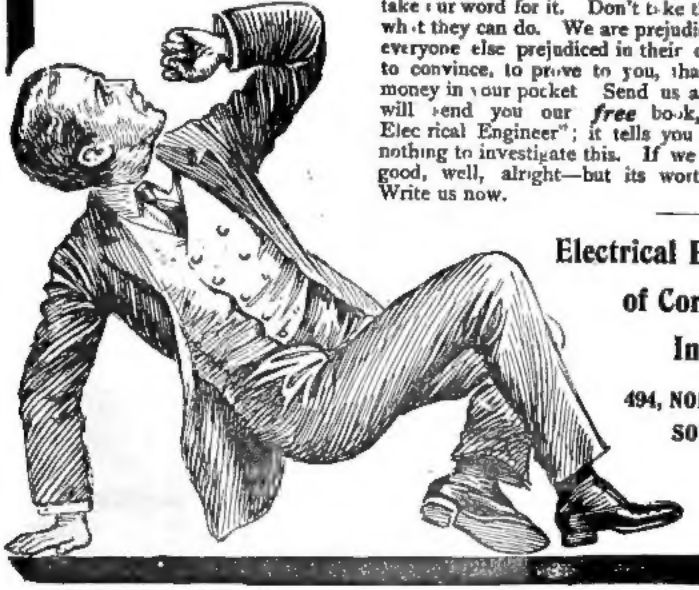

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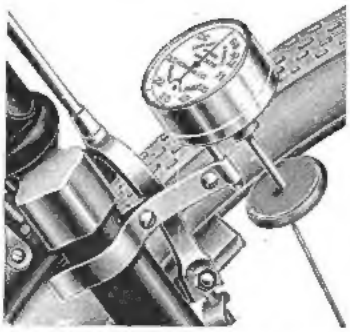

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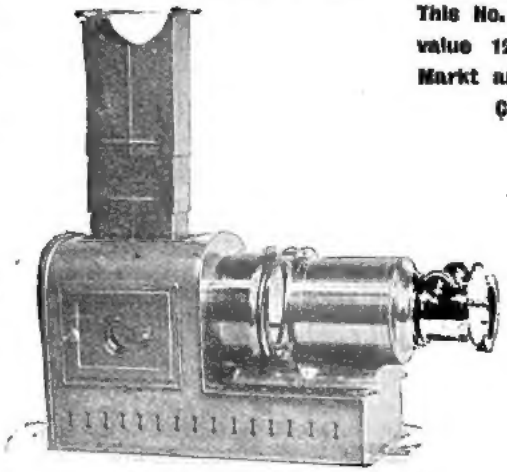

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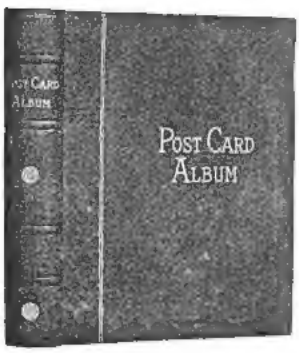

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See page **84**

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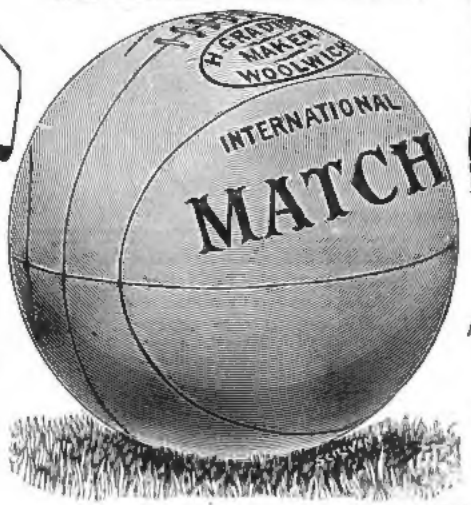

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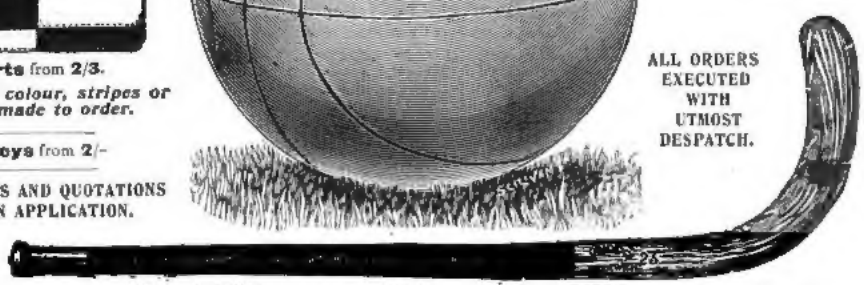

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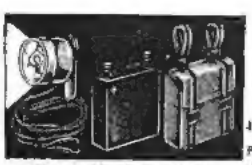

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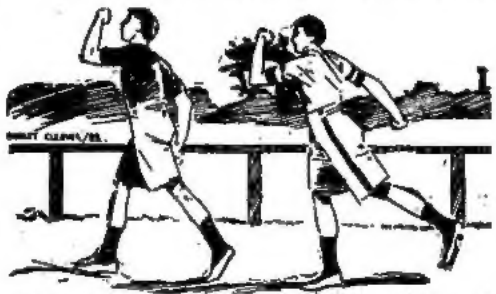

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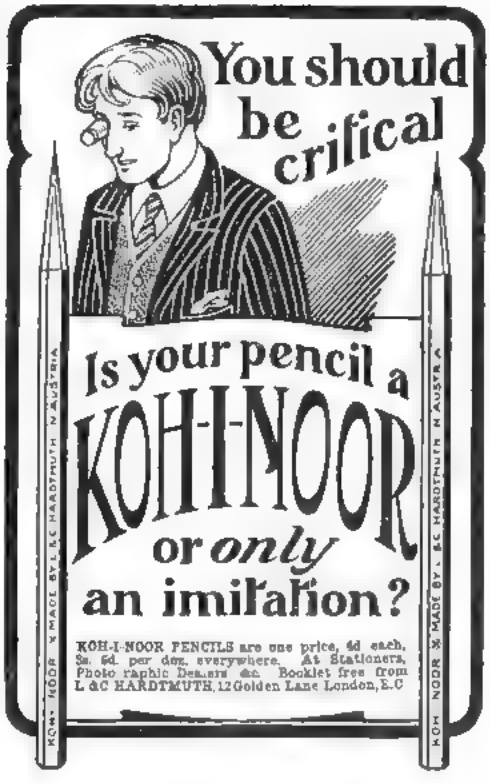

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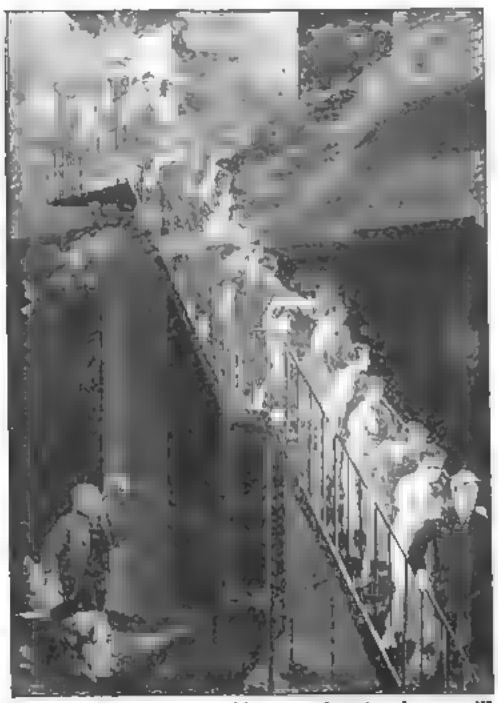

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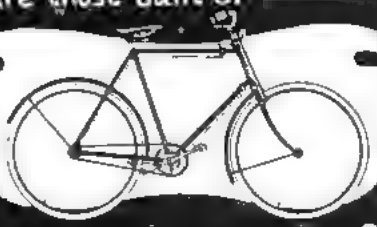

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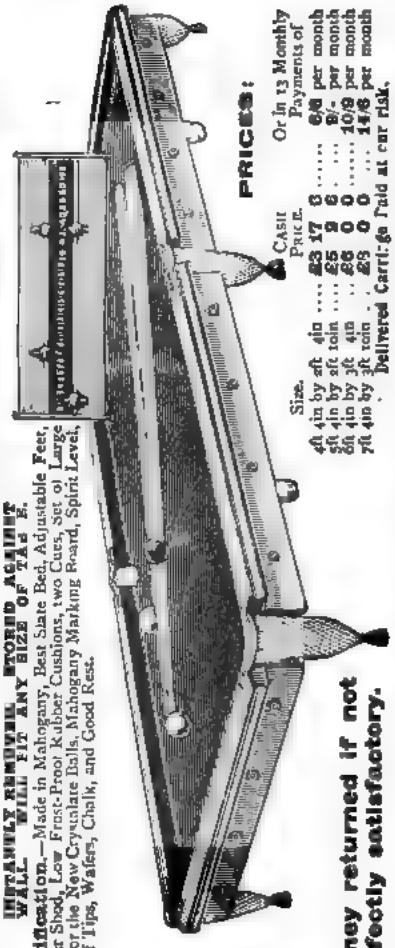

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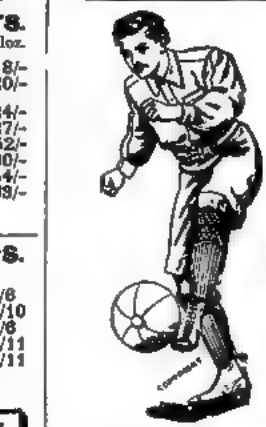

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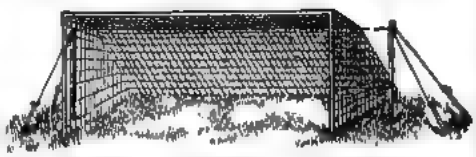

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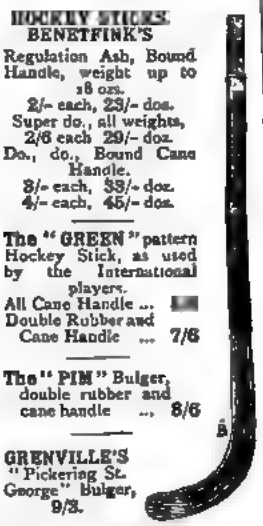

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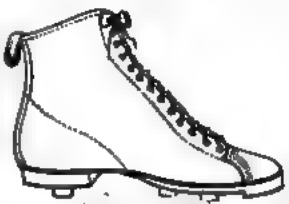

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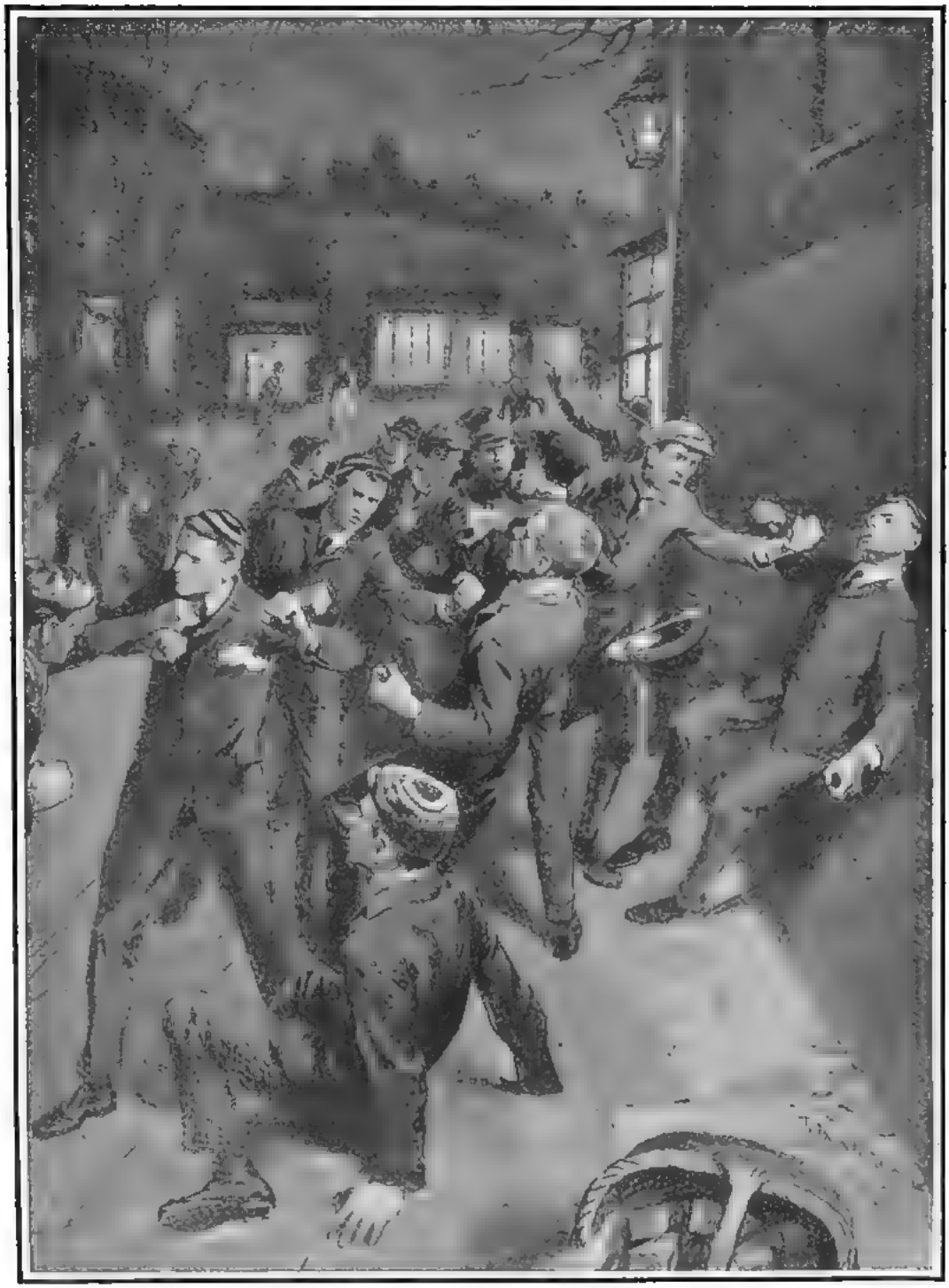

THE RED-HAIRED ALBERT, PLUNGING THROUGH THE FRAY, SENT BARRY STAGGERING AGAINST THE WALL.

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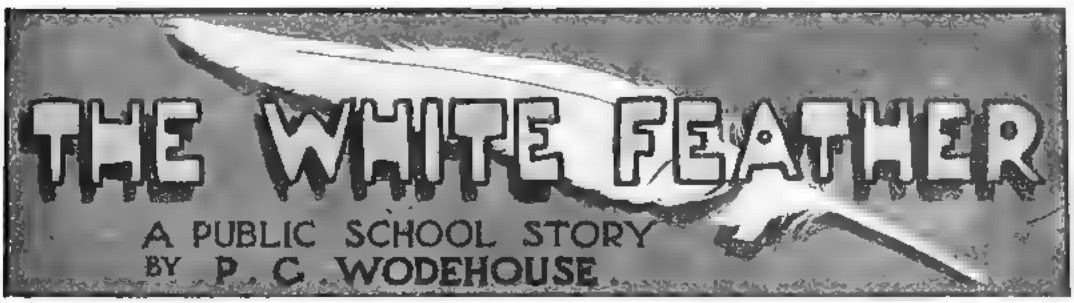

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CHAPTER I.

EXPERT OPINIONS.

"WITH apologies to gent opposite," said Clowes, "I must say I don't think much of the team."

"Don't apologise to *me*," said Allardyce disgustedly, as he filled the teapot, "I think they're rotten."

"They ought to have got into form by now, too," said Trevor. "It's not as if this was the first game of the term."

"First game!" Allardyce laughed shortly. "Why, we've only got a couple of club matches and the return match with Ripton to end the season. It is about time they got into form, as you say."

Clowes stared pensively into the fire.

"They struck me," he said, "as the sort of team who'd get into form somewhere in the middle of the cricket season."

"That's about it," said Allardyce. "Try those biscuits, Trevor. They're about the only good thing left in the place."

"School isn't what it was?" inquired Trevor, plunging a hand into the tin that stood on the floor beside him.

"No," said Allardyce, "not only in footer but in everything. The place seems absolutely rotten. It's bad enough losing all our matches, or nearly all. Did you hear that Ripton took thirty-seven points off us last term? And we only just managed to beat Greenburgh by a try to nil."

"We got thirty points last year," said Trevor. "Thirty-three and forty-two the year before. Why, we've always simply walked them. It's an understood thing that we smash them. And this year they held us all the time, and it was only a fluke that we scored at all. Their back mis-kicked, and let Barry in."

"Barry struck me as the best of the outsides to-day," said Clowes. "He's heavier than he was, and faster."

"He's all right," agreed Allardyce. "If only the centres would feed him, we might do something occasionally. But did you ever see such a pair of rotters?"

"The man who was marking me certainly didn't seem particularly brilliant. I don't even know his name. He didn't do anything at footer in my time," said Trevor.

"He's a chap called Attell. He wasn't here with you. He came after the summer holidays. I believe he was sacked from somewhere. He's no good, but there's nobody else. Colours have been simply a gift this year to any one who can do a thing. Only Barry and myself left from last year's team. I never saw such a clearance as there was after the summer term."

"Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?" sighed Clowes.

"I don't know. I wish they were here," said Allardyce.

Trevor and Clowes had come down, after the Easter term had been in progress for a fort-

night, to play for an Oxford A team against the school. The match had resulted in an absurdly easy victory for the visitors by over forty points. Clowes had scored five tries off his own bat, and Trevor, if he had not fed his wing so conscientiously, would probably have scored an equal number. As it was, he had got through twice, and also dropped a goal. The two were now having a late tea with Allardyce in his study. Allardyce had succeeded Trevor as Captain of Football at Wrykyn, and had found the post anything but a sinecure.

For Wrykyn had fallen for the time being on evil days. It was experiencing the reaction which so often takes place in a school in the year following a season of exceptional athletic prosperity. With Trevor as captain of football, both the Ripton matches had been won, and also three out of the four other school matches. In cricket the eleven had had an even finer record, winning all their school matches, and likewise beating the M.C.C. and Old Wrykinians. It was too early to prophesy concerning the fortunes of next term's cricket team, but, if they were going to resemble the fifteen, Wrykyn was doomed to the worst athletic year it had experienced for a decade.

"It's a bit of a come-down after last season, isn't it?" resumed Allardyce, returning to his sorrows. It was a relief to him to discuss his painful case without restraint.

"We were a fine team last year," agreed Clowes, "and especially strong on the left wing. By the way, I see you've moved Barry across."

"Yes. Attell can't pass much, but he passes better from right to left than from left to right; so, Barry being our scoring man, I shifted him across. The chap on the other wing, Stanning, isn't bad at times. Do you remember him? He's in Appleby's. Then Drummond's useful at half."

"Jolly useful," said Trevor. "I thought he would be. I recommended you last year to keep your eye on him."

"Decent chap, Drummond," said Clowes.

"About the only one there is left in the place," observed Allardyce gloomily.

"Our genial host," said Clowes, sawing at the cake, "appears to have that tired feeling. He seems to have lost that *joie de vivre* of his, what?"

"It must be pretty sickening," said Trevor sympathetically. "I'm glad I wasn't captain in a bad year."

"The rummy thing is that the worse they are, the more side they stick on. You see chaps who wouldn't have been in the third in a good year walking about in first fifteen blazers, and first fifteen scarves, and first fifteen stockings, and sweaters with first fifteen colours round the edges. I wonder they don't tattoo their faces with first fifteen colours."

"It would improve some of them," said Clowes.

Allardyce resumed his melancholy remarks. "But, as I was saying, it's not only that the footer's rotten. That you can't help, I suppose. It's the general beastliness of things that I bar. Rows with the town, for instance. We've been having them on and off ever since you left. And it'll be worse now, because there's an election coming off soon. Are you fellows stopping for the night in the town? If so, I should advise you to look out for yourselves."

"Thanks," said Clowes. "I shouldn't like to see Trevor sandbagged. Nor, indeed, should I—for choice—care to be sandbagged myself. But, as it happens, the good Donaldson is putting us up, so we escape the perils of the town."

"Everybody seems so beastly slack now," continued Allardyce. "It's considered the thing. You're looked on as an awful blood if you say you haven't done a stroke of work for a week. I shouldn't mind that so much if they were some good at anything. But they can't do a thing. The footer's rotten, the gymnasium six is made up of kids an inch high—we shall probably be about ninetieth at the Public Schools' Competition—and there isn't any one who can play racquets for nuts. The only thing that Wrykyn'll do this year is to get the Light Weights at Aldershot. Drummond ought to manage that. He won the Feathers last time. He's nearly a stone heavier now, and awfully good. But he's the only man we shall send up, I expect. Now that O'Hara and Moriarty are both gone, he's the only chap we have who's up to Aldershot form. And nobody else'll take the trouble to practise. They're all too slack."

"In fact," said Clowes, getting up, "as was only to be expected, the school started going to the dogs directly I left. We shall have to be pushing on now, Allardyce. We promised to look in on Seymour before we went to bed. Friend, let us away."

"Good-night," said Allardyce.

"What you want," said Clowes solemnly, "is a liver pill. You are looking on life too gloomily. Take a pill. Let there be no stint. Take two. Then we shall hear your merry

"WHAT YOU WANT," SAID CLOWES, SOLEMNLY, "IS A LIVER PILL."

laugh ringing through the old cloisters once more. Buck up and be a bright and happy child, Allardyce."

"Take more than a pill to make me that," growled that soured footballer.

Mr. Seymour's views on the school resembled those of Allardyce. Wrykyn, in his opinion, was suffering from a reaction.

"It's always the same," he said, "after a very good year. Boys leave, and it's hard to fill their places. I must say I did not expect quite such a clearing out after the summer. We have had bad luck in that way. Maurice, for instance, and Robinson both ought to have had another year at school. It was quite unexpected, their leaving. They would have made all the difference to the forwards. You must have somebody to lead the pack who has had a little experience of first fifteen matches."

"But even then," said Clowes, "they oughtn't to be so rank as they were this afternoon. They seemed such slackers."

"I'm afraid that's the failing of the school just now," agreed Mr. Seymour. "They don't play themselves out. They don't put just that last ounce into their work which makes all the difference."

Clowes thought of saying that, to judge by appearances, they did not put in even the first ounce; but refrained. However low an opinion a games' master may have—and even express—of his team, he does not like people to agree too cordially with his criticisms.

"Allardyce seems rather sick about it," said Trevor.

"I am sorry for Allardyce. It is always unpleasant to be the only survivor of an exceptionally good team. He can't forget last year's matches, and suffers continual disappointments because the present team does not play up to the same form."

"He was saying something about rows with the town," said Trevor, after a pause.

"Yes, there has certainly been some unpleasantness lately. It is the penalty we pay for being on the outskirts of a town. Four years out of five nothing happens. But in the fifth, when the school has got a little out of hand——"

"Oh, then it really *has* got out of hand?" asked Clowes.

"Between ourselves, yes," admitted Mr. Seymour.

"What sort of rows?" asked Trevor.

Mr. Seymour couldn't explain exactly. Nothing, as it were, definite—as yet. No

actual complaints so far. But still—well, trouble—yes, trouble.

"For instance," he said, "a boy in my house, Linton—you remember him?—is moving in society at this moment with a swollen lip and minus a front tooth. Of course, I know nothing about it, but I fancy he got into trouble in the town. That is merely a straw which shows how the wind is blowing, but if you lived on the spot you would see more what I mean. There is trouble in the air. And now that this election is coming on I should not wonder if things came to a head. I can't remember a single election in Wrykyn when there was not disorder in the town. And if the school is going to join in, as it probably will, I shall not be sorry when the holidays come. I know the headmaster is only waiting for an excuse to put the town out of bounds."

"But the kids have always had a few rows on with that school in the High Street—what's it's name—St. Something?" said Clowes.

"Jude's," supplied Trevor.

"St. Jude's?" said Mr. Seymour. "Have they? I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes. I don't know how it started, but it's been going on for two or three years now. It's a School House feud really, but Dexter's are mixed up in it somehow. If a School House fag goes down town he runs like an antelope along the High Street, unless he's got one or two friends with him. I saved dozens of kids from destruction when I was at school. The St. Jude's fellows lie in wait, and dash out on them. I used to find School House fags fighting for their lives in back alleys. The enemy fled on my approach. My air of majesty overawed them."

"But a junior school feud matters very little," said Mr. Seymour. "You say it has been going on for three years; and I have never heard of it till now. It is when the bigger fellows get mixed up with the town that we have to interfere. I wish the headmaster would put the place out of bounds entirely until the election is over. Except at election time the town seems to go to sleep."

"That's what we ought to be doing," said Clowes to Trevor. "I think we had better be off now, sir. We promised Mr. Donaldson to be in some time to-night."

"It's later than I thought," said Mr. Seymour. "Good-night, Clowes. How many tries was it that you scored this afternoon? Five? I wish you were still here, to score them for instead of against us. Good-night, Trevor. I was glad to see they tried you for Oxford, though you didn't get your blue. You'll be in next year all right. Good-night."

The two Old Wrykinians walked along the road towards Donaldson's. It was a fine night, but misty.

"Jove, I'm quite tired," said Clowes. "Hello!"

"What's up?"

They were opposite Appleby's at the moment. Clowes drew him into the shadow of the fence.

"There's a chap breaking out. I saw him shinning down a rope. Let's wait, and see who it is."

A moment later somebody ran softly through the gateway and disappeared down the road that led to the town.

"Who was it?" said Trevor. "I couldn't see."

"I spotted him all right. It was that chap who was marking me to-day. Stanning. Wonder what he's after. Perhaps he's gone to tar the statue, like O'Hara. Rather a sportsman."

"Rather a silly idiot," said Trevor. "I hope he gets caught."

"You always were one of those kind, sympathetic chaps," said Clowes. "Come on, or Donaldson'll be locking us out."

CHAPTER II.

SHEEN AT HOME.

ON the afternoon following the Oxford A match, Sheen, of Seymour's, was sitting over the gas-stove in his study with a Thucydides. He had been staying in that day with a cold. He was always staying in. Every one has his hobby, and that was Sheen's.

Nobody at Wrykyn, even at Seymour's, seemed to know Sheen very well, with the exception of Drummond; and those who troubled to think about the matter at all rather wondered what Drummond saw in him. To the superficial observer the two had nothing in common. Drummond was good at games—he was in the first fifteen and the second eleven, and had won the Feather Weights at Aldershot—and seemed to have no interests outside them. Sheen, on the other hand, played fives for the house, and that was all. He was bad at cricket, and had given up football by special arrangement with Allardyce, on the plea that he wanted all his time for work. He was in for an in-school scholarship, the Gotford. Allardyce, though professing small sympathy with such a degraded ambition, had given him

a special dispensation, and since then Sheen had retired from public life even more than he had done hitherto. The examination for the Gotford was to come off towards the end of the term.

The only other Wrykinians with whom Sheen was known to be friendly were Stanning and Attell, of Appleby's. And here those who troubled to think about it wondered still more, for Sheen, whatever his other demerits, was not of the type of Stanning and Attell. There are certain members of every public-school, just as there are certain members of every college at the universities, who are "marked men." They have never been detected in any glaring breach of the rules, and their manner towards the powers that be is, as a rule, suave, even deferential. Yet it is one of the things which everybody knows that they are in the black books of the authorities, and that sooner or later, in the picturesque phrase of the New Yorker, they will "get it in the neck." To this class Stanning and Attell belonged. It was plain to all that the former was the leading member of the firm. A glance at the latter was enough to show that, whatever ambitions he may have had in the direction of villainy, he had not the brains necessary for really satisfactory evil-doing. As for Stanning, he pursued an even course of life, always rigidly obeying the eleventh commandment, "thou shalt not be found out." This kept him from collisions with the authorities; while a ready tongue and an excellent knowledge of the art of boxing—he was, after Drummond, the best light-weight in the place—secured him at least tolerance at the hand of the school: and, as a matter of fact, though most of those who knew him disliked him, and particularly those who, like Drummond, were what Clowes had called the Old Brigade, he had, nevertheless, a tolerably large following A first fifteen man, even in a bad year, can generally find boys anxious to be seen about with him.

That Sheen should have been amongst these surprised one or two people, notably Mr. Seymour, who, being games' master, had come a good deal into contact with Stanning, and had not been favourably impressed. The fact was that the keynote of Sheen's character was a fear of giving offence. Within limits this is not a reprehensible trait in a person's character, but Sheen overdid it, and it frequently complicated his affairs. There come times when one has to choose which of two people one shall offend. By acting in one way, we offend A. By acting in the opposite way, we annoy B. Sheen had found himself faced by this problem when he began to be friendly with Drummond. Their acquaintance, begun over a game of fives, had progressed. Sheen admired Drummond, as the type of what he would have liked to have been, if he could have managed it. And Drummond felt interested in Sheen because nobody knew much about him. He was, in a way, mysterious. Also, he played the piano really well; and Drummond at that time would have courted anybody who could play for his benefit "Mumblin' Mose," and didn't mind obliging with unlimited encores.

So the two struck up an alliance, and as Drummond hated Stanning only a shade less than Stanning hated him, Sheen was under the painful necessity of choosing between them. He chose Drummond. Whereby he undoubtedly did wisely.

Sheen sat with his Thucydides over the gas-stove, and tried to interest himself in the doings of the Athenian expedition at Syracuse. His brain felt heavy and flabby. He realised dimly that this was because he took too little exercise, and he made a resolution to diminish his hours of work per diem by one, and to devote that one to fives. He would mention it to Drummond when he came in. He would probably come in to tea. The board was spread in anticipation of a visit from him. Herbert, the boot-boy, had been despatched to the town earlier in the afternoon, and had returned with certain food-stuffs, which were now stacked in an appetising heap on the table.

Sheen was just making something more or less like sense out of an involved passage of Nikias' speech, in which that eminent general himself seemed to have only a hazy idea of what he was talking about, when the door opened.

He looked up, expecting to see Drummond, but it was Stanning. He felt instantly that "warm shooting" sensation from which David Copperfield suffered in moments of embarrassment. Since the advent of Drummond he had avoided Stanning, and he could not see him without feeling uncomfortable. As they were both in the sixth form, and sat within a couple of yards of one another every day, it will be realised that he was frequently uncomfortable.

"Great Scott!" said Stanning, "swotting?"

Sheen glanced almost guiltily at his Thucydides. Still, it was something of a relief that the other had not opened the conversation with an indictment of Drummond.

"You see," he said apologetically, "I'm in for the Gotford."

"So am I. What's the good of swotting, though? I'm not going to do a stroke."

As Stanning was the only one of his rivals of whom he had any real fear, Sheen might have replied with justice that, if that was the case, the more he swotted, the better. But he said nothing. He looked at the stove, and dog's-eared the Thucydides.

"What a worm you are, always staying in!" said Stanning.

"I caught a cold watching the match yesterday."

"You're as flabby as——" —Stanning looked round for a simile— "as a doughnut. Why don't you take some exercise?"

"I'm going to play fives, I think. I do need some exercise."

"Fives? Why don't you play footer?"

"I haven't time. I want to work."

"What rot. I'm not doing a stroke."

Stanning seemed to derive a spiritual pride from this admission.

"Tell you what, then," said Stanning, "I'll play you to-morrow after school."

Sheen looked a shade more uncomfortable, but he made an effort, and declined the invitation.

"I shall probably be playing Drummond," he said.

"Oh, all right," said Stanning. "*I* don't care. Play whom you like."

There was a pause.

"As a matter of fact," resumed Stanning, "what I came here for was to tell you about last night. I got out, and went to Mitchell's. Why didn't you come? Didn't you get my note? I sent a kid with it."

Mitchell was a young gentleman of rich but honest parents who had left the school at Christmas. He was in his father's office, and lived in his father's house on the outskirts of the town. From time to time his father went up to London on matters connected with business, leaving him alone in the house. On these occasions Mitchell the younger would write to Stanning, with whom when at school he had been on friendly terms; and Stanning, breaking out of his house after everybody had gone to bed, would make his way to the Mitchell residence, and spend a pleasant hour or so there. Mitchell senior owned Turkish cigarettes and a billiard table. Stanning appreciated both. There was also a piano, and Stanning had brought Sheen with him one night to play it. The getting-out and the subsequent getting-in had nearly whitened Sheen's hair, and it was only by a series of miracles that he had escaped detection. Once, he felt, was more than enough; and when a fag from Appleby's had brought him Stanning's note, containing an invitation to a second jaunt of the kind, he had refused to be lured into the business again.

"Yes, I got the note," he said.

"Then why didn't you come? Mitchell was asking where you were."

"It's so beastly risky."

"Risky! Rot."

"We should get sacked if we were caught."

"Well, don't get caught, then."

Sheen registered an internal vow that he would not.

"He wanted us to go again on Monday. Will you come?"

"I—don't think I will, Stanning," said Sheen. "It isn't worth it."

"You mean you funk it. That's what's the matter with you."

"Yes, I do," admitted Sheen.

As a rule—in stories—the person who owns that he is afraid gets unlimited applause and adulation, and feels a glow of conscious merit. But with Sheen it was otherwise. The admission made him, if possible, more uncomfortable than he had been before.

"Mitchell will be sick," said Stanning.

Sheen said nothing.

Stanning changed the subject.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "give us some tea. You seem to have been victualling for a siege."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Sheen, turning a deeper shade of red and experiencing a redoubled attack of the warm shooting, "but the fact is, I'm waiting for Drummond."

Stanning got up, and expressed his candid opinion of Drummond in a few words.

He said more. He described Sheen, too, in unflattering terms.

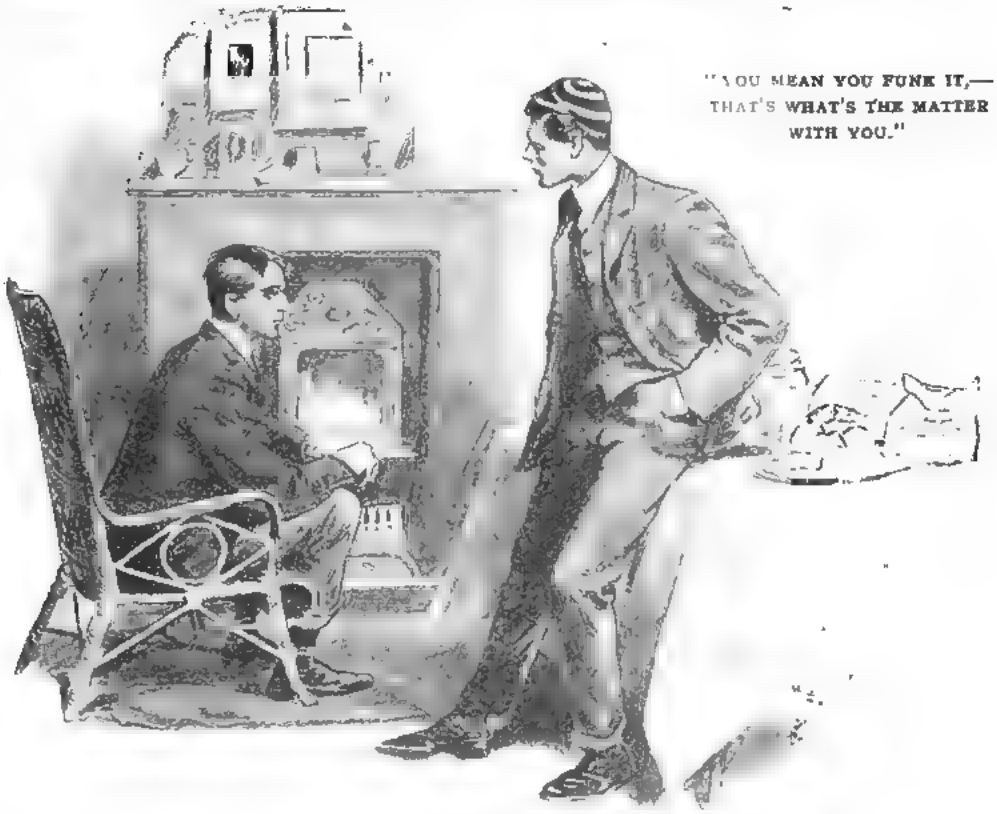
"Look here," he said, "you may think it jolly fine to drop me just because you've got to know Drummond a bit, but you'll be sick enough that you've done it before you've finished."

"It isn't that——" began Sheen.

"I don't care what it is. You slink about trying to avoid me all day, and you won't do a thing I ask you to."

"But, you see——"

"Oh, shut up," said Stanning.



"YOU MEAN YOU FUNK IT,—THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU."

CHAPTER III.

SHEEN RECEIVES VISITORS AND ADVICE.

WHILE Sheen had been interviewing Stanning, in study twelve, further down the passage, Linton and his friend Dunstable, who was in Day's house, were discussing ways and means. Like Stanning, Dunstable had demanded tea, and had been informed that there was none for him.

"Well, you are a bright specimen, aren't you?" said Dunstable, seating himself on the table which should have been groaning under the weight of cake and biscuits. "I should like to know where you expect to go to. You lure me in here, and then have the cheek to tell me you haven't got anything to eat. What have you done with it all?"

"There was half a cake——"

"Bring it on."

"Young Menzies bagged it after the match yesterday. His brother came down with the Oxford A team, and he had to give him tea in his study. Then there were some biscuits——"

"What's the matter with biscuits? *They're* all right. Bring them on. Biscuits forward. Show biscuits."

"Menzies took them as well."

Dunstable eyed him sorrowfully.

"You always were a bit of a maniac," he said, "but I never thought you were quite such a complete gibberer as to let Menzies get away with all your grub. Well, the only thing to do is to touch him for a tea. He owes us one. Come on."

They proceeded down the passage and stopped at the door of study three.

"Hullo," said Menzies, as they entered.

"We've come to tea," said Dunstable. "Cut the satisfying sandwich. Let's see a little more of that hissing urn of yours, Menzies. Bustle about, and be the dashing host."

"I wasn't expecting you."

"I can't help your troubles," said Dunstable. "I've not got anything. I was thinking of coming to you, Linton."

"Where's that cake?"

"Finished. My brother simply walked into it."

"Greed," said Dunstable unkindly, "seems to be the besetting sin of the Menzies Well, what are you going to do about it? I don't wish to threaten, but I'm a demon when I'm roused. Being done out of my tea is sure to rouse me. And owing to unfortunate accident of being stonily broken, I can't go to the shop. You're responsible for the slump in provisions, Menzies, and you must see us through this. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do either of you chaps know Sheen at all?"

"I don't," said Linton. "Not to speak to."

"You can't expect us to know all your shady friends," said Dunstable. "Why?"

"He's got a tea on this evening. If you knew him well enough, you might borrow something from him. I met Herbert in the dinner-hour carrying in all sorts of things to his study. Still, if you don't know him——"

"Don't let a trifle of that sort stand in the way," said Dunstable. "Which is his study?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Come on, Linton," said Dunstable. "Be a man, and lead the way. Go in as if he'd invited us. Ten to one he'll think he did, if you don't spoil the thing by laughing."

"What, invite ourselves to tea?" asked Linton, beginning to grasp the idea.

"That's it. Sheen's the sort of ass who won't do a thing. Anyhow, it's worth trying. Smith in our house got a tea out of him that way last term. Coming, Menzies?"

"Not much. I hope he kicks you out."

"Come on, then, Linton. If Menzies cares to chuck away a square meal, let him."

Thus, no sooner had the door of Sheen's study closed upon Stanning, than it was opened again to admit Linton and Dunstable.

"Well," said Linton, affably, "here we are."

"Hope we're not late," said Dunstable. "You said somewhere about five. It's just struck. Shall we start?"

He stooped, and took the kettle from the stove.

"Don't you bother," he said to Sheen, who had watched this manœuvre with an air of amazement, "I'll do all the dirty work."

"But——" began Sheen

"That's all right," said Dunstable soothingly, "I like it."

The intellectual pressure of the affair was too much for Sheen. He could not recollect having invited Linton, with whom he had exchanged only about a dozen words that term, much less Dunstable, whom he merely knew by sight. Yet here they were, behaving like honoured guests. It was plain that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, but he shrank from grappling with it. He did not want to hurt their feelings. It would be awkward enough if they discovered their mistake for themselves.

So he exerted himself nervously to play the host, and the first twinge of remorse which Linton felt came when Sheen pressed upon him a bag of biscuits which, he knew, could not have cost less than one and sixpence a pound. His heart warmed to one who could do the thing in such style.

Dunstable, apparently, was worried by no scruples. He leaned back easily in his chair, and kept up a bright flow of conversation.

"You're not looking well, Sheen," he said. "You ought to take more exercise. Why don't you come down town with us one of these days and do a bit of canvassing? It's a rag. Linton lost a tooth at it the other day. We're going down on Saturday to do a bit more."

"Oh?" said Sheen politely.

"We shall get one or two more chaps to help next time. It isn't good enough, only us two. We had four great beefy hooligans on to us when Linton got his tooth knocked out. We had to run. There's a regular gang of them going about the town now that the election's on. A red-headed fellow who looks like a butcher seems to boss the show. They call him Albert. He'll have to be slain one of these days for the credit of the school. I should like to get Drummond on to him."

"I was expecting Drummond to tea," said Sheen

"He's running and passing with the fifteen," said Linton. "He ought to be in soon. Why, here he is. Hullo, Drummond!"

"Hullo!" said the newcomer, looking at his two fellow-visitors as if he were surprised to see them there.

"How were the First?" asked Dunstable.

"Oh, rotten. Any tea left?"

Conversation flagged from this point, and shortly afterwards Dunstable and Linton went.

"Come and tea with me some time," said Linton.

"Oh, thanks," said Sheen. "Thanks awfully."

"It was rather a shame," said Linton to Dunstable, as they went back to their study, "rushing him like that. I shouldn't wonder if he's quite a good sort, when one gets to know him."

"He must be a rotter to let himself be

rushed. By Jove, I should like to see some one try that game on with me."

In the study they had left, Drummond was engaged in pointing this out to Sheen.

"The First are rank bad," he said. "The outsides were passing rottenly to-day. We shall have another forty points taken off us when we play Ripton. By the way, I didn't know you were a pal of Linton's."

"I'm not," said Sheen.

"Well, he seemed pretty much at home just now."

"I can't understand it. I'm certain I never asked him to tea. Or Dunstable either Yet they came in as if I had. I didn't like to hurt their feelings by telling them."

Drummond stared.

"What, they came without being asked! Heavens! man, you must buck up a bit and keep awake, or you'll have an awful time. Of course, those two chaps were simply trying it on. I had an idea it might be that, when I came in. Why did you let them? Why didn't you scrag them?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Sheen uncomfortably.

"But, look here, it's rot. You *must* keep your end up in a place like this, or everybody in the house'll be ragging you. Chaps will, naturally, play the goat if you let them. Has this ever happened before?"

Sheen admitted reluctantly that it had. He was beginning to see things. It is never pleasant to feel that one has been bluffed.

"Once last term," he said, "Smith, a chap in Day's, came to tea like that. I couldn't very well do anything."

"And Dunstable is in Day's. They compared notes. I wonder you haven't had the whole school dropping in on you, lining up in long queues down the passage Look here, Sheen, you really must pull yourself together. I'm not ragging. You'll have a beastly time if you're so feeble. I hope you won't be sick with me for saying it, but I can't help that. It's all for your own good. And it's really pure slackness that's the cause of it all."

"I hate hurting people's feelings," said Sheen.

"Oh, rot. As if anybody here had any feelings. Besides, it doesn't hurt a chap's feelings being told to get out, when he knows he's got no business in a place."

"Oh, all right," said Sheen shortly.

"Glad you see it," said Drummond. "Well, I'm off. Wonder if there's anybody in that bath."

He reappeared a few moments later. During his absence Sheen overheard certain shrill protestations which were apparently being uttered in the neighbourhood of the bathroom door.

"There was," he said, putting his head into the study and grinning cheerfully at Sheen. "There was young Renford, who had no earthly business to be there. I've just looked in to point the moral. Suppose you'd have let him bag all the hot water, which ought to have come to his elders and betters, for fear of hurting his feelings; and gone without your bath. I went on my theory that nobody at Wrykyn, least of all a fag, has any feelings. I turfed him out without a touch of remorse. You get much the best results my way. So long."

And the head disappeared; and shortly afterwards there came from across the passage muffled but cheerful sounds of splashing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

THE borough of Wrykyn had been a little unfortunate—or fortunate, according to the point of view—in the matter of elections. The latter point of view was that of the younger and more irresponsible section of the community, which liked elections because they were exciting. The former was that of the tradespeople, who disliked them because they got their windows broken.

Wrykyn had passed through an election and its attendant festivities in the previous year, when Sir Eustace Briggs, the mayor of the town, had been returned by a comfortable majority. Since then ill-health had caused that gentleman to resign his seat, and the place was once more in a state of unrest. This time the school was deeply interested in the matter. The previous election had not stirred them. They did not care whether Sir Eustace Briggs defeated Mr. Saul Pedder, or whether Mr. Saul Pedder wiped the political floor with Sir Eustace Briggs. Mr. Pedder was an energetic Radical; but owing to the fact that Wrykyn had always returned a Conservative member and did not see its way to a change as yet, his energy had done him very little good. The school had looked on him as a sportsman, and read his speeches in the local paper with amusement; but they were not interested. Now, however, things were changed. The Conservative candidate, Sir William Bruce, was one of themselves—an Old Wrykinian, a governor of the school, a man who

always watched school matches, and the donor of the Bruce Challenge Cup for the school mile. In fine, one of the best. He was also the father of Jack Bruce, a day-boy on the engineering side. The school would have liked to have made a popular hero of Jack Bruce. If he had liked, he could have gone about with quite a suite of retainers. But he was a quiet, self-sufficing youth, and was rarely to be seen in public. The engineering side of a public school has workshops and other weirdnesses which keep it occupied after the ordinary school hours. It was generally understood that Bruce was a good sort of chap if you knew him, but you had got to know him first; brilliant at his work, and devoted to it; a useful slow bowler; known to be able to drive and repair the family motor-car; one who seldom spoke unless spoken to, but who, when he did speak, generally had something sensible to say. Beyond that, report said little.

As he refused to allow the school to work off its enthusiasm on him, they were obliged to work it off elsewhere. Hence the disturbances which had become frequent between school and town. The inflammatory speeches of Mr. Saul Pedder had caused a swashbuckling spirit to spread among the rowdy element of the town. Gangs of youths, to adopt the police-court term, had developed a habit of parading the streets arm-in-arm, shouting "Good old Pedder!" When these met some person or persons who did not consider Mr. Pedder good and old there was generally what the local police-force described as a "frakkus."

It was in one of these frakkuses that Linton had lost a valuable tooth.

Two days had elapsed since Dunstable and Linton had looked in on Sheen for tea. It was a Saturday afternoon, and roll-call was just over. There was no first fifteen match, only a rather uninteresting house-match, Templar's *versus* Donaldson's, and existence in the school grounds showed signs of becoming tame.

"What a beastly term the Easter term is," said Linton, yawning. "There won't be a thing to do till the house-matches begin properly."

Seymour's had won their first match, as had Day's. They would not be called upon to perform for another week or more.

"Let's get a boat out," suggested Dunstable.

"Such a beastly day."

"Let's have tea at the shop."

"Rather slow. How about going to Cook's?"

"All right. Toss you who pays."

Cook's was a shop in the town to which the school most resorted when in need of refreshment.

"Wonder if we shall meet Albert."

Linton licked the place where his tooth should have been, and said he hoped so.

Sergeant Cook, the six-foot proprietor of the shop, was examining a broken window when they arrived, and muttering to himself.

"Hullo," said Dunstable, "what's this? New idea for ventilation? Golly, massa, who frew dat brick?"

"Done it at ar-parse six last night, he did," said Sergeant Cook. "the red-'eaded young scallywag. Ketch 'im—I'll give 'im——"

"Sounds like dear old Albert," said Linton. "Who did it, sergeant?"

"Red-'eaded young mongrel. 'Good old Pedder,' he says. 'I'll give you Pedder,' I says. Then bang it comes right on top of the muffins, and when I doubled out after 'im 'e'd gone."

Mrs. Cook appeared and corroborated witness's evidence. Dunstable ordered tea.

"We may meet him on our way home," said Linton. "If we do I'll give him something from you with your love. I owe him a lot for myself."

Mrs. Cook clicked her tongue compassionately at the sight of the obvious void in the speaker's mouth.

"You'll 'ave to 'ave a forlse one, Mr. Linton," said Sergeant Cook with gloomy relish.

The back shop was empty. Dunstable and Linton sat down and began tea. Sergeant Cook came to the door from time to time and dilated further on his grievances.

"Gentlemen from the school they come in 'ere and says ain't it all a joke and exciting and what not. But I says to them, you 'avn't got to live in it, I says. That's what it is. You 'avn't got to live in it, I says. Glad when it's all over, that's what I'll be."

"'Nother jug of hot water, please," said Linton.

The sergeant shouted the order over his shoulder, as if he were addressing a half-company on parade, and returned to his woes.

"You 'avn't got to live in it, I says. That's what it is. It's this everlasting worry and flurry day in and day out, and not knowing what's going to 'appen next, and one man coming in and saying 'Vote for Bruce,' and another 'Vote for Pedder,' and another saying how it's the poor man's loaf he's fighting for—if he'd only *buy* a loaf, now—'ullo, 'ullo, wot's this?"

There was a "confused noise without."

as Shakespeare would put it, and into the shop came clattering Barry and McTodd, of Seymour's, closely followed by Stanning and Attell.

"This is getting a bit too thick," said Barry, collapsing into a chair.

From the outer shop came the voice of Sergeant Cook.

"Let me jest come to you, you red-'eaded——"

Roars of derision from the road.

"That's Albert," said Linton, jumping up.

"Yes, I heard them call him that," said Barry. "McTodd and I were coming down here to tea, when they started going for us, so we nipped in here hoping to find reinforcements."

"We were just behind you," said Stanning. "I got one of them a beauty. He went down like a shot."

"Albert?" inquired Linton.

"No. A little chap."

"Let's go out and smash them up," suggested Linton excitedly.

Dunstable treated the situation more coolly.

"Wait a bit," he said. "No hurry. Let's finish tea at any rate. You'd better eat as much as you can now, Linton. You may have no teeth left to do it with afterwards," he added cheerfully.

"Let's chuck things at them," said McTodd.

"Don't be an ass," said Barry. "What on earth's the good of that?"

"Well, it would be something," said McTodd vaguely.

"Hit 'em with a muffin," suggested Stanning. "Dash, I barked my knuckles on that man. But I bet he felt it."

"Look here, I'm going out," said Linton. "Come on, Dunstable."

Dunstable continued his meal without hurry

"What's the excitement?" he said. "There's plenty of time. Dear old Albert's not the sort of chap to go away when he's got us cornered here. The first principl· of warfare is to get a good feed before you start."

"And anyhow," said Barry, "I came here for tea, and I'm going to have it."

Sergeant Cook was recalled from the door, and received the orders.

"They've just gone round the corner," he said, "and that red-'caded one 'e says he's goin' to wait if he 'as to wait all night."

"Quite right," said Dunstable approvingly. "Sensible chap, Albert. If you see him, you might tell him we shan't be long, will you?"

A quarter of an hour passed.

"Kerm out," shouted a voice from the street.

Dunstable looked at the others.

"Perhaps we might be moving now," he said, getting up. "Ready?"

"We must keep together," said Barry.

"You goin' out, Mr. Dunstable?" inquired Sergeant Cook.

"Yes. Good-bye. You'll see that we're decently buried, won't you?"

The garrison made its sortie.

It happened that Drummond and Sheen were also among those whom it had struck that afternoon that tea at Cook's would be pleasant; and they came upon the combatants some five minutes after battle had been joined. The town contingent were filling the air with strange cries, Albert's voice being easily heard above the din, while the Wrykinians, as public-school men should, were fighting quietly and without unseemly tumult.

"By Jove," said Drummond, "here's a row on."

Sheen stopped dead, with a queer, sinking feeling within him. He gulped. Drummond did not notice these portents. He was observing the battle.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"Why, it's some of our chaps! There's a Seymour's cap. Isn't that McTodd? And, great Scott! there's Barry. Come on, man."

Sheen did not move.

"Ought we . . . to get . . . mixed up . . .?" he began.

Drummond looked at him with open eyes. Sheen babbled on

"The old man might not like—sixth form, you see—oughtn't we to——?"

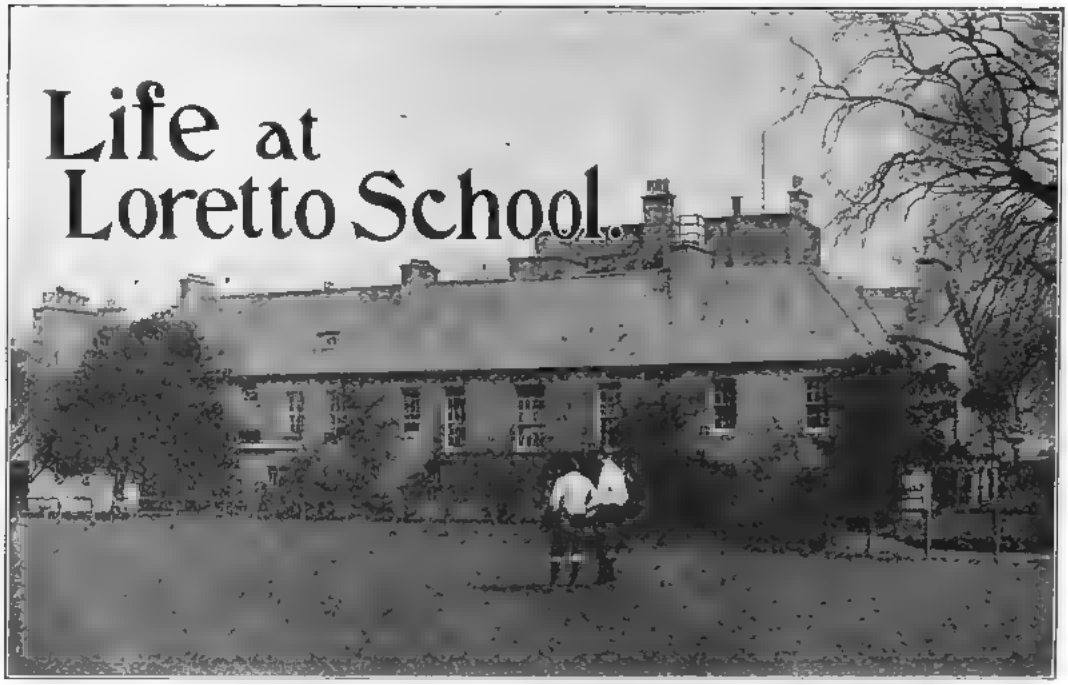
There was a yell of triumph from the town army as the red-haired Albert, plunging through the fray, sent Barry staggering against the wall. Sheen caught a glimpse of the lout's grinning face as he turned. He had a cut over one eye. It bled.

"Come on," said Drummond, beginning to run to the scene of action.

Sheen paused for a moment irresolutely Then he walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

(To be continued.)

Life at Loretto School.

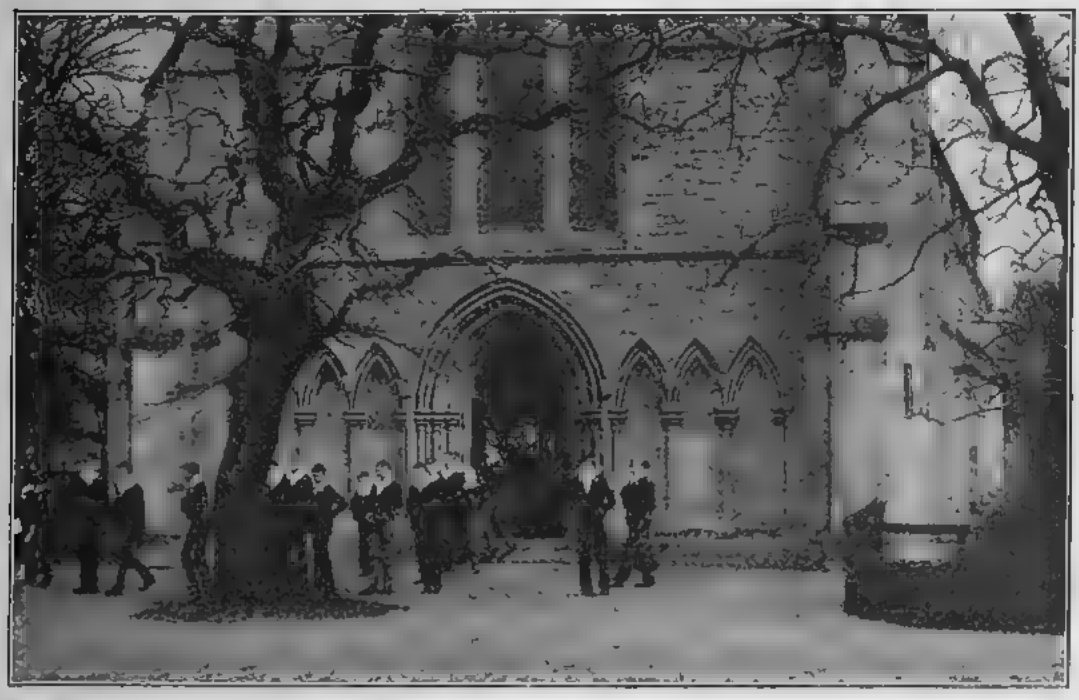


THE LORETTO SCHOOL HOUSE. IN PRE-REFORMATION TIMES IT WAS A FAMOUS HERMITAGE AND PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE. LORD CLIVE AND SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE RESIDED HERE FOR A LONG PERIOD. AN OAK WAS PLANTED BY THE GATE TO MARK THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD.

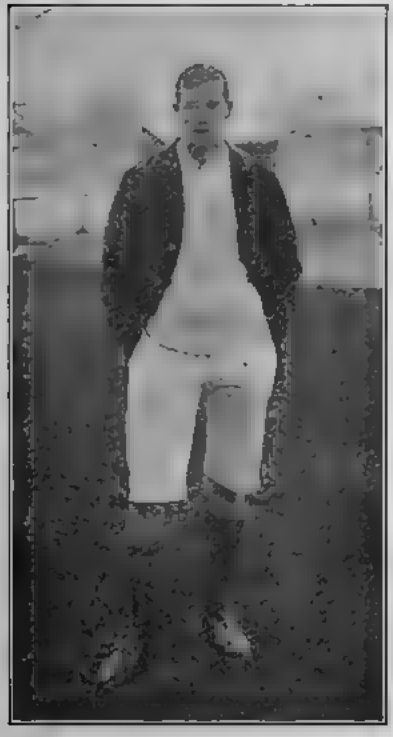
Photos. by Clarke and Hyde.

THE HEAD MASTER.
MR. H. B. TRISTRAM.

BOYS LEAVING FOR THE REGULATION MORNING WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST. THEY MUST WALK HALF A MILE, WET OR FINE.



BOYS LEAVING CHAPEL AFTER SERVICE. THE BUILDING STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS AND FRIENDS CAN ATTEND IF THEY WISH



BOY IN EVERYDAY DRESS

They are not allowed to wear waistcoats. The costume consists of flannel shirt, knickers, woollen sweater and socks, and coat made the same thickness throughout. They must keep the neck and throat well open to the air

INTERIOR OF LORETTO CHAPEL, WHICH IS CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF CARVED OAK

FOOTBALL AT WHICH LORETTO EXCELS.

BOYS ARE WEIGHED AT THE COMMENCEMENT AND END OF EACH TERM

THE NOBLE ART FORMS PART OF THE ATHLETIC TRAINING.

Google

WHEN ENTERING THE SCHOOL EVERY BOY IS MEASURED.
The boy in the photo. is 17 years old, has been at the school some time, and stands 6 ft. 3¼ in. high.

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE CONTRIBUTES TO THE FINE DEVELOPMENT OF LORETTO BOYS.

SCIENCE CLASS AT WORK.

ON THE GOLF LINKS

LORETTO "MUSCLE."—TWO BOYS PICKED AT RANDOM.

CHEMICAL CLASS AT WORK

Google

RIFLE PRACTICE WITH LEE METFORD AND MORRIS TUBE — BOYS ARE TRAINED FROM TEN YEARS UPWARDS.

A TYPICAL LORETTO BOY COMPARED WITH –

THE LUNCHEON HOUR

SERGEANT-MAJOR BEEDON, GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR.

BOYS FENCING.

Beneath a Rain of Fire.

By David Ker.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

"DO *IAR! pojar!*" (a fire! a fire!) "Whereabouts is it, brothers? Does any one know?"

"On the Moika Canal, I fancy—it looks to me to be in that direction."

"Come along quick! let us have a look at it!"

And, shouting thus with all the excitement which a fire never fails to arouse (however common a sight in any Russian town), the eager crowd in which I suddenly found myself caught went hurrying down one of the minor streets of the river-quarter of St. Petersburg, sweeping me along with it.

In St. Petersburg itself, just at this time, that fierce red glare which had so suddenly started out through the gloom of night above the tall house-tops, was a doubly sinister phenomenon.

Only a few years had passed since the whole of the vast Apraxin-Dvor market had been burned to the ground (not wholly by accident, it was whispered), and in this very crowd there were probably not a few persons who had seen the melted gold and silver running in streams over the pavement, on that great day of destruction; and the tremendous fire at the Tootchkoff Wharf—the damage wrought by which was to be reckoned not in thousands, but in millions—was not yet many months old.

Was this new fire, then, which was lighting up the darkness in front of us, merely the burning of a single isolated building? Or was it the first blaze of a conflagration that was to lay half the city in ashes? No one could say.

But all at once, as we came with a rush round the street-corner on the embankment of the Moika itself (the first of the three great canals of St. Petersburg Proper), a murmur of "Liuteranskaya Tserkov" (the Lutheran church) from the front rank of the crowd, told me the entire story at once.

A moment more, and the whole scene lay before me.

The whole upper part of the church was already in flames, which were twining and wreathing up the tall pointed tower like some vast blood-red snake, gliding to and fro over its surface as if licking the prey ere devouring it. Beneath that infernal splendour, the sluggish waters of the canal seemed a lake of blood; the iron railings along its brink glowed as if red-hot; the windows of the surrounding houses gleamed red as though on fire likewise; the gilded cross that surmounted the doomed church-tower had a deep gory stain; and the upturned faces of the crowd looked livid and ghastly, like a host of phantoms, while the moon, high overhead, peered through the rolling billows of smoke with a wan and spectral light.

But the flames were not left to work their will unopposed. Already I could see the helmets of the firemen glancing amid the black mass of the crowd; and all at once a jet of water went splashing and hissing against the blazing tower, the stream cutting athwart the flaming back-ground with a narrow black line, like a "bar-sinister" drawn across some gorgeous escutcheon.

In an instant more, a long ladder rose against the side of the church, and three of the firemen (one of whom carried the nozzle of a fire-hose over his arm) hastily mounted it, while a tall man in military uniform, stepping forward into the small space left clear just around the burning building—within a few yards of where I stood—cheered them on with words of simple, hearty encouragement.

There was a mutter in the throng around me of "Nikolai Nikolaievitch!" and, sure enough, at that very moment, up leaped a brighter flame, showing me the handsome face, the stalwart figure, and the trim dragoon moustache of the famous Grand-Duke Nicholas, who, among his other official duties, had charge of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Meanwhile the daring climbers set to work to dash in with their axes the window that they had reached; and what with the

long ladder reared against the wall, the hoarse shouts and ceaseless blows of the helmeted figures upon it, the dancing fire and rolling smoke above, the dark mass of shadowy forms below, the roar of the flames, the clang and rumble of the engines, and the confused clamour of the throng, no painter could have wished for a more striking study of the last assault upon the fatal breach of Badajoz.

But I soon had something else to think of; for, as the fire gained more and more upon the tower above us, sparks and hot ashes, and even tolerably large pieces of flaming wood, came hailing down upon us in a shower as thick and heavy as the fiery rain which Dante saw falling on the tormented spirits of his ghastly vision. A child at my side uttered a shrill cry of pain; a burly peasant on my left, hit by a firebrand full upon his flat nose, exploded in an oath as broad and black as the bottom of a frying-pan; and I myself got a burning flake right in my beard, where it fizzled away merrily, with a smell as if a dozen quill pens were being all burned at once.

All of a sudden there came a sharp crash, and a loud jingle of broken glass. The window-frame had given way before the firemen's axes, and the three bold men were seen to vanish into the black void within, as if engulfed by the gaping jaws of some mighty monster.

"*Gospodi pomilui!*" (the Lord have mercy on them) faltered a woman's trembling voice on my right.

In truth, crosses and medals have been won many a time by a far less perilous feat; but the brave fellows had not risked their lives in vain. While the other fire-engine attacked the blazing tower from without, the hose which the three bold climbers had carried up with them sent a constant stream of water against the burning wood-work from within; and the effect was soon apparent.

THE DARING CLIMBERS SET TO WORK WITH THEIR AXES.

The fire began visibly to abate, and it was plain that the body of the building would be saved after all.

But the tower itself was doomed, as we could all see for ourselves. It was by this time one mass of flame, and the fiery rain that it poured down upon us fell thicker and thicker, till the lookers-on, eager as they were to see the thing to an end, were forced to draw back a little.

At that instant I noticed a somewhat similar movement in the other part of the crowd—that which neighboured the great bridge over the canal—as if *they* too were falling back from the shower of hot ashes; but a second glance showed me that they were

drawing aside to right and left, as though making way for some one to pass.

Who that "some one" might be, I was not left long in doubt; for the tall man who came slowly through the midst of them, in a horseman's cloak and military cap, looked up just as he came out in front of the burning church; and the light of the flames (which had by this time made the whole scene as bright as day) showed me plainly the fine though somewhat worn features, large bright eyes, and heavy greyish-brown moustache of a face which all Russia knew as well as I knew it myself.

It was the Czar in person—Alexander II. of Russia!

A whisper of "*Gosudar! Gosudar!*" (the Emperor! the Emperor!) buzzed from mouth to mouth, and there was a general movement in the throng.

THE TWO MEN SEIZED THE CZAR IN THEIR ARMS.

Just then I saw the Grand-Duke Nicholas step forward, and to all appearance (for his words were drowned in the roar of the flames and the clang of the fire-engine) remonstrate with his imperial brother upon the risk that he ran, and urge him to retire.

But at that very moment, the three gallant firemen emerged unharmed through the window that they had beaten in and

the Czar, in place of drawing back, advanced right up to the foot of the ladder that they were about to descend, and spoke a few words to them which I failed to catch, but which, no doubt, conveyed to the three nameless heroes the hearty approval that they had so nobly earned.

Just as he did so, I beheld the gilded cross that crowned the church-tower begin to shake; and then the tower itself gave a kind of shiver (like a shrub quivering in the rising wind) and the whole steeple came thundering down in one mighty crash, while the flames leaped up into the very sky with a long, rejoicing roar.

Quick as thought, the two men in attendance upon the Czar (one of whom, as I learned later on, was no other than General Trepoff, the Chief of Police) seized him in their arms and snatched him out of harm's way. But, prompt as they were, they were only just in time; for they had barely done so when a huge mass of blazing timber fell with a tremendous crash upon the very spot on which the Emperor had just been standing!

Shaking off the hot ashes that covered me, I turned away, having had quite enough excitement for one night; for, great as might be the honour of being killed along with the Czar, it was a distinction of which I was in no way ambitious. But the Emperor himself gained little by his escape, wonderful as it was; for he was saved from the falling tower only to die a far more cruel death a very few years later, beneath the stroke of cowardly and treacherous murder.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

I WAS showing a friend the few sights there are to be seen in Derby, when I suddenly thought we would try to get up the "Shot Tower." This is a high tower in which shot is made, and it is strictly closed to the public. However, I thought we would have a try at it, and were so fortunate as to obtain a view of the interior.

After climbing up hundreds of stairs we reached a room at the top of the tower. Here was a large vat of molten metal consisting of lead and arsenic, and beyond sundry ladles and iron boxes. At first sight this seemed to be all there was in the room. But we were shown a trap door in the floor which covered a shaft running right down the Tower to the ground.

Our guide now explained the use of the iron boxes. On examining them we found that the bottom of each was perforated with small round holes. The size of the holes varied in the different boxes. Each box was about 18-in. square and about 1 ft. deep. The right box having been chosen, it is fixed over the shaft and filled with molten metal from the vat. This, of course, runs through the holes and falls to the bottom of the tower in drops. It is caught in a large tank of cold water, this causing the drops to solidify and form rough shot. These shot are, of course, not all exactly the same size, nor are they all perfectly round.

Now come the processes of drying, separating into sizes, polishing, and separating the bad ones from the good. When removed from the water the shot is dried on a hot tray and from this is passed into a slowly revolving cylinder made of gauze, the perforations of which get larger as the shot proceeds along. Thus the very small shot drop through first, and the larger ones next, into different boxes, and so on. The shot is now cleaned and polished in a revolving cylinder, and then the bad ones are separated from the good by a very interesting mechanical process.

Three pieces of thick plate glass are arranged on an incline, a space of about 2 in. being left between each, the second piece being slightly lower than the first, and the third lower than the second, like this:

The shot are rolled down this incline. The perfect ones reach the bottom, while the imperfect ones drop down through the spaces left between the glass, not having sufficient velocity to jump the space.

"How simple!" you say.

Yes, very simple, but would *you* have thought of it?

WALTER D. GOUDIE.

MR. P. F. WARNER.

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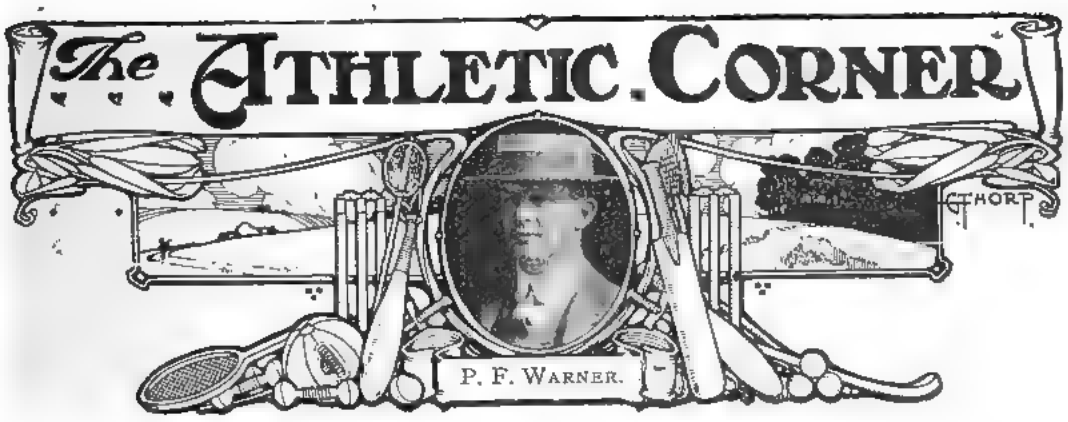
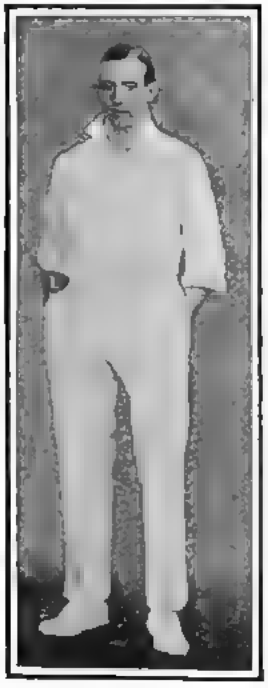


SOME NEW CRICKET CELEBRITIES.

EVERY year we see the rise of new stars in the cricket firmament. Perchance those stars are not altogether new, but have appeared before in a fainter light, hidden away among hundreds of brighter companions, almost unnoticed perhaps, but destined eventually to shine forth with sparkling brilliancy, and to take their places in the history of the game. In this article I propose to say something about the new stars the cricket season just ended has produced.



R. H. SPOONER.
Photo. Newnes.

Neither R. H. Spooner or W. Brearley quite fit in with the word "new," for both of them have been playing for Lancashire for some years. Neither, however, had played for England before this season, and by stretching a point we may, perhaps, be allowed to include them in our gallery of new celebrities. No batsman, with the possible exception of L. C. H. Palairet, ever made his runs more attractively than Spooner, and from his first appearance in county cricket it was obvious that a really great player had arisen. The terror of the Rugby boys—Spooner once scored 69 and 198 for Marlborough *v.* Rugby at Lord's—I remember a well-known professional telling me that Spooner was the finest school-boy batsman he had seen since A. G. Steel was at Marlborough. The war in South Africa—where Spooner served for two years—curtailed, but

W. BREARLEY.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

LORD DALMENY.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

N. A. KNOX.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

did not affect, his cricket, and during the last three summers he has batted splendidly. So beautifully does he time the ball that to the onlooker he appears to put no "wood" behind his strokes, an impression rapidly altered as one sees the pace at which the ball goes to the ring.

Were he but a fair or even moderate field, his batting by itself would be enough to give Spooner a strong claim to play for England, but his value to a side is greatly increased by the fact that what he does not bring to the stock as a bat he amply makes up for by his perfect fielding; for as a cover point he has, perhaps, but one superior—G. L. Jessop. Moving to the ball with a deceptive appearance of slowness and yet with a catlike activity at the last moment, he returns it like lightning, throwing it in after the manner of Gregory, the Australian.

Influenced probably by the great deeds wrought by Mold in times past, W. Brearley has modelled his action to a very large extent on that bowler's. He can, of course, break back, but his best ball, to my mind, is the one that goes quickly with his arm. He is undoubtedly the best fast bowler in England to-day, and does not rely entirely on the ball "bumping" to get batsmen out. For—like Richardson and Lockwood and other famous fast bowlers of the past—he keeps a good length, and tries to bowl men out or get them caught off good length balls which kick a bit, rather than to intimidate them by a succession of deliveries which hitch half-way and then fly past the batsman's face, a form of bowling (!) which I consider far from the best type of cricket. Of great physical strength and unbounded energy—two qualities which are not always found together—Brearley is the kind of cricketer who, tactfully managed, is a great factor in an eleven.

Nothing was more remarkable this season than the rise of Surrey, and to the happy position the county found itself in at the end of August, Lord Dalmeny and N. A. Knox contributed a great deal. In some previous seasons Surrey had suffered from the constant variations of captaincy, but happily this unfortunate state of things was remedied at the beginning of May, Lord Dalmeny, after some persuasion, consenting to accept the position of captain until the end of the season. Lord Dalmeny did splendidly, and infused a life and a zest

HOBBS.
Photo, T. G. Foster.

W. S. BIRD.
Photo, T. G. Foster.

into the team which had been singularly lacking. A member of the Eton XI., "who came off at Lord's," Surrey's captain is a very capable batsman of the hard-hitting, vigorous type which the public admire so much, and in addition a sound cover point. If politics do not stand in the way he ought to lead Surrey to the very top of the tree within the next few years.

Though Hayes on occasions gave assistance, Surrey's bowling, until J. N. Crawford came into the team in August, depended almost entirely on Lees and N. A. Knox. Lees worked magnificently, and Knox came out of a trying ordeal almost equally well. I used to play against Knox when he was at school at Dulwich, and he was a good bowler then, and will be a really great one—another Lockwood, whom he resembles in his style. Built on rather fine lines, which none the less hold out promise of great bodily strength, he seems able to go on bowling over after over without losing his pace, while in command of the ball and in accuracy he has scarcely a superior among the fast bowlers of to-day. Knox is barely twenty-one, so I shall be surprised if he is not playing for England when the Australians call here again.

Hobbs is another young player who has come to the front in this—his first season—for Surrey; for originally he played for Cambridgeshire. Tom Hayward is said to have discovered him. A sound and safe batsman, he will no doubt as time goes on gain greater variety in his style. He is wonderfully good on the on-side, and he has done so well already that one may reasonably expect him to do very much better as time goes on.

W. S. Bird and A. P. Day are old Malvernians, Day having left school but a year ago. Bird kept wicket very well indeed for Oxford in the early part of the summer, and in the Middlesex eleven later in the season he made a great impression. In the Middlesex and Surrey match at the Oval he was in superb form, catching four men and stumping one in Surrey's first innings, and displaying ability which would have done credit to a MacGregor, a Pilling, or a Lilley. With an ideal style of taking the ball, he is the best wicket-keeper Oxford have had since H. Martyn was "up," and on his form at the Oval he was in no way inferior to that great "keeper." In the five or six matches in which he represented Middlesex, I don't suppose he missed more than one oppor-

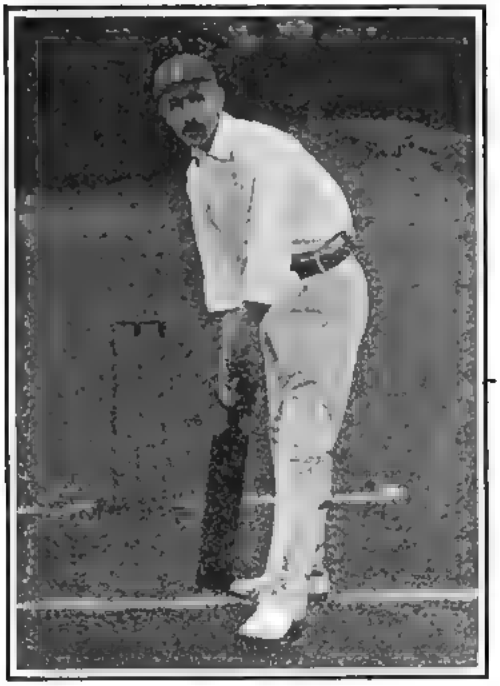
WARREN.
Photo, T. G. Foster

JAYES.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

tunity of dismissing an opponent. A. P. Day is a brother of S. H. Day, and is going to be a wonderful batsman. In match after match he came off for Kent—and it was his first season—and an innings he played *v.* Yorkshire was spoken of enthusiastically by his opponents. Essentially a forcing player beyond everything else, Day makes most of his runs by hard clean drives on either side of the wicket, and he is also very good in getting the ball away to leg. No batsman in his first season has done so well as Day, and if he is able to play regularly in the future he may go very far.

Derbyshire do not rank as one of the strongest counties, but they have some excellent cricketers, one of the best being Warren, who had the distinction of playing for England *v.* Australia at Leeds. He and Bestwick have done most of Derbyshire's bowling for some seasons now, and the latter but lacks just that little bit of extra pace necessary to make a fast bowler really formidable. Warren has this extra pace and has therefore come before the cricketing public prominently; and he well deserved his fine analysis of 5 wickets for 57 runs at Leeds. With a nice springy action—without the lengthy and tiring run up to the wicket, characteristic of so many fast bowlers—Warren bowls very fast—especially for a few overs at a time. Very sturdily built, active in the field and a fine thrower, he is useful with the bat as well, and his all-round cricket in his first test match pleased all the critics.

Leicestershire, like Derbyshire, are an eleven who do not perform as well as they ought to, but they are rapidly "coming on," and it would be no surprise to find them making a bid for the championship within the next year or two. Strong in batting—with a variety about them which is interesting—they have lately received a most valuable recruit in Jayes—who can bat, bowl, and field. Jayes is a better bowler in proportion on a fast wicket than on a slow one—which in a way is a good thing, for there are plenty of men who can get batsmen out when the ground is wet. In the match between Leicestershire and Derbyshire at Leicester he took 9 wickets in Derbyshire's second innings and caught the tenth man off Coe's bowling. A quick field in any position, a very possibly first-class batsman, he is, I should imagine, the best



REEVES.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

CAPTAIN GREIG.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

all-round recruit any county produced this season.

A year or two ago Reeves was an excellent medium paced right-handed bowler, and a very moderate batsman. This year he has improved his batting at the expense of his bowling, and is now a most dangerous player with a wide range of stroke and great confidence. Some of his innings have been remarkable for their almost Trumper-like brilliancy, strokes of the most daring and original kind being attempted and brought off with so much power and certainty as to make one see in him a future great batsman. A want of discretion has now and again brought him disaster at the commencement of what seemed likely to be a big innings, but on the other hand there have been occasions when his hitting has demoralised and crushed the opposing bowling. He did a great deal to win the sensational victory of his county over Middlesex at Lord's, and in the return at Leyton he hit magnificently on a slow wicket.

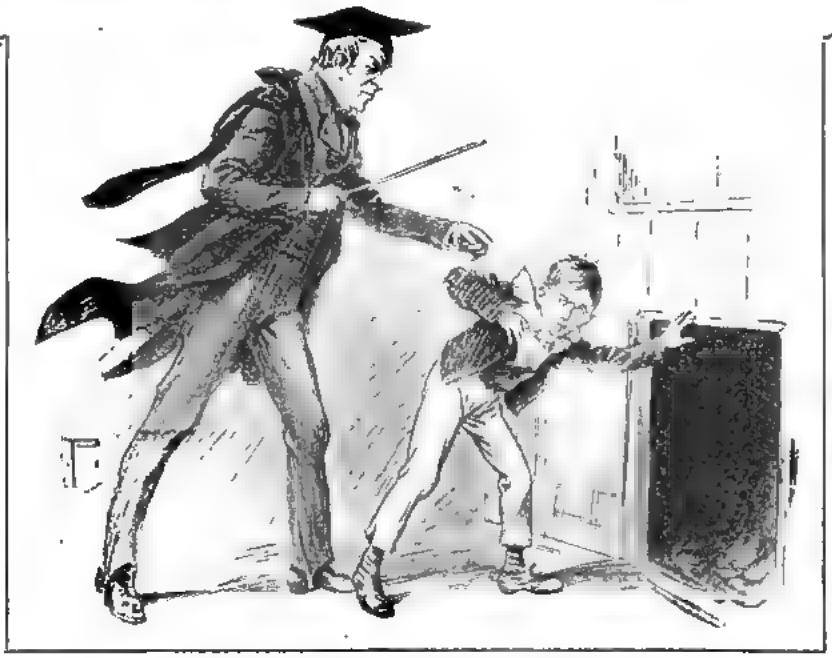
Captain Greig, next to Captain Wynyard, is the greatest cricketer the British Army has had. Like most soldiers, he is able to play only intermittently, but he is one of those gifted individuals who seem able to come into first-class cricket without any preliminary practice and make a hundred in each innings—as he did against Worcestershire in June. A great many modern batsmen rather eschew the late cut, but the late cut is Captain Greig's delight. He simply revels in the off theory, and so complete is his mastery over this stroke that no amount of fielders behind the wicket seem able to stop him scoring in this direction. A useful change bowler as well, Captain Greig might easily play for England were he a regular participator in first-class cricket, but he has returned to India, and it may be two or three years before we see him again. I do not think that on all wickets Captain Greig is the equal of Captain Wynyard, who is still a magnificent batsman, but on a hard and true wicket he is probably as good a batsman as there is.

Our eleven new celebrities make up an excellent side, in the following order of going in: R. H. Spooner, Hobbs, Captain Greig, A. P. Day, Reeves, Jayes, Lord Dalmeny, Warren, W. S. Bird, N. A. Knox, and W. Brearley—with Brearley, Knox, Warren, Jayes, Reeves, and Captain Greig to bowl.

A LITTLE SCHOOL-BOY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

By CLEVEDON KEN.

Sketches by ALFRED PEARSE.



WOE TO THE SMALL BOY POKED INTO THE JUPITER HOLE.

I NEVER pass down Cannon Street without remembrances of a famous old school of which I was a scholar more than sixty years ago. And then I consider the schools as they are to-day: the infinitely better buildings, the playgrounds and the exercises; and then the teaching, both as to the subjects taught and the skill in teaching them; then the discipline, so much more humane and yet so much more effective. And as it is of no use for me to wish that I could be a boy again, or that things had been better when I was a boy, I thank God on behalf of the boys of 1905 that their lives are so much pleasanter, and their school hours so much better employed, than those of the same sort of boy in 1840.

I went to this school when about eight years old, and the heavy pressure of it caused my removal, to save my life, after two years; so that I cannot relate any experiences of the upper forms. But what I do remember may be of interest to boys of all ages as showing what one period of school-life was like about sixty years ago.

Our work was very hard, and the whole thing was rough. We had only one half-holiday a week, Saturday. School-hours were from 9 to 12 A.M., and from 2 to 4.30 P.M. (except in winter, when we closed at 4). We had no run out or recess half-way through, as is the practice now. Also we took home a heavy task, called "part," to be got ready for the next morning, under penalty of bodily suffering.

The school was a one-storied building. The upper floor, containing the original hall, was reached by a fine staircase; the lower room was an after-thought and formed by walling in the open space beneath, at the expense of the Cloisters, as the narrow, gloomy, flagged yard where we played, was called. I went to see Newgate Prison once, and the burial ground there vividly reminded me of these Cloisters. The sun never reached them, and the damp never left them. The upper room, where the whole school met for prayers, accommodated

perhaps 250 boys, who were seated on rising tiers or galleries along the sides of the hall, each master's chair and desk standing on the floor by his own Form. I had nothing particular to do with this room, as my Form lived down below in the dull dim low-ceiled room, devoted to Latin in the morning and writing and arithmetic in the afternoon. What a contrast to modern school-rooms! There were no maps, no diagrams, no pictures; bare whitewash, with nothing to break the sameness but the gas-lamps, which were at that time still a wonder to some of us. The Head Master's footman, in a grand plush livery, used to come in with a flat candlestick to light up on dark days; and we small boys used to debate whether the gas took fire from the hot tallow spilt down the long glass chimney, or from contact with the flame. We had no lessons in Natural Science then!

The spaces beneath the galleries of the upper room were, of course, hollow, and could not be reached, except in one place where there was a door, about two feet square, opening into what we called Jupiter's Hole. Woe to the small boy poked in there! There were spiders, mice, cobwebs, soiled paper, rags of dusters, and solid dust; and he could only move on all fours; and when released, his face, pale enough where the skin could be seen, was black and brown with dirt, and his collar and clothes were ruined.

Of the 250 boys the eldest might have been 18 or 19. We always called them "Sir," for they wore tail coats and had cracked their voices, and were big, and kind to us babes. We never could quite understand why they came to school; nor why they did not sit with the masters. The next Form below these wore jackets and "stick-ups." All these—it was rumoured—knew Greek and even Hebrew—which our Scriptural knowledge informed us were languages, like Latin—Euclid, too, and geometry, and trigonometry—which were terms unmeaningly above us. We wondered, as the country people in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* wondered at the schoolmaster—

"That one small head could carry all he knew."

Yet I know now that none of these prodigies were taught anything of the history of their own country, nor any modern geography, nor even (I think) any modern language!

I have called the life hard and rough. Looking back on it, and comparing it with similar schools to-day, I see that there was a great deal of bullying, and a very great deal of worrying and unnecessary torment. In the afternoon, when arithmetic was on, a number of boys who in the morning were upstairs, came into our room. The reason of this was that "Classics" was everything, and the real Form a boy belonged to was the one in which he learnt his Latin or Greek. Now, he might be very much forwarder in these than in arithmetic; so in the afternoon, he would be, as we might say, degraded into the lower room, and put in a "class," not a Form. This filled up our room, and there were not seats enough for all; so some had to stand in the gangway with their slates resting on the outer edge of the desk, till it pleased the teacher—a monitor for the time being—to make a change. This gave a rare opening to a bully; and, as I was no doubt saucy, I spent many an afternoon standing first on one leg, then on the other, getting crosser and crosser, because wearier and wearier, till it struck 4, and, as the poet says:

"Then the slow dial gave a pause to care."

Punishments, too, were severe. The four classical Masters wore cap and gown, and carried canes. They would as soon have come without shoes as without cap and gown and cane. The cane—and the sort was the thick short-sectioned one, which gives a blunt blow that lasts longer than the cut of the thin one, which stings but is more quickly forgotten—was always going. Not, of course, in a formal and judicial manner, but like the whip in the hand of an ignorant cabman, teasingly, naggingly; tapping the knuckles, knocking the elbows, poking the chest, just to keep us all alive-oh! It was stupid and cruel, and took the heart out of us.

For real punishment we had benders and handers. The former was for school crimes, falsehood, impudence, bad language, or very bad lesson work. The master bent you over by pressing his left hand on your head, and then with the right laid on the cane right sore and the boy could say:

"And he took me by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind;
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several cuts behind"

Handers hurt. The only time our Head Master spoke to me was one morning when I was inattentive at Latin prayers. He came to our Form master, and then he spoke to me. I remember every word, after sixty-four years. He said, "Hold out your little hand." And I held it out, and took my four handers, and wept till dinner time. It was very brutal, but it was the custom of that time.

But we did learn our Latin, and such

THE ONE LESSON WE ENJOYED WAS PEN-MAKING.

few other things as they taught us, pretty thoroughly.

We had one lesson which we enjoyed, because it gave employment to the hands as well as the eyes. Not drawing, no! We were not taught anything of that sort, but pen-making. We had an old gentleman we called Billy Barlow, an office accountant in the morning, and schoolmaster in the afternoon. He was a kindly, fatherly old man, who caned a good deal less than the other masters, and who felt as the afternoon wore on that it was hopeless to try to keep the school quiet, or to force more work out of us; so then he gave a pen-making lesson.

A dozen of us were placed in semi-circle in front of him, each with a knife—if a boy had not one he was out of the game altogether—and a new goosequill.

Mr. Barlow then made his quill into a pen, and we imitated him as well as we could. The most difficult part was making the split in the nib. Steel pens were prohibited for many years after they came into general use. I don't know why. I think it was because they were new.

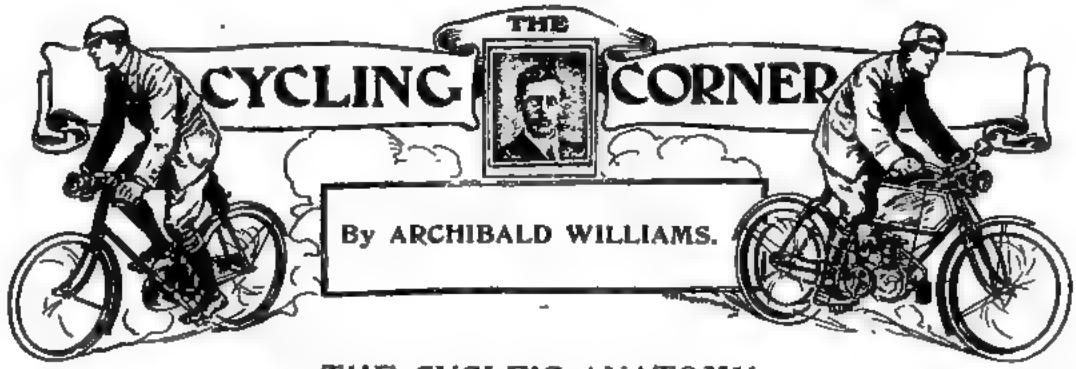
Still, I think we were fairly happy. One boy—who, no doubt, became an actor eventually—when times were more than ordinarily bad, from want of pocket money, or extra bullying, or caning, used to repeat with sobs,

"O that I were but in my grave,
And all my labours done!"

But we had really a good many consolations. The masters were very unwatchful, and we talked plentifully, and drew wonderful things on our slates. Or one could make a long excursion on the floor under the desks (only half of which were used in the morning), popping up yards away from the point of disappearance, just as the divers do in the Park lakes. True, we had no regular games, and no sports; but we played without rules, and made our pleasures out of our circumstances.

Besides, under the staircase was a sort of sentry box in which sat Mother Butts, who sold over a slab various delicacies and boys' good-stuffs. For the rich fellow who wore straps, and had gloves, and whose father was an Alderman and gave him fourpenny pieces, there were three-corner puffs, tarts, and jam things, which were dear, for the sugar duty was high in those days. But for us little fellows with only halfpennies—we did not go lower—there were squibs or a licorice root. The former were small tubes made from the scrapings of some horrible sugar barrels, wrapped up in thin paper and looking just like the gunpowder squibs; the latter was a length of fibrous root, sweet and pungent, which went conveniently up one's waistcoat or tunic, and a good nibble of it lasted a long time. It was very favourite tuck on dull, depressing afternoons.

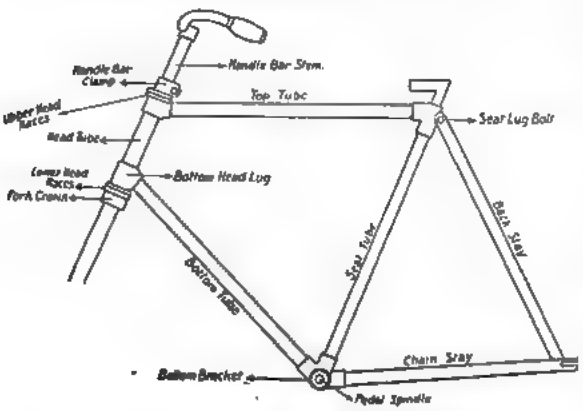
I have many more such recollections. We little boys are now old men; but O boys, boys, boys! My old heart goes out to you when I recall my own early boyhood. You are brighter, cleaner, better fed, better schooled, better dressed, than your grandfathers were. You have a richer life, more things to interest you and so to keep you from mischief. I wonder, are you really better? I think, when you despise nasty sham-tobacco smoking, and go in for games instead of looking at them, and say your prayers, and don't sauce your mothers—I really think you are.



THE CYCLE'S ANATOMY.

AS I sometimes have to refer to the various parts of a cycle in words which may perhaps rather mystify some of my readers, I append a simple sketch of the frame, the handlebars and the parts appertaining to the steering head of an ordinary safety. I suppose that the majority of people who ride horses know how to name the joints and limbs of their steeds; and cyclists also will find it convenient to be able to express in a single word any of the most important parts of their machines. If you send your cycle round to the makers to have a small job done to it, it is much simpler to write "Please examine the head races, and straighten the left backstay," than "Please examine the balls in the little cups in the front of the machine between the front fork and the handlebars, and straighten the left of the tubes which run from under the saddle down to the back of the frame."

The word "spindle" signifies the steel bar on which a wheel or pedal revolves: "axle" is a synonym with which you may perhaps be better acquainted. The *lugs* of a cycle are the forgings into which the tubes fit where they meet at the angles. The *crown* is the forging holding the tops of the front fork tubes, though it lies below the *head*, which denotes the front part of the frame.



THE PARTS OF A CYCLE FRAME CORRECTLY NAMED.

DISSEMBLING AND ASSEMBLING

are pithy terms expressing the taking to pieces and putting together again of a machine. Cyclists who thirst for knowledge of the "inwardness" of their mounts often find that, though dissembling is comparatively easy work, the complementary operation is far otherwise.

It is useful, almost necessary, to know how to dissemble the bearings of a machine, but the dismemberment of a free wheel or change-gear mechanism is quite a serious undertaking, unless you have seen the job done before.

A cautious person, or one who has been taught by hard experience, is careful to spread beneath the cycle a cloth of as light a colour as possible, before exploring the recesses of a ball bearing. The balls as they fall out often strike a part of the machine and hop in all directions. Then woe betide the man, woman, or child who has selected an uncovered tract of lawn or a dusty roadside as the scene of the daring deed! A cloth not only probably catches all the balls but keeps them from touching dust and dirt: and, what's more, balls are seen on, and picked off, a cloth very easily.

A GOLDEN RULE

is to collect all loose parts *at once* and put them in a receptacle whence they cannot escape. The same rule also holds good if you are working on a table.

Clean Hands.

Such things are unknown in connection with the manipulation of small oily bits of metal. If you wear gloves to begin with you will soon take them off; and then! After an hour or so the metallic grease has worked well into the pores of the skin, and even hot water and soft soap will not easily remove it. So here is a useful hint. Before you begin operations, rub your hands with vaseline, lanoline, or some thick oil. This plugs up the pores, and the metal atoms can't get in, so that they come off easily "in the wash"—as does the protecting medium also. Even after a whole morning spent in taking down the gears of a motor-car (the greasiest and dirtiest job imaginable) the charm has worked with me.

Free Wheels.

These should be attacked very cautiously. Some makes are extremely hard to reassemble. I have had several very tough struggles with mine; and can recommend the pastime as excellent discipline for the temper, though not suitable for a person who has got only a spare half-hour to do the entire job in. Very small balls are apt to leap out in startling numbers: or you may be confronted by an array of rollers and tiny springs, which are most difficult to keep in position when you replace the ratchet ring. Vaseline is a valuable ally under such conditions. It is sufficiently sticky to hold the parts *in situ*; and may be left in as a lubricant.

If your free wheel gives trouble, squirt a good dose of paraffin oil through it to remove any dirt that may have blocked the catches. Should it still prove obstinate, take it to the nearest reliable cycle shop, if you are not a pretty expert mechanic.

A Neat Valve Cap.

While looking through the advertisement pages of a cycling journal the other day, I stumbled across a patent valve cap—its name the "S.F."—which gets over the annoyance of having to deal with a small chain that loves to jam. The cap is attached to the valve stem by a stirrup and nut; so that it cannot fall off and be lost, yet is easily removed for inflation.

An Emergency Mend.

If you get a puncture and are *minus* a repair outfit, a temporary mend may be made by bunching up the rubber round the puncture and tying it very tightly with a piece of strong, fine string. I have seen even quite a big burst treated successfully this way.

Steering Locks

are very desirable attachments. They enable you to lean your machine against almost any kind of support, and also keep the front wheel steady when the cycle is turned upside down for cleaning, repairs, &c. The two best types of locks are (1) the positive, which snicks a bolt into a slot and holds the head absolutely rigid; (2) the friction band, which can be tightened to any desired tension by a thumb screw. A variety to be avoided is that which depends on a screw pressing against the steering pillar inside the head. The tip wears down and the device then ceases to act.

Answers to Correspondents.

Clifton G. Davies. Thanks for your long and interesting letter. I am only too glad to be of any service to readers. You have got a very good mount. To take your points in order (1) I decidedly prefer levers to screw handles for operating the brakes: (2) gear cases have their disadvantages as well as their advantages. I shouldn't worry about not possessing one; (3) lubricating holes for the head ball races can easily be made through the head tube—about one inch from races—by anybody possessing a drill. The local cycle maker would do the job in two minutes. Have them drilled *behind* the tube, so that any mud, &c., thrown up by the front wheel may not enter: (4) your spanners are evidently the proper set, far more valuable than the completest "useful spanner" ever made: (5) transfer! Hm! Yes! rather aggressive. I'm with you there: (6) Humber book well worth getting: (7) no sir! I think that *you* are mistaken with regard to the Fagan gears—unless they have been altered since I wrote, with the actual gear in pieces on the table before me. To set your mind at rest let me quote from the booklet issued by the makers: "The high gear being the normal, and the low gear driving *through a compounding or Crypto gearing*, giving a *reduction* of 23 per cent." I won't say that the case has not been reversed, but I don't think it likely: (8) I shall be very pleased to make your acquaintance.

Cyclist.—(1) The firm you refer to is, or at any rate was, an agency for supplying several well-known makes, and I believe is specially interested in a "line" of its own. I cannot speak from experience of this last. Though I do not like to belittle a brand that I don't know, I advise a purchaser to stick to the firms with established reputation; or, if he has a cycle made locally, to insist on the parts being the wares of a high grade maker, *e.g.*, "B.S.A." or "Eadie"; (2) nothing will remove rust that has penetrated the nickel and bitten into the steel beneath. "Salarine" is good for keeping unrusted surfaces bright.

How Grogram Held the Fort.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

I TELL you (said Captain Grogram), the Bombay army never gets fair play. See how we were treated over the affair of Gholamghurry! If I had been a Piffer, instead of a Duck, it would have rained C.B's and D.S.O.s over me, and I should be a major-general, enjoying my off-reckonings and 14 St. James's, instead of a poor old battered half-pay captain, loafing in lodgings, dodging the seasons to get them cheap, and dining in a third-class Dieppe restaurant like this!

What's a Piffer and what's a Duck? To think of any one not knowing that! A Piffer, sir, is an animal born to the purple and fine linen, and gazetted into the Punjaub Frontier Force, whereby the loaves and fishes of the service are his for evermore. Once get P.F.F. after your name, and never mind if you're a nincompoop. It is bound to be all P.'s with you—Promotion, Pay, extra Privilege leave, Political appointments, and, peradventure, a Peerage to wind up with! By Jove, they just patter about your ears!

And a Duck—a Bombay Duck—that's what they call people who serve on the Bombay side of India, or belong to the Bombay army. And a Duck gets meted out to him just the opposite sort of treatment to what a Piffer enjoys. Never any fair play for him!

But, thank goodness, I was able to do my duty, and my country some service without being a Piffer, when I defended Gholamghurry, under four cross fires, against odds of fifty to one, and ended by beating the tribesmen with their own weapons.

How was that? Well, I'll tell you. It was in the Afghan War of '79. I was in command of a company of Bombay Tygers—Tygers with a "y" you know; a fine old title they had won on the field of Assaye under the Iron Duke—detached to hold the Fort of Gholamghurry on the line of communication. And one fine morning we woke up and found ourselves surrounded by the tribesmen, and not a reinforcement within call or reach.

The Fort was a little pill-box of a place with mud walls 10 ft. high. It stood in the centre of a plateau, the defile winding below and the hills beyond. It was a sort of *caravanserai* for convoys passing up and down, and a weak detachment, consisting of a company of infantry, was considered enough to hold it. Being dirty work, of course Bombay troops were detailed for the job. (The Piffers have never forgiven us Assaye!) If any one had dreamt it was going to be the scene of a gallant and brilliant affair, there would have been a battery of artillery, a couple of squadrons of cavalry and a Punjaubi regiment posted there, with Piffers in command, and staff supernumeraries from headquarters at Simla to share the swag and write letters to the Press about it. The regular old game. You know.

The totally inadequate garrison by which it was defended encouraged the tribes to try and rush the Fort. Your Afghan loves nothing better than to overwhelm a weak detachment, cut up a tired rear guard, or wipe out an unsupported outpost. And it was known we guarded a supply of reserve ammunition—an irresistible temptation, of course.

Luckily the usual internal dissensions and inter-tribal vendettas existed among the four tribes concerned. For weeks past they had been quarrelling and fighting over the plunder of some captured convoys, and several blood feuds had been established. The chiefs dared not trust their men to fight side by side for fear of the brutes falling out and cutting each other's throats. But in an operation of such importance as an attack on a British outpost it was necessary for them to combine, and they temporarily adjusted their differences, made *pax*, and (as a matter of internal precaution) decided to act independently.

Thus it came to pass that Gholamghurry was threatened by four distinct armies, one on each face. It was just after sunrise when the enemy

opened fire upon us from a distance of 300 yards. North, south, east, and west, a perfect hail of bullets poured in. I rushed out in my pyjamas, took a rapid review of the scene, and at once ordered my little garrison to lie down.

The gallant fellows flung themselves on their stomachs, like the Tygers they were, and crouched ready to spring. They were animated by the true spirit of Assaye! By the Lord Harry, I shan't forget the quarter of an hour that followed. I spent it standing under cover,

THE GALLANT FELLOWS WERE CROUCHED READY TO SPRING.

and waiting for a favourable opportunity to act. I calculate the enemy discharged five volleys (or, say, 20,000 bullets) per minute, for there were at least a thousand men in each force. Conceive a fire like that concentrated on a pepper-castor of a fort! So thick was the flight of lead that, where the bullets converged and met over our heads, the sky appeared as one sees it through the radiating telegraph wires at the Mansion House, and the whistling, as they cut through the air, and the rattle of the missiles pattering on the walls, sounded, for all the world, like a fife and drum band!

Fortunately the trajectory was faulty, for this circumstance presently led to a cessation of the firing. Peering over the ramparts I was rejoiced to observe a great commotion amongst the enemies' ranks, and the men gesticulating like mad and brandishing their arms indignantly. I subsequently learnt *they had been shooting each other*, their ranges being reciprocal! It was a perfectly natural corollary that had been overlooked when they made their absurd quadrilateral dispositions. Well, sir, the attack was suspended, and for the rest of the day we enjoyed the luxury of being unmolested. I employed the interval in encouraging my men and strengthening the defences. As soon as it was dusk I sent out spies, and, when they returned, summoned Baboo Bunsi Lall, the commissariat *ghomasta*, or clerk, to interpret their reports, he being the only man who could speak their beastly language.

He came in, a sickly sunflower colour, and his petticoats tucked up above his knees, for which I reprimanded him. He was a Bengali, and the natives of Bengal combine in an extraordinary degree the failings of being fat and effeminate. His massive, fleshy form

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trembled like calves'-foot jelly, and his eyes twinkled and cast nervous glances around.

"Oh, sir, I trepidate!" he chattered in his polysyllabic English. "Please excuse my unfounded pusillanimity!"

"Attention! Eyes front!" I ordered, sternly. The only way to treat these constitutional cowards is to be severe. "Cease this degrading exhibition of unmanly personal weakness, and examine the spies!"

He endeavoured to control himself and began to interpret, stopping every now and then to gulp and groan. The spies brought information that the tribes were engaged in making scaling ladders and would deliver a simultaneous assault, from all four sides, an hour before dawn. I made inquiries about the particular chiefs implicated in this unmannerly attack, and learnt that the four armies, lined up in battle array to overwhelm us, consisted of the following:

On the north, commanding a levy of a thousand *Julputsais*, was a cut-throat named Akbar Ali, who was actually in the pay of our Political Department. On the west, Mir Mahomed, a proclaimed murderer, with a reward of ten thousand rupees on his head, mustered his brutal clan of *Baital Pachisees*. To the south was a scoundrel called Shumshuddin of the *Chabook Khel*, or 'Scourge of the Pass," as they insolently dubbed themselves; and on the east the notorious Zubberdusty Khan, an abandoned ruffian, reputed to periodically take a hip bath in blood, with his fierce *Zubberdusties*. A coalition, by Jupiter, of the most warlike frontier clans, banded together in unprecedented alliance to sweep Gholamghurry and its gallant little garrison out of existence—if they could!

"Oh, master, master," blubbered Bunsi Lall, completely breaking down over this catalogue of calamity, "here is infernal disaster superimposing! What will poor Baboo do? My throat will be slit and my pension grow impotent!" And he literally spread himself out on the floor in a dire funk.

Braver men than Baboo Bunsi Lall might have quailed. There was something more than ordinary danger in this coalition of cut-throats. When ruffians, whose supreme object in life is to kill one another, unite in a common cause to kill another party, it means no quarter with a vengeance.

I kicked the Baboo out of the room and sat down to consider the situation over a quiet cheroot and a wee stimulant. The problem before me was a desperate one. I had only 80 men to oppose 4000 fanatics. Concentration was impossible. The very nature of the impending assault would compel me to spread out my feeble force, and cover every face of the Fort. For a moment the idea crossed my mind of sallying out and boldly cutting my way through the besiegers, but I reflected that that would involve the abandonment of my post, and I dismissed it at once as unseemly and unsoldierly. I could not retire. I could not, with any prospect of success, defend the circuit of the walls. The question remained—What could I do?

In this terrible dilemma there suddenly occurred to my mind a novel and ingenious expedient, in which I venture to say (without vanity) there was a touch of genius. It filled me with hope and excitement. It was in the nature of a stratagem, and strategy is the inspired essence and art of warfare. Once conceived it took shape in my brain. I summoned Bunsi Lall again.

"Sit down," I said, as he tottered in, "and write, to my dictation, translating into Pushto as you go."

He clutched his pen, and I dictated as follows:

"*To* Akbar Ali,

"Excellent Friend!—I have received your laudable letter in answer to mine.

"On behalf of the British Government I confirm the terms offered to and accepted by you.

"As arranged, I will fire the signal rocket at midnight.

"Directly it flares you will attack Zubberdusty Khan without an instant's delay.

"Rely implicitly on me to exterminate Shumshuddin.

"These vainglorious vagabonds defeated, we will form a junction and destroy Mir Mahomed.

"The patronage of the Prophet be yours.

"In sincerity,

"Vercingetorix Grogram,

"*Captain, Bo. In.*"

Baboo Bunsi Lall opened his eyes like a gape-owl as this letter developed under his pen.

"Oh, sir, pardon my gratuitous stupidity, but—" he began, when a grim frown from me silenced him, as I pointed to another sheet of paper, and bade him write again.

I now addressed myself to Zubberdusty Khan. The wording was identical, saving only that I enjoined Zubberdusty Khan to attack Akbar Ali, leaving me to deal with Mir Mahomed.

The composition of this epistle affected Baboo Bunsi Lall extravagantly. He rubbed his eyes, and scratched his nose, and was on the point of speaking when my uplifted hand warned him not to disturb the current of my intricate thoughts. Then I pointed to a fresh sheet of paper and began dictating a third letter.

This time it was Shumshuddin whom I made my correspondent. The tenor was precisely the same as in the other two letters, excepting that I directed him to fall upon Mir Mahomed, myself promising to annihilate Akbar Ali.

Finally I addressed a fourth identical note to Mir Mahomed, who was to engage Shumshuddin, whilst I reserved the task of despatching Zubberdusty Khan.

As he finished writing, a gleam of pensive, if puzzled, intelligence glittered in the eyes of Baboo Bunsi Lall.

"But how can master make them obey?" he asked in perplexity.

"They will obey," I replied with confidence, as I enclosed the letters in four of the biggest official envelopes I could find, attached my seal, and gave them to the Baboo to superscribe in the native character.

"Did you ever hear tell of the Kilkenny cats, Baboo?" I asked him.

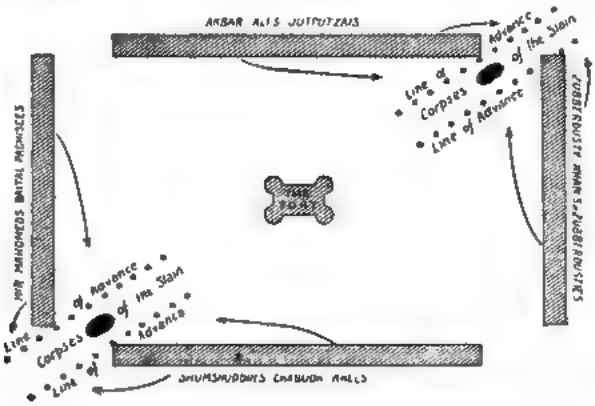
"No, master. What about them?"

"They had a *Bobbery*, and began fighting, and got mixed up, and ended by killing and eating each other until there was not a single cat left."

"Master going to make *Bobbery?*"

"Master going to try."

Next I summoned four of my smartest spies—fellows like a cross between a fox and a ferret—to whom I explained their tasks. My scheme was a complicated one, and to avoid confusion (said Captain Grogram, as he took up a charred match-end and dashed off a rough sketch upon the tablecloth), I will just draw you a plan, illustrating the situation, so that you may intelligently follow the involved operations. Look at this, and mark well the positions of the four besieging armies:



Now observe. To my first spy I entrusted the letter addressed to Akbar Ali, and directed him to deliver it, *as if by mistake*, to Zubberdusty Khan; whilst to my second spy I handed the letter addressed to Zubberdusty Khan with instructions *to be careful that it fell into the hands of* Akbar Ali.

Thus, each of these two ruffians would be led to believe he had intercepted a treacherous correspondence between the other and myself.

Twig?

Similarly the third and fourth spies, with the letters for Mir Mahomed and Shumshuddin, were ordered to act so that each chief received, by an accident as it were, the communication intended on the face of it for the other.

In this way I arranged to drop the seed of internecine strife into the fruitful soil of Afghan suspicion.

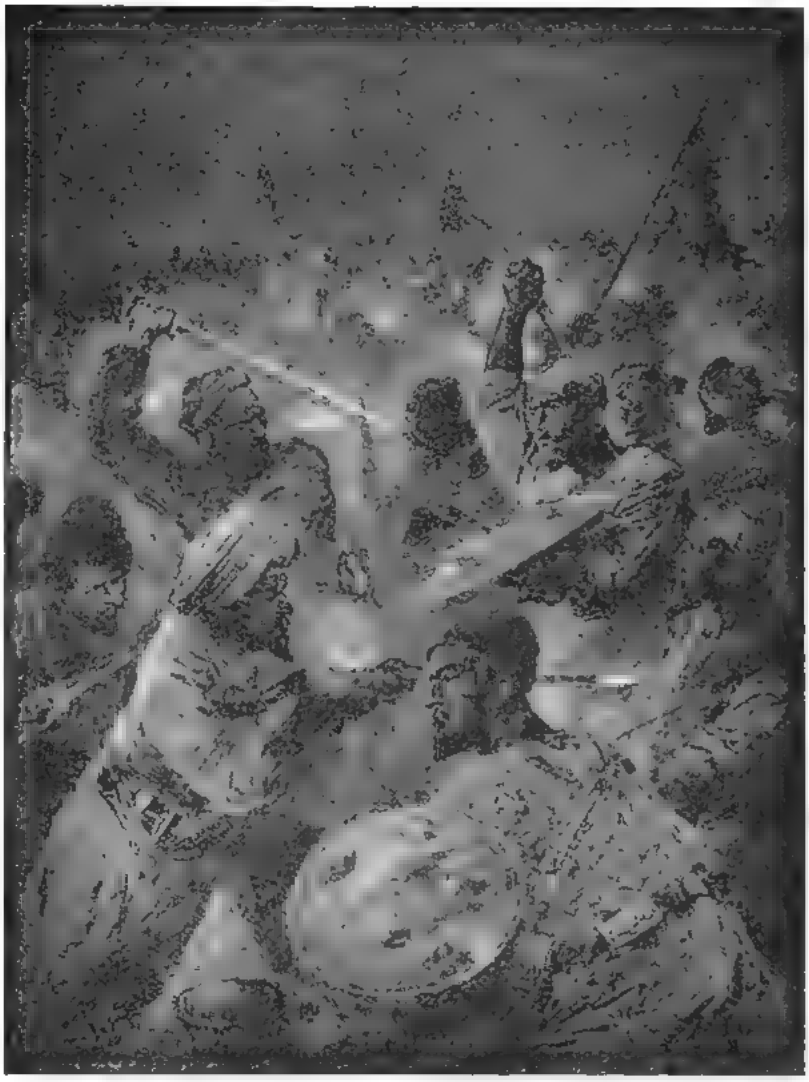
Complete revelation burst like a bombshell on Baboo Bunsi Lall. I heard him splutter under his breath the single word "Gorgiferous!" As for the spies, they shook their heads and said, "*Wah! Wah!*" They were smart fellows and could appreciate the ruse—the more so as I promised them five hundred rupees each if they carried it out to my satisfaction. Thus encouraged, they disappeared in the darkness, whilst I anxiously paced the ramparts till they returned.

They were back a quarter of an hour before midnight. "All's well" was their report. The cunning rascals had improved the opportunity to benefit themselves, and had sold the despatches! Their waistbands were stuffed with the coins paid for their supposed disloyalty to me. With many a chuckle the vagabonds related and mimicked the various phases of rage and indignation exhibited by the four cut-throat chiefs when they read the contents of the letters addressed to their neighbours. Each had made immediate arrangements to deal with the expected attack from the traitor on his flank.

At midnight I fired the signal rocket with my own hand. In an instant a tempest of musketry thundered out at two angles of the Fort. To the north-east Akbar Ali and Zubberdusty Khan flung themselves upon one another with blind, headlong impetuosity. Simultaneously to the south-west Mir Mahomed and Shumshuddin did exactly the same thing! Anything more artistic you never saw in your life than the development of my device to uphold the honour of the Bombay army. By Jupiter, I swear to you that in less than two minutes two awful wars of extermination were in progress opposite the salient angles of my Fort!

The night was pitch dark. Standing to arms on the ramparts, in case of emergency, we strained our eyes to follow the fight, illuminated by the constant flashes of the fire-arms. The air was filled with hoarse cries, the rattle of *jezails*, and the ruffle of war-drums, soon to be merged in the clash of steel and the shrieks of the dying as the combatants closed in deadly struggle.

Hour after hour they fought with reckless pertinacity, inspired by the fiercest passions of tribal revenge. If, perchance, a temporary lull occurred—as when the beggars stopped to draw breath—a few cleverly imitated shouts from my gallant tygers sufficed to stir them up again to start the conflict anew. I tell you, sir, the tribes of Afghanistan are perfect demons in warfare, and when their blood is up nothing will appease their appetite for slaughter. Moreover, a fight in the dark affords peculiar opportunities for keeping it going, since neither side can see when it is beaten. It was this favourable circumstance that assisted to complete the consummation of my stratagem. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes.



HOUR AFTER HOUR THEY FOUGHT WITH RECKLESS PERTINACITY.

When day dawned to the north-east and south-west the plain was heaped high with corpses. In these few hours of conscientious slaughter the *Jutpuisais*, the *Baital Pachissees*, the *Chabook Khels* and the *Zubberdusties* had literally immolated themselves from the earth!

At five o'clock I sallied out at the head of my gallant Bombay Tygers. A few prods with their bayonets sufficed to finish off the job thoroughly. By six not an Afghan remained alive. Our loss was absolutely *nil*, whilst 4237 of the enemy lay stretched on that fatal field.

Such, sir, was the matchless victory of Gholamghurry—achieved without a single shot being fired by the victors!

Returning to the Fort I wrote my despatches, reporting what had transpired in brief, soldierly language. I announced to the General commanding that I had had the honour to clear the Pass of over 4000 scoundrels who had so long infested it, and highway-manned our convoys. I recommended my Havildar for a *Khan*

Bahadurship, and the entire rank and file for the Order of Merit. Nor did I omit to draw attention to the clerical assistance rendered by Baboo Bunsi Lall, for whom I solicited the C.I.E.—a thing he deserved.

What was the result? By Jupiter, sir, my blood boils when I think of it! The General (a Piffer, of course!) kept me waiting a fortnight before he replied, and then had the impertinence to "find himself unable to understand how the extraordinary operations reported had been conducted." In other words, because the feat was marvellous, the jealous and unjust ass could not credit it!

I remonstrated respectfully but firmly, pointing out that whilst I cared and craved nothing for myself, I owed it to the gallant Bombay troops under my command to bring their services under the public eye.

The suggestion fell like a bombshell at headquarters. The Piffers were all up in arms. No one is allowed to distinguish himself on the frontier except a Piffer, and it was meddling with their monopoly. As I told you, too, they have never forgiven us Assaye.

What did they do? Sir, my eyes moisten when I tell you. (Pass the cognac, please.) The General replied that it would not be conducive to the interests of her Majesty's service to bring before the public eye a feat of arms carried out under the lead of an officer in his pyjamas!

That broke my heart. I decided to send in my papers and resign the service, sick with the injustice I had suffered.

That's why I say that the Bombay army never has fair-play. I challenge any one to adduce a more complete victory than the one I won at Gholamghurry. It was far and away the finest thing, strategic or heroic, in the Afghan War. But because I was a Duck, and in command of Bombay troops, it was burked. But (cried Captain Grogram, winking his eye) if I had been a Piffer——!

Cupid's Euclid.

[Thoughts inspired by the chance vision of a plain figure in an area tenderly inquiring "has Polly gone?"]

WHENE'ER a youth—with feelings which
Defy all Definition,
Enunciates in halting terms
His vital Proposition;
He little knows how hard a Proof
All lovers have before 'em
Across the matrimonial bridge—
The great *Pons Asinorum*.

But oft—alas!—the haughty maid
Curtails his rapt effusion,
And brings his fond Hypotheses
To swift and sure Conclusion;
Declines to grant his Postulates
As soon as she has heard 'em,
And ends the matter promptly by
"*Reductio ad absurdum!*"

The happier lover must discuss—
In asking Pa's permission—
A Point that *has* some Magnitude
And treats of *his* Position;
The family Circles are described,
Then meet each other gaily
(But later on, at certain points,
They "cut each other" daily!)

When on the long and trying Proof
Our hopeful pair must enter,
Perhaps the maid herself becomes
Another circle's centre;
Then Cupid's glorious Theorem
Becomes a Problem sometimes,
But love is put to double proof
By cheerful and by glum times!

Now this is what the pair can prove,
And all can understand 'em—
"That none should miss domestic bliss"—
Quod Erat Demonstrandum.
And they'll confess the little god
Has never failed to send 'em
Affection true to help them through
Quod Erat Faciendum.

ARTHUR STANLEY.

THE STAMPS OF SWEDEN.

LAST month we dealt with the stamps of Norway. This month we will have a look at the stamps of Sweden.

Sweden is the would-be predominant partner in the union which for ninety years has existed between Sweden and Norway, and which is now being peacefully dissolved.

These Scandinavian countries have for so long been the home of peace, and so long outside the circle of European complications, that it is difficult to realise the fact that Sweden once played a very prominent part in European wars, and that she was at the beginning of the nineteenth century ranked as one of the great powers. Indeed, at the time when Gustavus Adolphus, her ablest King, ascended the throne, she found herself at war with no less than three other European powers—Denmark, Russia, and Poland. She concluded a favourable peace with Denmark and Poland, and she forced Russia to yield territory to her. Her victorious troops even invaded Germany and took a leading part in the Thirty Years War

Unlike democratic Norway, Sweden is monarchical to the finger tips. Her society is hierarchical, her suffrage is restricted to the privileged few, and her legislators form a purely class parliament. She treasures up the traditions of the great part she played in the terrible struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and she faces the present crisis with the knowledge that her destinies have been wisely directed by rulers descended from a race of gallant and honourable soldiers.

Her Philatelic History.

The stamps of Norway bear little evidence of the ninety years' union with Sweden: the stamps of Sweden show no sign whatever of that old, but fretful, relationship.

Her first postage stamps were issued in 1855, when Oscar I. was King. The currency then was the riksdaler, equal to about 1*s.* 9*d.* of our money, and divided into 48 skilling banco. Hence, the first stamps were in skilling banco, abbreviated in the catalogues to "sk. bco."

In 1858 the riksdaler was divided into 100 öre, 12½ öre being reckoned as equal to 4 skilling banco. So the second issue of 1858, whilst retaining the old type of design, changed the inscriptions of value to öre.

Finally, in 1878, the riksdaler was changed to the krona, equivalent to about 1*s.* 1½*d.* of English money, divided into 100 öre. So that from 1878 to the present time the low values are expressed in öre, and the high values in krona.

The designs of the stamps have undergone changes from time to time, but each type has run through a series with the one exception of the issue of 1872–6, in which the highest value, 1 riksdaler, is slightly varied from the lower values.

The first design was that of the arms of Sweden, which did duty for the issues of 1855 and 1858. A more fanciful, but very unsatisfactory, design did duty for the issues of 1862 and 1866, during the reign of Charles XV. A bold, clear figure within a circle in the centre of the stamp had a long life—from 1872 to 1885, when it was superseded by a portrait of King Oscar II. In 1892 a new figure design was introduced for the lowest values.

Watermarks, or rather the equivalent, were first used in the series of 1886. Then, instead of watermarked paper being used as a protection against forgery, a small posthorn in outline was printed in blue on the back of each stamp. But in 1891 the paper on which the stamps were printed was watermarked with an outline representation of the crown of Sweden.

From the collectors' point of view, Sweden is an attractive country. It affords the specialist a happy hunting-ground for scarce unused copies of the first issue, and a never-ending search for shades. For the beginner, or the young collector, who wants as many stamps as he can get at a penny apiece, it is one of the best of all foreign countries to collect in the used condition. With the exception of the first two issues, there are very few stamps of which nice clean used copies may not be had at one penny each. But the collector will need to make a patient search for well-centred copies, for in many issues the centring is very bad.

As the values are expressed in words in the early issues it may be interesting to give the numerals and then Swedish form: 1, En, or Ett; 2, Toa; 3, Tra; 4, Tyra; 5, Fem; 6, Sex; 8, Atta; 9, Nio; 10, Tio; 12, Tolf; 20, Tjugo; 24, Tjugufyra; 30, Tratio; 50, Femtio.

1855.—Design Arms of Sweden, three crowns on a shield. Values expressed in skilling. Inscribed "Severige" (Sweden), and "Frimarke" (postage). Five values, 3, 4, 6, 8, and 24 skilling. The thickness of the paper varies very much in these old stamps, as in most stamps printed in the early days of postal issues, and specialists divide them into thick and thin paper. For the information of my young friends who may come across them I may throw out the hint that some thick-paper copies are worth a great deal more than thin paper. No common 4 skill on thin paper is catalogued at 4*d*., but on thick paper it is catalogued at 3*s*. 6*d*., so that a thick-paper copy may be swopped to an advanced collector for a round dozen or two of the common values to the considerable enrichment of a little collection.

Perf. 14.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
3 sk. bco., green	140	0	..	40	0
4 sk. bco., blue	25	0	..	0	4
6 sk. bco., grey	80	0	..	8	0
8 sk. bco., orange	50	0	..	7	6
24 sk. bco., vermilion			..	25	0

1858.—Six values. Same design, but the values expressed in "öre" instead of "skilling banco." The word "Frimarke" on each side of the stamp was reduced in size to allow of the value, a label at the foot, being made bolder. This issue is most prolific in shades.

Perf. 14.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
5 öre, green	2	6	..	0	1
9 öre, lilac	10	0	..	3	6
12 öre, blue	2	6	..	0	1
24 öre, yellow	7	6	..	0	2
30 öre, brown	3	0	..	0	4
50 öre, rose	12	0	..	0	9

1862.—One value. New design, mainly for local use.

Perf. 14.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
3 öre, brown	1	6	..	0	2

1866.—Two new values of new design, of 17 and 20 öre, to provide for a change in the postal rates. The design is, like the previous one, of a somewhat mediocre type. There are several distinct shades.

Perf. 14.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used s.	d.
17 öre, lilac	10	0	..	2	0
20 öre, vermilion	6	6	..	0	2

1872-6.—When King Oscar II. ascended the throne and succeeded his brother, Charles XV., there was a new issue of postage stamps of a strikingly simple and effective design. It consisted of a bold clear figure of value in a circle in the centre of the design. The highest value, with a separate design of three crowns in place of a numeral of value, was the riksdaler of the new currency, printed in two colours, *i.e.*, brown framework with a blue centre. For advanced collectors there are two sets, one perf. 14, and the other perf. 13. Shades exist in great variety. This series includes the great variety of Sweden, viz., a stamp with the numerals 20, but the value in words, "Tretio" (30) instead of "Tjugo" (20).

Perf. 14 or 13.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
3 öre, brown	0 6	0 1
4 öre, grey	0 9	0 1
5 öre, green	1 3	0 1
6 öre, violet	1 6	0 1
12 öre, blue	0 9	0 1
20 öre, vermilion	4 0	0 1
24 öre, yellow	1 6	0 1
30 öre, brown	5 0	0 1
50 öre, rose	6 0	0 1
1 riks., blue and brown	12 0	0 5

1878.—In this year there was a change in currency in the expression of the high value from riksdaler to krona. The design of the three crowns was used without other modification.

Perf. 13.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 krona, blue and brown	8 0	0 1

1885.—In this year the inland rate of postage was reduced from 12 öre to 10 öre. Consequently a 10 öre stamp superseded the 12 öre value no longer needed. For this new value a new and effective design with an excellent profile portrait of King Oscar II. was engraved.

Perf. 13.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
10 öre, rose	2 6	0 1

1886.—Nine values. The 10 öre was of the portrait type of 1885, the 1 krona of the three crowns type of 1885, and all the others of the figure of value in a circle type. On the back of each stamp was printed in blue a small posthorn in outline, evidently intended to act, like a watermark, as a protective against forgery.

Blue posthorn on back.

Perf. 13.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
3 öre, brown	0 2	0 1
4 öre, grey	0 3	0 1
5 öre, green	0 6	0 1
6 öre, lilac	0 4	0 3
10 öre, rose	9 9	0 1
20 öre, vermilion	2 0	0 1
30 öre, brown	1 0	0 1
50 öre, carmine	2 0	0 1
1 krona, blue and brown	1 9	0 1

1889.—When the inland postal rate was reduced from 12 öre to 10 öre, the 10 öre and 20 öre stamps took the place of the 12 öre and 24 öre. The old stock of these values was consequently used up by surcharging both values "10 öre" with a special surcharge, consisting of three crowns within a circle, "10" in each upper angle and "Tio öre" at the foot. This surcharge was printed in blue, and completely obliterated the original design. It is stated that about 20,000 sheets of the 12 öre and 2000 sheets of the 24 are overs thus used up.

Perf. 13.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
12 öre in blue, on 12 öre, blue	0 3	0 1
10 öre in blue, on 24 öre yellow	0 4	0 6

1891.—The local postage rate having been reduced from 3 öre to 2 öre, a stamp of 2 öre became necessary and was provided temporarily by an issue of the figure in a circle type of 1872–6. Advanced collectors find varieties in the shape of the numerals and in a full stop before the word "frimarke." This misplaced full stop variety is found on every alternate stamp in the fourth and ninth rows of each sheet. The blue posthorn is printed on the back of each stamp.

Blue posthorn on back.

Perf.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2 öre, orange	0 2	0 1

1891-7.—Seven values. Design, portrait of King Oscar II., as in the issue of 1885, but slightly modified in details; better and more clearly engraved, and printed from steel plates. The paper on which the stamps were printed was watermarked with the Swedish crown.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 15.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
5 öre, green	0 1	0 1
10 öre, carmine	0 2	0 1
15 öre, chestnut	0 3	0 1
20 öre, blue	0 4	0 1
25 öre, orange	0 5	0 1
30 öre, brown	0 6	0 1
50 öre, slate	0 9	0 1

1892.—New design for low values consisting of a large numeral of value in the centre of an upright oval. Four values, 1, 2, 3, and 4 öre. Each stamp printed in two colours. The paper was watermarked with a crown, as in the last issue, and perforated 13.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 öre, brown and ultramarine	0 1	0 1
2 öre, blue and yellow	0 1	0 1
3 öre, brown and orange	0 1	0 1
4 öre, carmine and ultramarine	0 1	0 1

1900.—One value. Design, profile portrait of King Oscar II. Similar to the portrait issue of 1891–7. Printed in two colours, the head in grey and the surrounding framework in carmine. Watermarked with a crown, and perforated 13, as before.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	*s. d.*
1 krona, grey and carmine . .	2 6	0 1

1903.—A new value consequent on the reductions which had taken place in the postal rates. Design, profile portrait, as in the 1891–7 series. Watermarked crown, and perf. 13, as before.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	*s. d.*
8 öre, purple	0 2	0 1

1903.—One value. A five kronor stamp (the highest value issued by Sweden) to commemorate the opening of Post Office Buildings at Stockholm. The design shows a view of the new Post Office. Being a long, rectangular stamp the watermark falls sideways, twice on each stamp. Perf. 13.

Wmk. Crown. Sideways. Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	*s. d.*
5 kr., blue . .	7 0	4 6

We are indebted to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for the loan of picked copies of the various types used to illustrate the foregoing article on the stamps of Sweden.

Notable New Issues.

THERE are signs of activity in the production of new issues. Chili has started her long promised series, but we are in doubt whether this new series of which we chronicle the pioneer stamps this month is to take the place of the one with many designs to be completed locally or whether it is a concession to the American Bank Note Co., which claimed the right under contract to continue printing Chilian Stamps. Probably Chili has found that the contract with the American Bank Note Co. must remain for the present, and that she must wait its expiration before she proceeds with her projected local production.

We are also promised a redrawn issue of the pretty Cuban stamps issued for "the independent republic of Cuba" by America in 1899. The set is to be provided with an interesting puzzle in the shape and secret marks.

France is providing her Colonies in various parts of the world with picture stamps embellished with views of native scenery. We chronicle and illustrate one of these sets this month.

Colonial issues on multiple CA watermark paper are gradually approaching completion.

The promised new series for Denmark makes little progress. We have no addition to chronicle to the anticipated portrait series commenced so many months ago by the issue of the 10 öre and 20 öre values.

From Australia we hear of a possible issue of design common to all the states of the commonwealth, but for the present over-printed with name for each state.

British South Africa.—I am sorry to record the fact that this hitherto philatelically respectable country has taken to issuing commemorative labels, and that they are of the objectionable type that is allowed to be used concurrently with the ordinary postage stamps.

Here is the official notice which announces and explains the issue:

"THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S VISIT TO RHODESIA. OPENING OF THE VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

"In connection with the forthcoming visit of the British Association to Rhodesia, the British South Africa Company have issued a special set of postage stamps, consisting of 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 5*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.*, the design of which represents a magnificent view of the Victoria Falls. This issue will also serve to commemorate the formal opening, during the British Association's visit to the Falls, of the bridge across the Zambesi River, one of the greatest engineering marvels of modern times, and a most important link in the Cape to Cairo Railway."

The stamps are the work of Messrs. Waterlow, and are perf. 14 to 15.

Perf. 14 to 15.

1*d.*, brick red.
2½*d.*, blue.
5*d.*, lake.
1*s.*, green.
2*s.* 6*d.*, black.
5*s.*, violet.

Chili.—We illustrate the first two stamps received of a very handsome series. We shall

be able to say more about the designs of the other values next month. These stamps are the work of the American Bank Note Co., and are amongst the most pleasing we have seen from that company.

Perf.

3 centavos, brown.
5 centavos, blue.

Denmark.—We have received a new design from this country, which, instead of being of the expected portrait of the King, is of a very quaint pattern, and now we are wondering whether the new series is to be of this latest type or of the portrait design.

Perf. 12½.

4 öre, turquoise blue.

Gambia.—Further values have been received on multiple CA paper, making the list to date as follows:

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

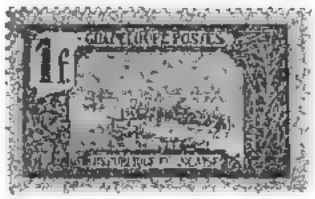
½d., carmine.
2½d., ultramarine.
3d., magenta and ultramarine.
5d., grey and black.
7½d., green and carmine.
10d., olive-brown and carmine.
1s., violet and green.
2s., dark slate and orange.

Guadeloupe.—This West Indian Island, one of the principal French Colonies in the Atlantic, has been provided with a full series of large oblong stamps decorated with views of native scenery. The view on the low values represents Basse Terre, the capital of Guadeloupe, with Mount Houllemont in the distance. On the middle values is a view of La Souffrière, and on the high values the shore at Pointe-à-Pitre.

Perf. 14.

1c., black on blue paper.
2c., red-brown on buff paper.
4c., pale brown on blue paper.
5c., green.
10c., carmine.
15c., violet.

20c., red on green.
25c., blue.
30c., black.
40c., red on straw.
50c., grey-green on straw.
75c., carmine on bluish.



1 fr., black on green.
2 fr., carmine on yellow
5 fr., blue on orange.

Jaipur.—*Ewen's Weekly* chronicles three new values of the chariot set.

Perf. 12.

¼ anna, blue.
1 anna, carmine.
2 annas, dark green.
4 annas, brown.
8 annas, puce.
1 rupee, yellow

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:

EWEN: British South Africa, Victoria Falls issue. Gambia multiples.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.: Chili 3c. and 5c.

WHITFIELD KING, AND CO.: Denmark 4 öre. Guadeloupe set.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. G. (Blyth).—The Cape of Good Hope triangular *4d.* used is worth from *2s.* to *5s.*, and the *1s.* from *18s.* to *30s.*

F. C. (Preston).—The English embossed *10d.* has what are termed die numbers. On the base of the bust you will, by the aid of a glass, find the initials of the engraver, W. Wyon. In die 1 the figures follow these initials, and in dies 2, 3, and 4 the numbers precede the engraver's initials. It is as you say unfortunate that the silk threads have cut your copy, but you can repair it with their stamp hinges. It will, of course, be of much less value than an undamaged specimen. Still, as an ordinary copy is worth *10s.*, your copy will be worth keeping till you can get a better.

W. O. J. (Muswell Hill).—Yes, Gibbons' Catalogue. Of the countries in which you feel inclined to specialise, I should certainly say don't attempt St. Vincent or St. Lucia. They are far too difficult for any one but an experienced specialist with a large banking account. You will find Gambia or Jamaica better suited to your purpose, with a preference for Gambia.

H. W. A., Jr. (Natal).—The so-called Death's Mask stamps of Servia are plentiful and common and likely to remain so. In the latest Gibbons' Catalogue just issued they are priced unused as follows:

							s.	d.
5p., green	.	.	.	.	.	.	0	1
10p., rose	.	.	.	.	.	.	0	2
15p., purple	.	.	.	.	.	.	0	4
25p., blue	.	.	.	.	.	.	0	6
50p., brown	.	.	.	.	.	.	0	9

Don't waste your money on such rubbish. Sorry we cannot insert your offer to exchange stamps. The "Old Fag" very wisely excludes such notices, as he believes the principal result would be that his boys would be preyed upon by cheating harpies.

C. D.—You may safely get King's head stamps from any of the regular advertisers in THE CAPTAIN.

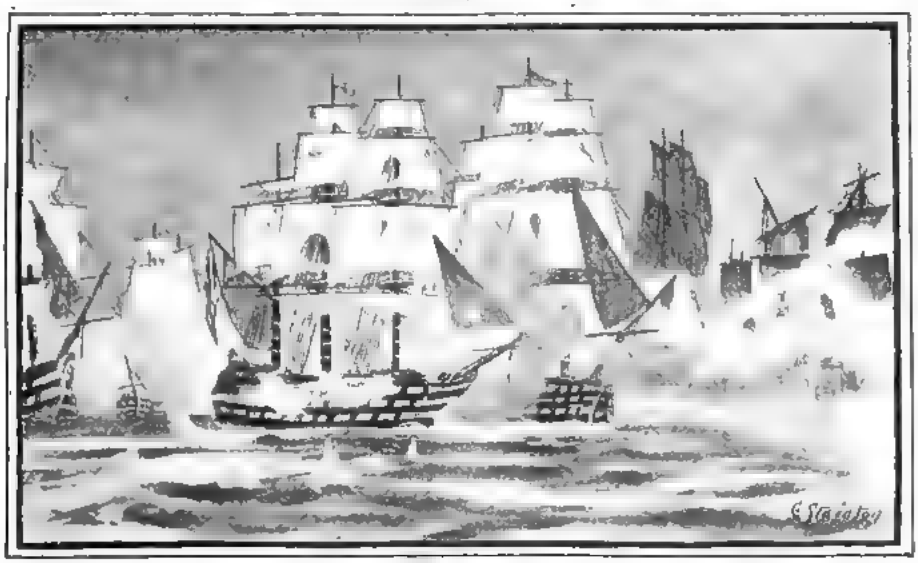
NELSON'S FLEET SAILING INTO ACTION, OCTOBER 21, 1805
Drawn by A. B. Ca.

Nile Teneriffe Copenhagen

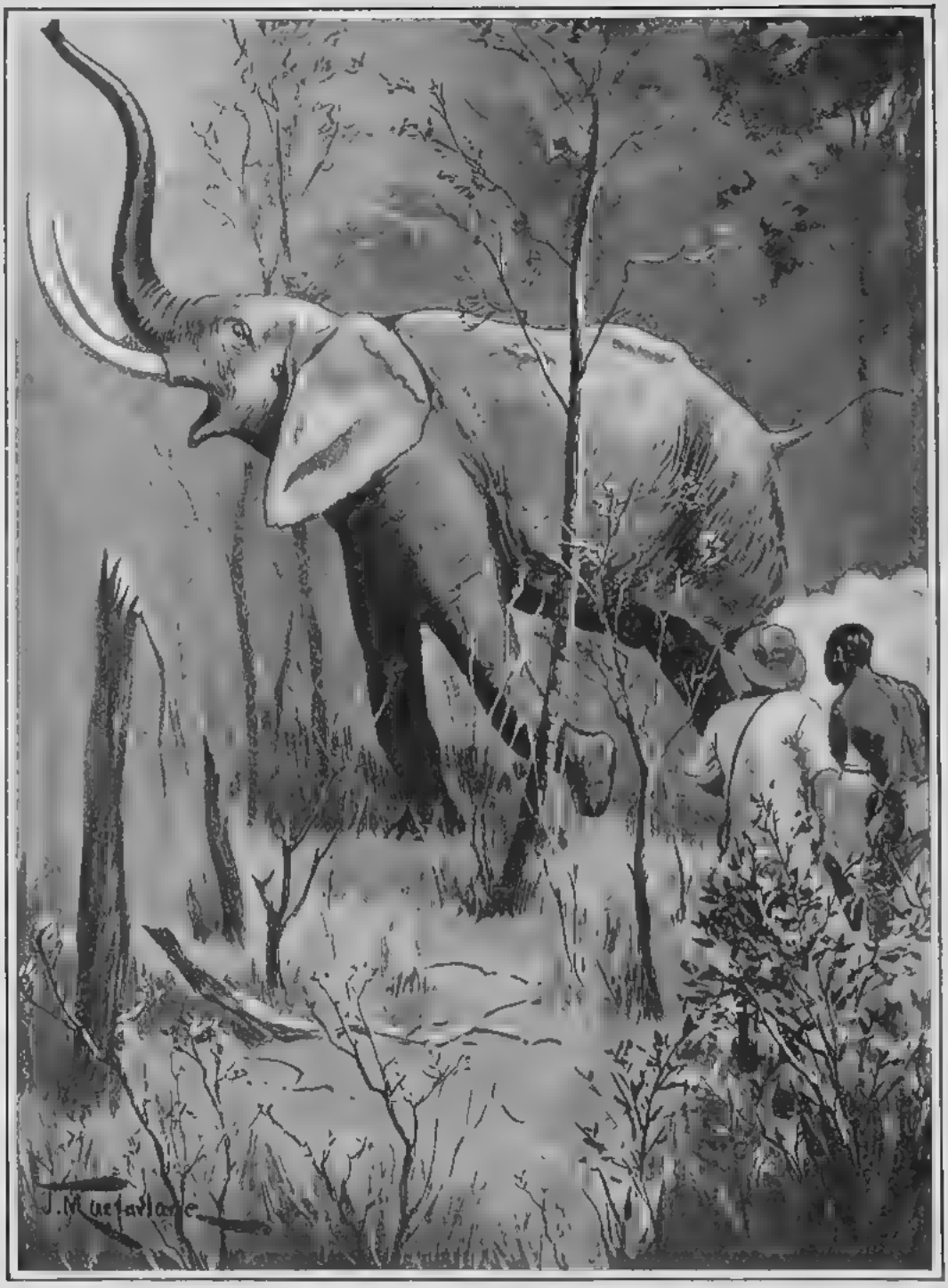
England expects every man will do his duty."

"The sacred splendour of thy deathless name,
Shall grace and guard thy country's martial fame:
Far-seen shall blaze the unextinguished ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way:
With living lustre this proud land adorn,
And shine and save through ages yet unborn."

ULM and TRAFALGAR



The Battle of Trafalgar 1805



THE LOUD REPORT OF THE HEAVILY CHARGED GUN WAS FOLLOWED BY A BELLOWING ROAR FROM THE WOUNDED ELEPHANT.

MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

BY F. C. SELOUS.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

IN every age of the world's history not only have primitive men been hunters of big game by necessity, dependent, as are the Esquimaux and certain African savages of to-day, entirely upon the flesh and skins of wild animals for their food and clothing; but they have also not unfrequently been called upon to fight for their lives against the larger carnivora, from the sabre-toothed tigers and giant cave bears of pleistocene times, down to the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves and hyænas of the present day. The best hunters in a savage tribe have always been the strongest, bravest and most cunning individuals in the community, and their prowess has usually enabled them to become richer, to secure more wives, and to leave more descendants than their less skilful fellows. Thus the hunting instinct, the careful cultivation of which was once a necessity to preserve the race, became in the course of long ages so firmly implanted in the nature of man, that the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the first dawn of civilisation has been quite insufficient to eradicate it. Every healthy English boy, though in most cases his early impulses are stifled by circumstances, is a potential big game hunter, and loves to read tales of adventures with large and formidable wild beasts; for such stories play upon feelings in his nature which have been inherited, through a thousand generations, from a long line of savage ancestors, whose frequent task it was to hunt the elk, the reindeer, the wild ox, and even the mighty mammoth for daily food, or with bone-headed spear alone to defend their wives and children from the fangs and claws of bears and lions larger and fiercer than the existing species of to-day.

In my own nature, by some strange working of the laws of heredity, the instincts of some old pre-historic savage seemed to have survived in such strength that they dominated every other propensity, and "the call of the wild" appealed to me with such irresistible force that at the age of nineteen I set out for the savage heart of Africa, determined to lead the life of a hunter. Within a year from that time I had joined a party of native hunters and entered a new world. Already I had often gazed upon the huge ungainly forms of the great white rhinoceroses, easily distinguishable from their more numerous congeners of the black species by the size of their great misshapen heads and long anterior horns; and had seen besides, almost daily, great herds of rugged-horned buffaloes, troops of tall giraffes stalking majestically amongst the feathery leaved mimosa trees, and graceful antelopes of an almost inconceivable variety of size, colouring, and length and shape of horn. My savage companions were not sportsmen, and recked not of big bags or record heads, and in those early years of my wanderings I was as they were, an elephant hunter pure and simple, never killing any animal as long as we had elephant meat to eat; for fear of disturbing these wiliest of wild animals, but when out of food recognising no law protecting females or any special kind of game.

With the exception of meat we had nothing in the shape of provisions but a slender supply of native corn, some of which we roasted and ground between stones as a substitute for coffee. We had no tents or ground sheets, but at night arranged a hedge of thorn bushes within which we lay on a little dry grass, with fires at our feet. As long as no rain fell, it was glorious lying thus beneath

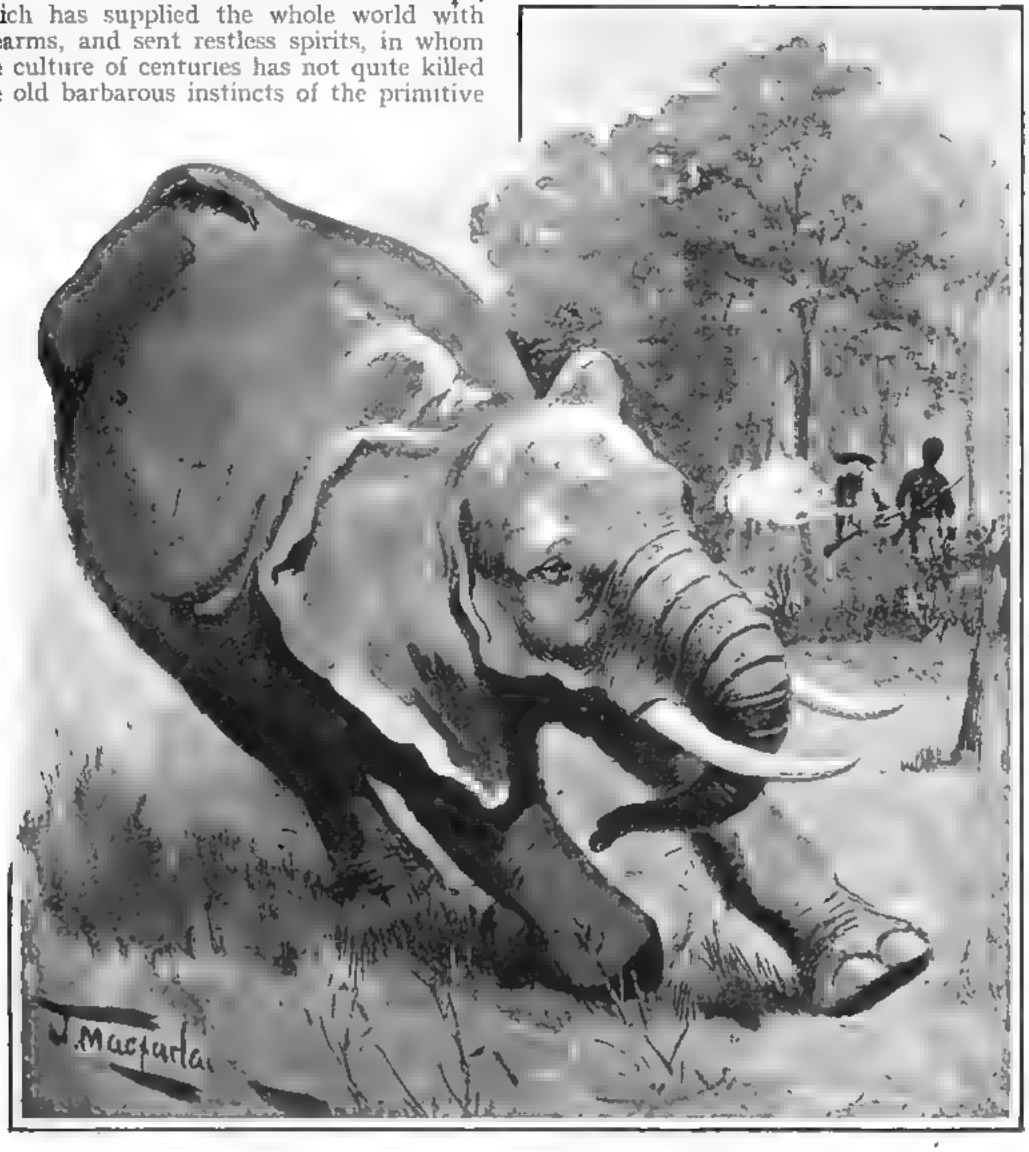
the dark star-lit sky, listening to, and soon lulled to sleep by, the various voices of the wilderness; the deep-toned roar of the lion; the demoniacal howl of the hyæna; the puffing snort of the rhinoceros; or the shrill sharp trumpeting of elephants enjoying a bath. At last one memorable day I looked for the first time upon one of these strange and ponderous creatures, an enormous long-tusked bull. For a couple of days previously we had been travelling through country evidently much frequented by elephants, for the tracks of these huge animals, often following well-beaten paths, crossed and re-crossed one another in all directions, whilst uprooted trees, often of considerable size, as well as trees from which branches had been broken or bark peeled in long strips, were to be seen on every side.

Early one morning my wild companions pointed out to me a huge track in some soft sandy ground, which they said was that of a big bull elephant that had passed either during the previous night or early the same morning, and we had not gone far on the spoor before even I, inexperienced as I was, felt sure that he could not be far in front of us, for all along his tracks quite freshly plucked green leaves were strewn in profusion. Possibly the trained eyes of my companions were fixed almost exclusively on the ground, as they followed the spoor, picking out the fresh tracks from others not quite so recent, whilst mine wandered continually over the thin forest in front of us, expecting every moment to see the huge bulk of the animal we were following. At any rate I was the first to see him, a great grey mass looming up amongst the thin foliaged trees a little to our right front. "Inkubu!"—the Matabele word for elephant—I whispered to the chief of my native companions, at the same time pointing towards the great dark mass amongst the trees. He knew at once what it was, and making a slight hissing sound through his teeth crouched down, an action instantly followed by his men. This headman I may say was not a Matabele, but a Griqua, who could speak Cape Dutch and was dressed in shirt, trousers, shoes and hat. The first thing he now did was to take off his thick mole-skin trousers, and he advised me to do the same, in order to be able to run more easily. I took his advice without hesitation, and was then only dressed in a felt hat, a thin cotton shirt and a pair of light shoes, an excellent costume to run in, which I adopted ever afterwards when hunting elephants on foot. It is true that one's bare legs get very much burnt by the fierce sun and scratched and torn all over by thorn bushes, but it is much easier to run in a hot country with bare legs than when wearing heavy trousers—and thin trousers are useless, as they would be quickly torn to pieces—and one's blood gets into such splendid condition on the simple food and active open air life of an elephant hunter, that all wounds heal up with astonishing ease and rapidity. All the time we were preparing for the fray, the elephant had never moved and was quite unconscious of the near proximity of danger. When we were ready the Griqua—who had very kindly agreed to let me have the first shot—and I advanced slowly and cautiously towards the still unsuspicious animal, the Kaffirs following behind us.

We had approached to within less than fifty yards of our lordly quarry, when I think he must have heard one or other of us tread on a dry stick, for he suddenly turned towards us, and lifting his head, and at the same time spreading his vast ears, advanced slowly in our direction. "Stand still," whispered the Griqua, and I did so, holding my clumsy old 4-bore muzzle-loading gun at the ready. The huge beast we were confronting came on step by step, until his colossal bulk seemed almost to tower above us. Then he halted and stood quite still, and I remember noting his small fierce-looking eyes and long white shining tusks. I scarcely dared to breathe, and feared that the beating of my heart would betray my whereabouts; but I understood that I was not to fire a frontal shot except in case of a charge, and so stood perfectly still. After gazing steadily at us for some moments, the elephant must, I suppose, have taken our motionless forms for tree stumps, for he slowly turned away, exposing his broadside as he did so. "Now, quick, shoot," whispered my companion in Dutch, and raising my clumsy weapon and getting the coarse ivory foresight somewhere about the great bull's shoulder, I pulled the trigger. The loud report of the heavily charged gun was followed by a bellowing roar from the wounded elephant, as he crashed away through the trees, closely followed by his nimble human assailants. Fearing to lose sight of him I ran at first with an empty gun, but on receiving a second shot from the Griqua, the tormented beast wheeled round, and again spreading his huge ears, came walking towards us with raised trunk,

evidently ready to charge. I now reloaded with all expedition, pouring a handful of powder from the bag at my side down the gaping muzzle of my heavy gun, followed by a round four-ounce bullet. I then fired for the second time, and my victim fell on his knees, and soon after rolled over dead.

For a hundred years at least this grand old bull elephant had wandered, fed and slept in peace and security, a true monarch of the forests in which he had first seen the light, and he might even to-day still be alive but for the civilisation of Western Europe, which has supplied the whole world with firearms, and sent restless spirits, in whom the culture of centuries has not quite killed the old barbarous instincts of the primitive hunter, into all the waste places of the earth. However, no remorseful reflections damped the great joy I felt at the successful issue of my first elephant hunt, for it was the realisation of my boyish dreams, and now, alone in the African wilderness, with none but naked dark-skinned men for my companions, I felt nothing but supreme happiness and contentment. That night the great tusks, upwards of six feet in length, were laid on the ground close to where we had prepared our sleeping-place near the huge carcase, and no



MY VICTIM FELL ON HIS KNEES, AND ROLLED OVER DEAD.

pre-historic savage, feasting on the daintiest portions of a mammoth, could have enjoyed his meal more than did I the slices of fat elephant's heart, which I cut with my pocket knife from the forked stick on which they had been roasted.

I had now indeed reached a country so profusely stocked with strange archaic forms of life, that it seemed to me that I had not only travelled to another portion of the modern world, but that I was actually living in some long past era of the world's history. For around me spread a vast wilderness, absolutely uninhabited by man, and never trodden except by the foot of some wandering savage; and in this vast silent waste every river pool teemed with the uncouth forms of hippopotami; hideous crocodiles lay basking on every sandbank; whilst rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and all the lesser game were constant features in every landscape; but most wonderful of all were the great herds of elephants now met with almost daily. These we hunted with considerable success, and had we only been armed with any kind of modern rifle, would certainly have added many another goodly tusk to our store of ivory.

It was terribly hard work.

Up at daylight, we usually crossed the fresh tracks of elephants early in the day, and often followed them for many hours under a burning sun before overtaking them. If the wind was favourable a close approach to the sleeping animals as they stood fanning themselves with their great ears was usually followed by one deadly shot; but after that everything depended on one's running powers, and even when in the best of training it was, I think, no mean achievement to keep up with a herd of elephants and to shoot three or four of them, with a muzzle-loading gun, which weighed 15 lb., and which in my first season's elephant hunting I had to carry myself. At this kind of work my lungs soon got into perfect order, and I could run till my muscles refused any longer to keep me going. I wasn't always running after the elephants, but often was chased in my turn, and had several somewhat narrow escapes from being caught. Sometimes, when I had my gun loaded, I stood my ground and stopped a charging elephant as it came on with ears outspread and uttering short, piercing screams of rage. Such animals looked terrible at first, and, as they bore down every small tree in front of them, seemed irresistible in their mighty strength, but I soon found that if one only kept one's presence of mind, and aimed well enough to hit them either in the head, trunk or chest, they always stopped trumpeting and swerved off as soon as the bullet struck them. Once we had had a very hard day, having walked many hours under a scorching sun before overtaking the elephants we had been following. Before attacking them we drank the last drop of lukewarm water in our calabashes, and then came a successful but terribly exhausting hunt. By this time the sun was down, and we were far from water and terribly thirsty. When at last we reached a small pool in the sandy bed of a dried-up river, we were so exhausted that after slaking our thirst we just threw ourselves down on the sand and slept till daylight. Then we found the tracks of a big lion in the sand quite close to where we had been lying. He had evidently come to the pool to drink, but, finding us lying all round it, and not, presumably, being hungry, had quietly walked away again without disturbing us.

The days I have written of are now long past, but I love to recall them. I cared but little for whatever hardships I endured at the time; now I only remember the joys and triumphs of my wild, free life as an elephant hunter, and still often feel as restless as a caged swallow in autumn.

RODEN GARRETT: SPY.

AN ADVENTURE BEFORE GETTYSBURG

BY W. H. WILLIAMSON. *Illustrated by* Lawson Wood.

I.

RODEN GARRETT was a spy working for the Confederate cause in the American Civil War. Some of his adventures were of a most thrilling character, for in his search for information he never hesitated to go amongst his foes; and this audacity frequently led to moments which seemed within measurable distance of his last.

The story of one of his adventures which we are about to relate happened at an interesting period of the Civil War. General Hooker was, at the same time that he menaced Richmond, defending the Federal capital of Washington. General Grant was besieging Vicksburg and, for strategical reasons Lee, the Confederate General, determined to invade Pennsylvania. He wanted news of the disposition of the enemy's forces, and Garrett was sent to gather that news.

Garrett dressed himself in the blue clothes of a Federal, armed himself with a couple of revolvers, and set out, keeping his wits sharp and bright. He reached Emmetsburg without much difficulty: but from there his path had to be trodden with caution, for Federal soldiers were straggling with embarrassing frequency along the roads. Garrett used his eyes and ears well, and a chance speech from a passing waggoner or a negro guided him safely till he got within two miles of Taneytown.

The trees were nodding to the wind and the white road seemed undisturbed by man, when Garrett descried a horse tethered to the wall of a wayside inn. The place was quiet: there were no soldiers in sight—although small bodies of scouts and patrols had been passing near the place that day—so Garrett determined to get near the owner of the horse and take the risks. Just as he reached the door a man came out to water the horse

"Good luck, sonny," said Garrett, cheerfully; "a drink is what I want, too," and he stepped inside the porch.

"I'll be there in a minute," said the man as he walked towards the horse.

Garrett stopped on the threshold of the house for a brief moment while he quickly noticed as much of the building as lay before him.

A Federal soldier was sitting on a chair with a tankard in one hand and his hat in the other. The perspiration was standing in beads on his forehead and his hair was much awry.

"Good-day," said Garrett, greeting the man; "you've been travelling fast"

"I guess I haven't bin sleepin' much," replied the Federal.

"Come far?" asked Garrett, carelessly.

"Just a few yards," replied the other man, with an ironical smile which covered his prudence.

"Did you meet any Rebs on the way?" asked Garrett.

"Ther'll be none to meet soon, sonny. We shall put earth on ole Jeff Davis an his government afore 'e's many more grey hairs."

"I guess he'd like to keep his hair," said Garrett, jocularly. "Lee's dancin' about the Blue Ridge like a cat on hot bricks, an' when we get at him I reckon some o' the boys will talk to him."

"Say, what are *you* doin' here, anyhow?" asked the Federal, almost beguiled by Garrett's frank manner.

Garrett got up and looked round as if he must exercise great prudence.

"There's nobody here except the critter outside, and 'e's nearly blind," said the Federal reassuringly.

"Ah!" said Garrett, with a sigh of relief that was quite convincing, and added in a whisper: "despatches."

"B' jiminy! Where's your horse?"

"I had a race with some Secesh near Bartown, and when they gave the mare a bullet I left them its carcase to save my own," replied Garrett.

"They haven't come near me," said the Federal. "And where are you goin'?"

"To Frederick," said Garrett at a venture.

"B'jiminy! That's my station. I reckon you know General Meade has come an' Hooker gone?"

"Yes," replied Garrett, speaking the obvious truth. "Are you carrying despatches, too?"

"I reckon I am. It's like eatin' your meals off the telegraph, this game, eh?"

"It's fast," said Garrett, playing with one of his revolvers, which he had drawn from his case. "But that's a good friend."

The Federal took it.

"Yes. They do back one up, some. I reckon it's like mine," and he pulled out his own for Garrett's admiration.

Garrett took it and examined it with care. "Loaded, of course?" he asked.

"You might as well carry a coffin with you as a revolver that isn't loaded," replied the Federal.

"That's so," said Garrett. "Well, mine isn't loaded, sonny, so hand over your despatches without any fuss an' you'll keep your eyelids waggin' a little time longer."

The Federal looked extravagantly amazed. The desperate position had been generated with such calm celerity that he was almost stunned. It was as though a brilliant light had suddenly been flashed into his eyes.

"Don't dance on a precipice," said Garrett, desiring the other man not to waste time. "That's wilful."

The revolver was scarcely a couple of yards from the soldier, and thus it is a thing unpleasant to look at. Rage was in the Federal's face. He shook Garrett's revolver for a moment and then dashed it to the ground. He looked at Garrett, not appealingly and not defiantly, but as one beaten who hopes strongly for his turn to come. Garrett was stolid.

The Federal reached for his cap, took out the lining, and threw the despatches on the table. He knew better than to trifle.

"Thanks," said Garrett. "That's more than what they would have said to you at the other end. Turn round and put your hands up."

The man obeyed, and Garrett placed the despatches in his own pocket.

"Don't fool," he said warningly, and he ran his hand quickly to the Federal's side to see if the man had another revolver. He had not. Garrett hesitated what to do. The despatches might be important, but they might not contain the information he had set out to gain, viz., the disposition of the Army of the Potomac.

As he was considering he heard the man outside walking towards the door. He went to meet him.

"You're still on the tight-rope, sonny," he called back advisingly to the man with his hands up. Then he blocked the doorway, holding the revolver behind him.

"Any more horses about?" he said to the man outside.

"No, the Army's got all the others."

"Bring the nag here, will you? I'll tighten the saddle girth."

The man complied, and the Federal fumed.

When the horse was at the door, Garrett quietly put the man on one side. "Let's try first," he said, and vaulting into the saddle he dug his heels into the horse's flanks and took it at a mad gallop towards Frederick, greatly to the innkeeper's astonishment.

It was a wild and daring move. Garrett reckoned he would be safe in Frederick with the despatches. Also he could seek what information he required and get away before the owner of the horse could catch up with him. He was twenty miles from Frederick.

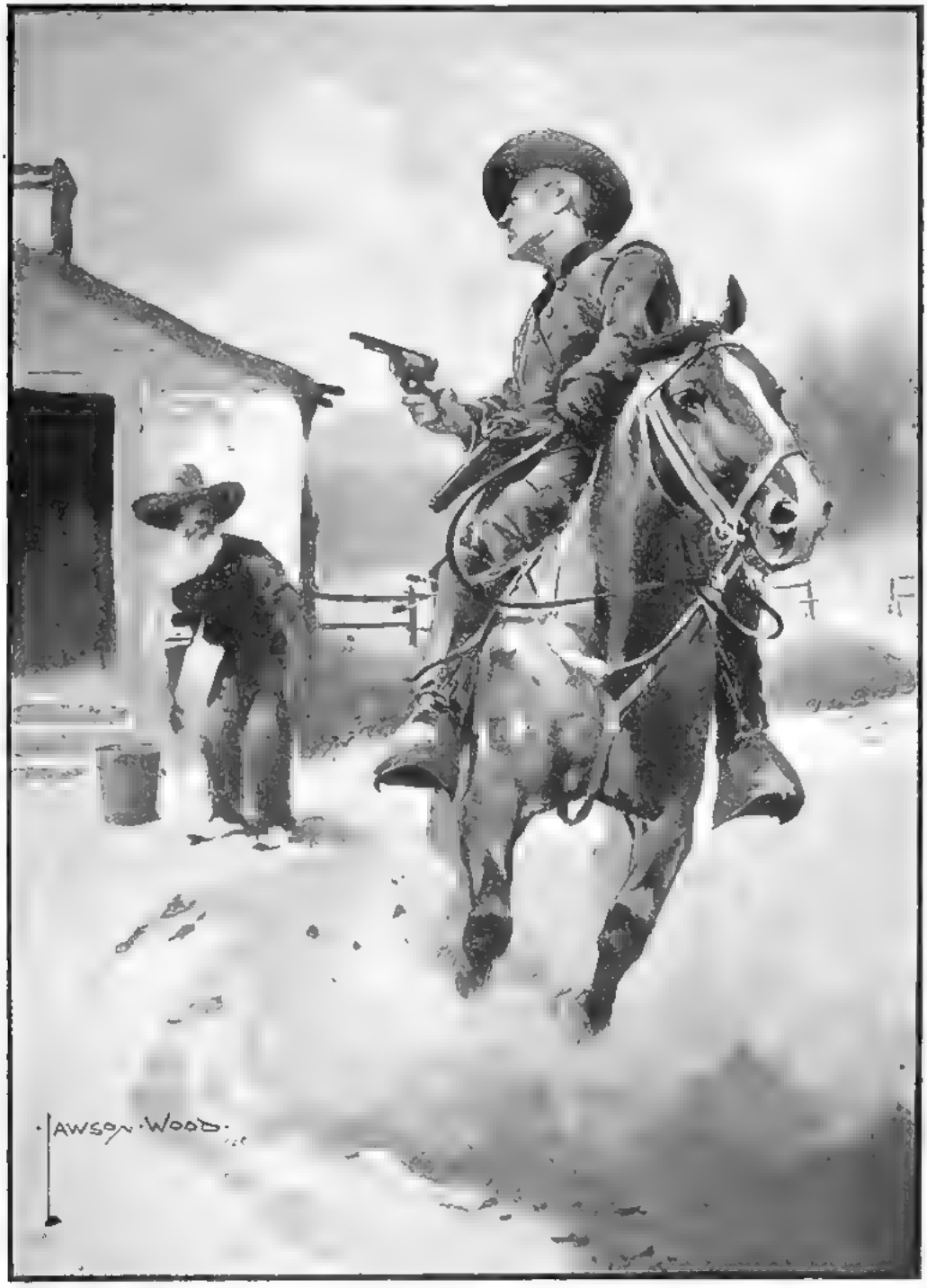
The horse was a good goer and the ride was exhilarating. Garrett's blood was warmed, and the little bargain he had so successfully negotiated tended to give him a confidence even beyond his normal stock, which was great.

The horse threw up hoofsful of earth as it tore along the soft road, and Garrett turned occasionally to see if there were any signs of pursuit, or if one followed even without malice premeditated. There was no one. The road seemed open to the swift and daring.

Garrett pulled his horse up, and the poor beast needed a rest, for its nostrils shot out long wands of breath and it seemed exhausted. It was not the first hard ride it had had that day. The Confederate took out the despatches and read them. They were written on a piece of paper about the size of a man's hand, and were from General Bruford, at Hanover, to the Officer Commanding the Army of the Potomac.

The information contained in the despatches was not of great importance in itself, but the fact that they were despatches gave them the value of a passport, and that was of great service to a sagacious and daring man like Garrett.

The Confederate, being quite satisfied with his booty, rode ahead, and soon came to the outskirts of Frederick, where soldiers met him at every turn. He wore nothing suspicious, and the Federals treated him as one of their own men. He went with a wondrously careful eye. He noted the lumber waggons, the regiments, the order, the disorder, the attitude of the men, the work of the workers, and the conversation of the idlers. He was accosted once, and the man looked suspicious, though



HE DUG HIS HEELS INTO THE HORSE'S FLANKS AND TOOK IT AT A MAD GALLOP.

it may have been Garrett's fancy. At any rate, Garrett thought it best to ask for the Officer Commanding.

The other man stared.

"General Meade?"

"You're not the General, are you?" said Garrett with a laugh, for the soldier was in his shirt-sleeves and smoking.

"No, sonny." He laughed also, but accompanied Garrett to the General's tent, which may have had something of cuteness about it. Garrett played boldly, however. He was ready for emergencies, though the shadow of the rope was always near him in times like these. He had to wait a little before he could deliver his despatches, but when the moment came he rose to the *rôle*.

The General read them.

"Come again in an hour and you can take a message back," said General Meade.

Garrett was free for an hour with much liberty accorded him. He had gone through a little scene that does not take much time to record, but the heart-strings are taut during the playing, and there is short shrift for the bad actor.

In an hour Garrett meant to collect his information and then be speeding on his way to the Confederate lines. He chatted to the sergeant, who hospitably showed him about, and gleaned much useful information. They wandered to the outskirts of the town, and went into a tavern that seemed as though it were part of a farm, for there were out-buildings near. There were not many people about, for the regiments to that place had not yet arrived.

When the sergeant and Garrett entered the tavern they found four or five men talking loudly, discussing the war from its inception through all its various phases. There was a counter facing the door, and a window, wide open on its hinges, admitted a broad belt of afternoon light.

The sergeant was welcomed, and Garrett also: The conversation was continued, and the Confederate noted the hopes and fears of the men, together with the amount of confidence they placed in their leaders, and finally began to think he had better be going with the good news he had obtained.

But a spy must sometimes wait on others.

The door was opened and a man entered. Garrett recognised the despatch-bearer!

II.

HERE was a most interesting—even exciting — meeting. Garrett threw his head on one side and began to drink from his tankard to hide his features.

The new-comer gave no signs of recognition. Garrett put his pot down and wondered if he were safe—only temporarily, of course. The man was standing by the door, which he shut.

"Hello, boys," he said, and his voice sounded haggard. Garrett slowly and unostentatiously put his hand on his revolver the next moment, for the man deliberately locked the door and pocketed the key.

Garrett sat still and said nothing. But he was latent for opportunities and exceedingly able in emergencies.

The other men were surprised at the irregular course of the intruder.

"Say, is Stonewall Jackson outside?" asked one of them with a laugh.

"I guess he isn't in," laughed another.

"No, boys," said the despatch-bearer. "I don't know much about Stonewall Jackson, but I've got a treat for you. Let me tell you the tale, 'cause I want you to help me."

"Tale, b'jiminy! I reckon as how we are makin' tales enough without tellin' 'em," remarked one of the loungers.

"That's true."

"Tarnation! Any shootin'?"

"Some," said the despatch-bearer laconically, and Garrett considered what manner of man he was. He had certainly a motive in locking the door, and recognition of Garrett would supply it. But he was acting a *rôle* so well that Garrett watched and wondered simultaneously. Had he recognised him and was he playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse? Or why did he behave so oddly? . . . The situation was piquant.

"Fire away," said one of the Federals.

The despatch-bearer drew his breath slowly and long, as though preparing for a magnificent stroke with magnificent satisfaction. There was a slight twinkle in his eye, and his face twitched a little as certain muscles round his mouth and eyes moved in unison with the current of his satisfying thoughts.

Garrett liked neither the twinkle in the eyes nor the twitchings of the man's sardonic face, and prepared for much.

"I've had a durned dirty trick played on me, boys, by a pudden' head Secesh."

"Tarnation!" said another of his hearers.

THE HEAVY POT HIT HIM FULL IN THE FACE.

"This is what I like. This sounds like shootin' some."

"Go ahead, pal," added a third with eagerness.

"Well, my name is Michael P. Bog. I joined the 92nd New York, an' have served under General Bruford. The other day he asked me to go like a durned eagle to Frederick with a message to General Meade. On my way I stopped to give the horse and myself some refreshment, for neither man nor beast can travel this buck-jumpin' country without water. Well, as I sat down drinkin', who should come but this tarnation Reb dressed like a union man, because his own feathers wouldn't suit him about here. He started

Google

playin' about and palaverin' like Halleck or Meade, an' you might 'ave thought he was mighty fine on thisyer war business. He played it low down at last an' laid his paws on my sharp-shooter. Then I was fooled, boys; this durned Reb fooled me an' got my despatches."

He stopped like an orator.

The other men were listening intently now. Garrett was treading the tight-rope of expectancy.

"He got away on my horse," continued the narrator. "But I should know him in a thousand—in a thousand, boys," he repeated with grave deliberation, and Garrett knew he was speaking the truth.

"I reckon I've come up to Frederick quicker than he thought I would, though. I found another horse, an' I'm here . . . an' . . . *he's here.*"

"This is good," said one man, with an appetite. "Well followed, sonny; hev you got 'im?"

"I reckon I'm not far off," said the man.

"Mind he doesn't slip the noose," said another.

"He won't fool me again," said the man in his jubilation. "I reckon I've got the upper hand now. I had a kind o' wish to get my own back in a similar way, an' I guess, boys, we shall see some fun."

He pulled out his sharp-shooter, and a leer spread over his face. This moment in Garrett's life was one that few men can understand in all its thoroughness. The man was in the height of his triumph and danced in his exultation. He tried to avoid catching Garrett's eye, lest there should be a scene before he was quite ready. The other men were fascinated and carried away by the fellow's vehemence and excitement. They, too, knew there was something uncommonly odd about to happen, and they had a look of vast expectancy on their faces. The man shrieked by this time, for his voice had grown to a falsetto as his emotions led him to great heights.

"I've seen 'im, boys, seen 'im." He looked round as though reaping satisfaction. "I've run 'im down, boys, which is best, and now——"

The sentence was not finished. Garrett was no fool and he did not wait for the bullet to be on the road to his heart or the rope round his neck before he acted, if action were possible. The door was locked and the key was in the other man's pocket. But he had one chance. As the man had told the story, Garrett had laid his plan. The window was the possible means of exit, and Garrett used it.

As the man was speaking Garrett hurled his pewter vessel containing liquor straight in his face and, without waiting to see the damage, leapt like a diver through the open window.

It was all done in an instant. The other men were so keenly watching the story-teller that Garrett's action stunned them for a moment. They saw the streak of liquor and heard the heavy pot give its dull thud in the speaker's face. Then the shadow of a man covered the window and disappeared. They had to recover their wits before they could move. They all stared and leapt to their feet. One rushed to the window.

"B'jiminy!" he ejaculated, lost in amazement, understanding nothing.

"Snakes!" said another, equally baffled in mind.

During this time Garrett was moving.

The despatch-bearer, with a scar on his forehead and liquor on his clothes, recovered his wits soonest.

"That's the durned Reb! That's him!" he shrieked, quite forgetting he had the key of the door in his pocket, and that in consequence they were all locked in. He rushed to the window, which wasted time, and then he fumbled at the door. The men got out at last—mostly in a heap—and they were all keen to shoot the audacious Southerner.

They strode with great paces round the building, calling to one another like dogs that snuff and cry before a find. The unlucky despatch-bearer was furious, and rushed savagely here and there, seeing no signs of Garrett, and growing more and more angry each succeeding minute. If the pursuers went in one direction Garrett might have gone in another—or peradventure he was hiding. . . . These thoughts filled the Federal with mad fury.

"Run, boys, run," he cried out, and himself ran all over the place.

The other men, incensed at Garrett's escape—since he had accomplished it from the muzzles of their sharp-shooters, so to speak—were also very keen.

A negro drove past, coming from the direction of the camp with a loaded forage waggon.

"Say, have you seen a durned Reb on the road? Come from the camp?"

"Yes, sah. No, ain't seen no durned Reb."

"Tarnation! But he's fixed up like a Fed! Hev you seen a man runnin' some as you came along?"

"No, sah, seen no man runnin'."

The negro drove on and the Federal men ran desperately about in their bewildered search. When the negro had driven a mile

or so from the place a man crawled from under a tarpaulin.

"That was good, uncle," said Garrett, holding up his revolver; "you behaved very well indeed—just as I wished you. This is a good inducement"—he nodded at the sharp-shooter. "Now you can go back to your Dinah feeling happy and whole. Have you any rifles?"

"No, sah."

Garrett searched and found no fire-arms.

"Good." He looked round to see which way he should go. "You'd better not say you have seen me at all, uncle, otherwise they may shoot you for not having said so when they asked you just now. So good-bye!"

Then Garrett leapt from the waggon, plunged into the untrodden paths, and made the best of a bee-line for the Confederate outposts, which he reached in safety.

OCTOBER EVENTS.

The Death of Nelson.

About mid-day on October 21, 1805, the Battle of Trafalgar was in steady progress. The *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, was fiercely engaging the *Redoubtable*, when a ball, fired from the mizzen-top of the latter ship, struck the epaulette on Nelson's left shoulder. He fell on his face, on the spot which was covered with his secretary's blood. Captain Hardy, who was a few steps away from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" he said. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

Yet, even now, he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, but observing, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not replaced, he ordered new ones to be rove immediately. Then, that they might not see him wounded, he covered his face with his handkerchief, to hide it from his crew. Had he but concealed his stars from the enemy, England would not have had cause to mourn the battle of Trafalgar.

It was soon perceived that his wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all but Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain that no human care could save him, insisted that the surgeon should attend those to whom he might be useful, "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me. You know I am gone; I know it."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently give him lemonade.

Presently, calling Hardy back, he said, "Kiss me, Hardy." Hardy knelt and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied." Hardy then left him for ever, and, with heart almost bursting, hastened on deck.

Death was now rapidly approaching, and, after giving his private instructions, he repeatedly murmured, "Thank God, I have done my duty." With these words on his lips, the great admiral expired, at thirty minutes past four, exactly three hours and a quarter after he was wounded. The *Redoubtable* struck her colours within twenty minutes of that fatal shot.

Charles H. Stonham.

The Battle of Hastings.

King Harold's army was feasting at York, in honour of its victory over the Norse allies of Tostig, Harold's brother, when a horseman arrived bearing the terrible news that William of Normandy had invaded Sussex. The Saxons, twenty thousand strong, at once marched southwards, and reaching Senlac Hill, near Hastings, awaited the battle. William' army was encamped close by. Very differen was the spectacle in the two camps that night—the Normans praying, the Saxons drinking.

The sun rose the next morning, October 14, 1066, on the battlefield that, before evening shadows fell, was the burial-ground of Saxon

liberty—and the birth-place of Norman supremacy. At nine o'clock, the Normans, numbering sixty thousand, charged up Senlac, meeting the Saxons with a tremendous shock. But Saxon battle-axes, wielded by sturdy Saxon arms, soon thrust them back. Again they attacked, and again they were repulsed. A cry arose, "The Duke is slain!" but William, whose horse had been killed under him, removing his helmet, and mounting another steed, spurred into the midst of his panic-stricken soldiery, stopping the retreat which threatened to become a rout. William then ordered his knights to make a sham attack and retreat hastily, so that the Saxons, elated at their supposed victory, would pursue their flying enemies, when the Normans could turn and surround their pursuers. This stratagem succeeded only too well, for a great part of the English army was thus destroyed. The Saxons were not again deceived.

At three o'clock the battle was neither lost nor won, and William saw that his followers were hardly getting the better of the fight. So he commanded his archers to shoot high, so that their arrows should strike the faces of the English. Harold, his eye pierced by a falling shaft, expired in awful agony; but the remaining Saxons still fought doggedly on, making a wall of dead around the body of their beloved monarch and his standard, which still floated above its gallant defenders. Twenty Norman knights made a determined dash for the flag, and succeeded in tearing it down. The Saxons, now fighting in small knots, were gradually overcome, and finally vanquished. Thus ended the battle of Hastings; the starting-point of tyranny and oppression, which, after a hundred years, gave place to justice, and the union of Normans and Saxons to make a "free and merrie England."

RICHMOND WILLIAMS.

The Battle of Agincourt (1415).

ON October 23, 1415, a fleet bore Henry V., with 30,000 soldiers, from Southampton to the Seine. He took Harfleur, a fortress on the right bank of the river, in five weeks; and then, with an army reduced to one-half its original number by wounds and sickness, he formed the daring resolve of reaching Calais by the same route as that by which the troops of Edward III. had marched to victory. He found the bridges of the Somme broken, and the fords defended by lines of sharp stakes; and a delay of two days followed. On the third day a place near St. Quentin was found unguarded. Crossing, he moved straight upon Calais, while the Constable of France awaited his approach before the village of Agincourt. It was a dark and rainy night when the weary English saw before them the lights of the French watchfires One hundred thousand fighting Frenchmen were there. The odds were seven to one. But Creçy was not far distant, and the thought of glory stirred every English heart. The archers led the way next morning. With a cheer they rushed on, bearing, in addition to their usual weapons, long sharp stakes. These they fixed obliquely in front of them, so that a wall of wooden pikes met the French charge; and thus protected against the French cavalry, they poured in their arrows. Then, slinging their bows behind them, they drew their swords and burst with the men-at-arms on to the breaking ranks; and the first, second, and third divisions gave way in succession. Henry fought in the thickest of the battle; and, though mace and sabre were levelled at him oftener than once, he escaped unhurt. The confusion caused by the tactics of the English king, who had sent a body of archers to lie in ambush on the French flank, and another detachment to set fire to the barns of a neighbouring village, completed the rout. The Constable of France, with ten thousand knights and soldiers, fell on that fatal day; the victors lost only sixteen hundred men.

C. F. R. PELLS.

The Discovery of America.

COLUMBUS discovered America on October 12, 1492. He set sail from Spain in the beginning of August, and, soon after, reached the Canary Islands. He had only three ships, two of which we should now call large boats, and it was certainly a marvellous undertaking to attempt to cross an unknown ocean in search of an undiscovered continent in such cockle-shells. Instead of telling his men how far they had gone each day, Columbus always subtracted a few leagues from the total, as he was afraid that if they knew how far they were from land they would refuse to go farther, and force him to return.

After leaving the Canaries, the ships were steered in a westerly direction. In about a month they came to a vast bed of seaweed, which the sailors feared to pass, lest the ships should get caught; but, aided by the wind, they passed safely. Soon afterwards, flocks of birds were seen flying towards the south-

west. Columbus decided to follow them, trusting to be guided to land.

The sailors, terrified at not having seen land for so long, mutinied, and were joined by the officers. As land birds were now frequently seen, and as there were several other signs of land being near, Columbus swore to turn back if land were not sighted within three days.

On the night of October 11, a light was seen moving from place to place, and, when the sun rose, an island was seen. The boats were quickly manned, and Columbus was rowed ashore. After returning thanks to God, and taking possession of the island for Spain, Columbus presented the copper-coloured inhabitants, who had thronged to the beach, with beads, toys, and other trifles.

Spending a few days on the island, Columbus again set sail, this time towards the south. He soon came to more islands, among which he cruised about, seeking for gold. Columbus' difficulties now commenced. One of his ships left him for six weeks. His own ship struck on a rock and sank, but, fortunately, the crew were all saved.

Having recovered his second ship, Columbus returned to Spain, after an absence of over seven months, to be rewarded with honours from the king and queen.

GRAHAME C. GUNN.

The Battle of Edgehill.

THE battle of Edgehill began the great civil war of 1642–1649. It was in the lovely valley called the Vale of the Red Horse, in Warwickshire, that Charles I. and the Earl of Essex faced one another on October 23, 1642. The king was stronger in horse, but Essex had a greater supply of cannon. It seems as if both sides shrank, at first, from plunging their country into all the horrors of internal warfare. There was a long pause; nor was it till two o'clock in the afternoon that the low, sullen boom of the Parliamentary cannon announced that the action had begun. The firing lasted one hour, and then, with a rush, the pikes crossed, and the Roundheads fell back. Fiery Prince Rupert, with his gay cavaliers, went like a rocket through the left wing of the foe opposed to him; but a return charge from the other wing of the Parliamentary men bore all before it, and scattered the royal artillery in every direction, as well as spiking some of the guns. The Roundheads next attacked in front and rear the footmen gathered about the royal standard, who, after a few minutes' resistance, broke and fled. It was about this time that the gallant Earl Lindesay, the nominal commander of the royal troops, who had striven desperately all day against the invincible Roundheads, received a mortal wound. The battle was now practically over, as almost all the royal army was in full flight towards the nearest town. Want of powder prevented Essex from following up this success; so that the fury of the battle gradually died out with the falling of night.

R. J. EVANS.

The Retreat from Moscow.

OCTOBER, 1812, saw the greater part of the French army leave Moscow by the old Kalouga road; the first step in that retreat, the horrors of which are unique in the annals of war.

It was the turning of that mighty tide of invasion, which, impelled by the French Revolution, and guided by the genius of Napoleon, had engulfed almost all Europe, and approached even unto the confines of Asia; then to ebb, with an inconceivable rapidity and tumult, leaving devastation and death behind it, and its guiding genius to perish miserably upon a surf-bound rock in the midst of the deep.

To many of those present, the rhythmic march of so great a multitude of infantry, of divers nationalities, and in an infinite variety of uniforms, the spectacle of cavalry squadrons swinging past in a whirlwind of dust and sound, and the monotonous rumble of artillery, followed by seemingly interminable files of vehicles, must have suggested something irresistible as fate.

Though laden with the spoils of victory and the loot of a captured capital, this army was but a fraction of the host which had crossed the Niemen three months before. Battles had been won, cities, even "Holy Moscow," taken. But where was the advantageous peace which Napoleon had never before failed to win ere evacuating an enemy's capital?

The star of Napoleon was waning. No more would he dethrone kings in anticipation of the day when he might call himself the Rudolf of Hapsburgh of Europe. Soon he was to find himself surrounded by the ruins of his empire, compelled to strive for life itself with ruthless foes, who, Antæus-like, rose stronger after every reverse, till, disheartened by desertion, and weakened by crushing defeats and profitless victories, he succumbed beneath all Europe in arms.

In this Moscow campaign there is to be

discerned something resembling the hand of God. Napoleon, the destroyer of shams, the avatar of the Revolution, having fulfilled his mission to man, threatened to enslave the peoples of the earth. How terribly he fell in this, the greatest of his enterprises, his transcendent genius, his colossal army, and his glorious past, each contributed to his undoing.

His own words when commencing the campaign are strangely prophetic: "Russia is hurried away by a fatality! Her destinies will be fulfilled." HUGH F. WALKER.

"Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

How these two lines, and those connecting them, seem to inspire a feeling of patriotic enthusiasm within us! For the memory of that charge, the scion of everlasting fame throughout the world, will for ever thrill the pulses of every true British subject, and for them form a precious heritage, the glory of which will never fade.

Though the result of a mistake, it can hardly be termed a disastrous one: the devoted heroism and willingness "to do or die" exhibited by our troopers, excited the admiration of both friend and foe, and gave the world a lesson of what determination can achieve, even when death lurks on every side.

When Lord Cardigan, the noble commander of the Light Brigade, received the misinterpreted order from the ill-fated Captain Nolan, to advance down the valley, who can tell what thoughts filled his mind as he glanced quickly down the splendidly equipped ranks of his followers, who, he knew, were so certain of destruction? But, placing himself at the head of the leading squadron, he ordered them to "advance." Without a murmur of dissent, and united in a common cause, which death would so shortly seal, the gallant six hundred followed their brave leader in that glorious but mad career down the "Valley of Death."

With the air filled with the moaning of bullets and the shriek of shot and shell, and deafened by the infernal din of carnage and strife, the survivors of a battle-maddened band, urging their steeds even to a greater pace, dashed among the Russian gunners, whose battery disputed the end of the valley. Whole regiments of cavalry loomed before them, but, though out-numbered a hundred to one, lancer and hussar fell upon them unflinchingly, until the former had almost melted away.

Then, as the smoke rose up from the valley below, and shot and shell subsided, the expectant and awe-struck armies around beheld, struggling back, still undefeated, though practically annihilated—

"All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred."

MAWGAN FREMLIN.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, OCTOBER 1905.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted
1	Sun.	Fifteenth after Trinity.	6.30.
2	Mon	P. F. Warner, cricketer, *b.*, 1873.	6.27
3	Tues.	J. Briggs, cricketer, *b.*, 1862	6.24
4	Wed	James Watson, footballer, *b.*, 1877	6.22
5	Thurs.	T. P. O'Connor *b.*, 1848.	6.30.
6	Fri.	Lord Tennyson *d.*, 1892.	6.27.
7	Sat.	O. W. Holmes *d.*, 1894.	6.24
8	Sun.	Sixteenth after Trinity	6.22
9	Mon.	C. Wreford Brown, athlete, *b.*, 1866	6.19.
10	Tues.	A. J. Gould, footballer, *b.* 1864	6.17
11	Wed.	K. J. Key, cricketer, *b.*, 1864.	6.16.
12	Thurs.	John Rutherford, footballer, *b.*, 1884	6.14
13	Fri.	B. J. T. Bosanquet, cricketer, *b.*, 1877	6.11
14	Sat.	Lord Hugh Cecil *b.*, 1869.	6.9.
15	Sun.	Seventeenth after Trinity	6.7
16	Mon.	R. F. Doherty, tennis champion, *b.*, 1874	6.4.
17	Tues.	Earl of Selborne *b.*, 1859.	6.3.
18	Wed.	Peter O'Connor, athlete, *b.*, 1874	6.0.
19	Thurs.	G. J. V. Weigall, cricketer, *b.*, 1870.	5.59.
20	Fri.	Battle of Navarino, 1827	5.57
21	Sat	R. H. Spooner, cricketer, *b.*, 1880.	5.55.
22	Sun	Eighteenth after Trinity	5.53.
23	Mon.	October CAPTAIN published.	5.50.
24	Tues.	Princess Ena of Battenberg *b.*, 1889.	5.48.
25	Wed.	Grant Allen *d.*, 1899.	5.46.
26	Thurs.	William Hogarth *d.*, 1764	5.44.
27	Fri	President Theodore Roosevelt *b.*, 1858	5.43.
28	Sat.	Battle of Merida, 1811.	5.41
29	Sun.	Nineteenth after Trinity	5.39.
30	Mon.	H. K. Foster, cricketer, *b.*, 1873	5.37.
31	Tues.	Sir William Butler *b.*, 1837	5.35.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 1.—THE TERROR OF THE ADDO.

I.

"YOU will look after him, won't you?"

"Certainly. You can rely upon me absolutely."

Thus two men in the, otherwise empty, smoking-room of the Port Elizabeth Club. One was silver-haired, elderly, spare and very refined looking. The other, of medium height, broadly built, and middle-aged, was, in his way, of striking appearance. His strong face, lined and sun-tanned, was half hidden in a full, iron-grey beard, and the keen blue eyes with their straight glance, were of that kind which would be deadly looking at you from behind the sights of a rifle. His hands, rough and hard, were, like his face, burnt almost to a mahogany brown, the result of forty-five years' exposure—man and boy—to the varying climates of the southern section of the African continent. The first speaker was Sir Anson Selmes, Bart., the second was Harley Greenoak, hunter, prospector, native trader, native fighter, stock farmer, transport rider, and other things—all in turn. And as he plays an important part in some strange adventures which are to befal, we have dwelt somewhat at length upon his personal aspect. His character you shall discover for yourself.

"Rely upon you? I'm sure I can," went on Sir Anson, heartily. "And Dick has a boundless capacity for getting into scrapes of one kind or another. There's no vice in him, but he simply can't help it. You'll find him no sinecure, I'm afraid. . . . Why, here he is!"

The subject of their conversation, who burst into the room at that moment, was a tall, fine young fellow of twenty-two, blue-eyed, light-haired—healthy, wholesome, athletic, and looking what he was—an English gentleman.

"Hallo! dad," he cried, "I'm afraid I shall have to take you on board. The last launch is due, you know. So come along."

Greenoak took his leave of Sir Anson there, believing that father and son would prefer being alone together at the last—and a very cordial farewell it was. The old gentleman was returning to England by that afternoon's mail steamer. He and his son had made acquaintance with the up-country man on board ship coming out—and had grown very friendly indeed. His son was out to see something of the country, and the result of this newly grown friendship was that Sir Anson had begged Greenoak to take charge of the young fellow—in short, to take him round a bit—in quite an informal sort of way.

Greenoak, although he had put by something during his varied and roving life, was by no means opulent, and had fully intended, on his return trip to England, to start up-country again at once in some capacity or other. This new line was something of a novelty to him, but it was a very welcome one, for Sir Anson Selmes had arranged it upon the most liberal terms. He had given him an absolutely free hand in the matter of expenses, and the honorarium which he was to receive was generous to a degree.

As Greenoak left the club a hand dropped on his shoulder from behind. But he did not start, his nerves being in far too good training for that. He only stopped and looked round.

"That you, Simcox? How are you?"

"Well, this is a surprise. And what brings you down here?" returned the other,

"Rum thing, isn't it," Greenoak said with a laugh, "that at my time of life I should start out in the bear-leading line? Well, this is a particularly nice young chap, so that the job's likely to turn out 'clovery' all round."

"So?" said Simcox. "Why not bring him out to my place? We could get up a hunt or two, if he's fond of sport."

"He just is. Well then, Simcox, thanks awfully, and we'll come. When?"

"Now. To-morrow morning."

"But we've got no horses."

"I can drive you out: that is, if that young Britisher can do without top-hats and swallow-tail suits. No room in the cart for that sort of thing."

"He'll have to. Why, here he comes. This is an old friend of mine, Dick," he went on, introducing them. "He's got a farm out on the border of the Addo Bush, and we're going out there with him to-morrow to do a little hunting. How's that?"

"That sounds very ripping," answered Dick, brightening up, for he had been a little "down" after his recent farewell.

Simcox laughed good-naturedly, and opined that Greenoak's "bear-leading" would be no very trying job after all.

"He'll do," he pronounced with an approving nod towards the young fellow.

II.

Simcox's farm, Buffels Draai, comprised about as wild a tract of bush country as exists, although not many hours' ride or drive from the busiest of Cape Colony towns. Before Dick Selmes had been in the house two hours he had completely won the hearts of Mrs. Simcox and the two grown-up daughters—nice, plain, homely girls, but blessed with no outward attractions, while Simcox himself pronounced him, when out of hearing, as likable a youngster as he had ever run against. Before he had been in the house two weeks he had shot many bush-bucks, and other unconsidered trifles, and knew his way all about the place. He took a vivid interest in everything, and imbibed veldt-craft with an adaptability which surprised his host and Harley Greenoak. Likewise he had learned what an astonishing number of things he could do without, together with what an astonishing number of things he could do for himself.

Just about that time they were seated out on the stoep one evening, talking over a projected bush-buck hunt, when there arose a sudden and terrific clamour from the dogs lying around the house. These sprang up, and rushed, barking and growling furiously, towards the nearest bush line.

"*Magtig!*" exclaimed Simcox. "Wonder if those confounded half-tame elephants are going to give us a look round. The dogs are more than ordinarily excited."

"Tame?" said Dick inquiringly, as they stood up to gaze in the direction of the hubbub.

"Well, they're just tame enough to be *schelm* and do a heap of mischief, otherwise they're wild enough. There are buffalo, too, but there's no tameness about *them*. They generally stick away in the thicker thorns on the other side of the bush. Here, let's go over and see what's up."

They got a gun apiece and set forth. The cause of the racket was soon revealed, and it took the form of a badly scared old Hottentot, who had fortunately found a handy tree. The dogs were driven off, and even as they took him to the house he told his story, and a tragical story it was. A buffalo had killed Jan Bruintjes, the boy who brought the mail-bags from the local post office. The narrator and he were walking along the road, when an enormous buffalo bull rushed out of the bush and caught Jan on its horns, flung him into the air, and, when he fell, ripped and gored him again and again. Dead? Well, he was so torn as to be hardly recognisable. He himself had hidden, and then, when the beast had gone, went back to look at his friend. Where did it happen? About half an hour from the house, where the road made a bend towards Krantz Hoek. He had come straight to tell Baas Simcox.

"Well, we can't do anything to-night," declared the latter. "First thing in the morning, I'll go round and investigate. I wonder if that's the brute that chevied the Alexandria post cart last year. The driver tootled his horn, but it had the opposite effect intended. The horses bolted and upset the cart against a tree, and the driver was gored to death by the buffalo. In fact, this brute is suspected of having done for half a dozen in all, and it's very likely true. He set up a perfect scare at one time, like an Indian man-eater would."

"They must be a jolly nuisance," said Dick. "If I lived here I'd jolly well thin them down."

"Would you? Fine of £100. They're strictly preserved."

"Well, it's a beastly shame."

THERE IT STOOD, THE TERRIBLE MANSLAYER

"So it is," said Harley Greenoak. "But buffalo ranks first among game called dangerous, especially in country like this.' And he told a yarn or two to bear out his statement.

One yarn led to another, and it was rather later than usual when they went to bed.

The story he had just heard fired Dick Selmes' imagination to such an extent that when he got to his room he felt it was impossible to go to sleep or even to turn in. He hung out of his open window, and in the sombre shadow of the depths of the moonlit bush, seemed to see the whole horrid tragedy re-enacted. The boom of night-flying beetles, the chirp of the tree-frog, the whistle of plover, now invisible overhead, now lighting on the ground in darting white spots, were all to him as the poetic voices of the weirder night which could contain such tragical possibilities: and it seemed that each ghostly sound—whether of mysterious rustling, or the clatter of a stone—heralded the appearance of the terrible beast, pacing forth into the open, its wicked, massive horns still smeared with the unfortunate man's blood. Then an idea struck him—struck him between the eyes, so to speak—for it was a momentous one. What if he——?

He got out his double gun, slipped a Martini cartridge into the rifle breech, a heavy charge of "loepers" into the smooth bore, and two or three spare ones into his

pocket. The window was only his own height from the ground. Out of this he dropped quietly, so as not to rouse the house.

But he reckoned without the dogs. Those faithful animals immediately sprang up, and from all directions came for him open-mouthed. They knew him well enough to quiet their clamour almost immediately, but even then their delighted whining at the prospect of a nocturnal hunt was almost as noisy. But he had to drive them back, even with stones. Then he struck into the darkest shades of the bush, relieved that the clamour had apparently aroused no one.

How glad he felt that he knew his way about fairly well by this time! In the bright moonlight he had no difficulty whatever in finding it. Yet, every stealthy sound set his heart wildly beating, and he carried his gun at full cock. Ah, here was the place.

The white riband of road snaked away in the moonlight—and—here was the spot. Yes, the huge hoof marks were plain, and the signs in the dust of a sudden scuffle: and there were two of the leathern letter bags carried by the unfortunate man lying by the roadside, and then—Dick Selmes, for all his pluck, for all his ambition, and the adventurous excitement that had swayed him, felt quite sick. For, lying there by the roadside, torn, horribly mangled, was the body of the unfortunate victim itself.

But somehow the sight, horrible though it was, roused in him a fierce longing for retribution. If he could but find the slayer! Yet, why not? He had no dogs to give the miscreant warning of his approach, and if it did "wind" him, in its present mood, why, *it* would not be the one of the two the more eager to vanish. He tried hard to follow the spoor: and up to a certain distance succeeded; then it got lost in the shadows of the bush. Even then he would not give up. He had the whole night before him, and—if he should return in the morning triumphant? The very thought acted like a spur.

He moved cautiously, his weapon cocked and ready. And now every sound intensified itself tenfold, and once a bush-buck, undisturbed by his silent advance until he was close upon it, sprang up and bounded away with a rustle that made him think it could be nothing less than the gigantic destroyer itself.

Now he could not be far from the spot, he decided. Yes. Here was Krantz Hoek. There was the row of straight-stemmed euphorbia, pluming the crescent of the cliff, just as described by the old Hottentot. The bush around was mainly *spekboem* and mimosa, not growing tall, in fact, scarcely higher than his head, and in some places not that. He began to feel conscious of a consuming thirst, but this was dry country and dry weather, so there was no remedy for that. He began to feel something else—to wit, that he had been a fool to come, and somehow all the excitement and anticipation began to evaporate, and the process of evaporation seemed to progress with quite extraordinary rapidity. And then—and then—just as he had fully made up his mind to retrace his steps—if he could—a sudden clink and rattle of stones set him wide on the alert—and—Heavens! what was this?

III.

Seeming to rise out of the ground, something huge and black came up in the moonlight. There it loomed, the terrible beast, the manslayer, gigantic in its might, and for a moment the spectator stood petrified. This then was what he had come out to find, he in his puniness! The curved horns gleamed viciously, the fierce head with its mail-clad frontlet moved to and fro, the dilated nostrils sniffing the air as though scenting the presence of an enemy.

It was a nerve-trying sight, and the startling suddenness of the apparition rendered it more so. Dick Selmes' nerves were sound and in good training, yet the thought that here he was, alone with this monster, certain death before him if he failed to kill at the first shot, might well have unsteadied him. The great bull was standing turned sideways, and did not seem actually to have seen him. By slowly sinking down behind the bush he might still escape.

But escape was not what he had come out for. He had come out to kill, and that to his own hand. So, aiming carefully where he thought the heart should be, he pressed the trigger.

The effect was startling. There was a snort, and then a series of savage bellowings rent the night. The huge, grisly head was tossed from side to side and the white foam poured from the open mouth. Quickly Dick Selmes slipped another cartridge into the rifle breech, but before he could so much as bring the piece to his shoulder the brute sighted him, and came straight for him.

In a flash Dick realised that there was nothing to aim at but the mail-clad head. He turned and ran, and as he ran, the dictum of Harley Greenoak as to the buffalo claiming first rank among dangerous game, and being held in greater respect than any by old hunters, leapt through his mind. And he in his rawness had come out to tackle this terror single-handed, and at night! The thunder of his huge pursuer shook the ground beneath him, the savage growling bellow of its appalling voice was in his ears, the vision of its mangled victim in his brain. It was upon him. Then he missed his footing and fell—shooting head first into a large ant-bear hole, which yawned suddenly at his feet.

Nothing else on this earth could have saved him. He felt the vibration as that vast bulk thundered past, and wormed himself with a mighty effort still further in, not without fears that those dreadful horns might still contrive to dig their way to him.

Suddenly the din ceased, but what was this? In front of him, in the black darkness, something growled.

It was not the original excavator of the hole, he knew, for the ant-bear, which is not a "bear" at all, but a timid and harmless beast, does not growl. Well, at any rate, as the destroyer seemed to have retreated, he had better retire as he had come, and leave this most opportune hiding-place to its lawful owner. To that intent he made a move to draw back.

But with even that slight move the growl grew more prolonged, more vicious. And then Dick Selmes realised that the danger which he had just escaped was as nothing to the ghastly peril he was in now. *He could not withdraw.*

The hole slanted downwards at an angle of forty-five, and even then it had required all the effort of desperation to squeeze himself in where it narrowed. But to do this from above was one thing, to squeeze himself up again, and that backwards, was another. He could not do it.

The blood, all run to his head, seemed to burst his brain, and the perspiration streamed from every pore, as his most

THEN HE MISSED HIS FOOTING AND FELL.

violent and powerful efforts failed to release him by a single inch. He was imprisoned by where the tunnel narrowed over his legs. If he could have got at his knife he might have done something, but his hands and arms were extended straight out in front of him, nor could he draw them back. He had performed his own funeral.

Who would know where to look for him? Even if he were found, it might not be for days, and by that time it would be too late. He had entombed himself, and a few yards in front of him some savage beast was growling in the pitch darkness, some beast, cowardly it might be in itself, but whose lair he was blocking, and which, realising his utter helplessness, would speedily attack him, and gnaw its way to freedom *through him*. Small wonder that an awful terror should freeze his every faculty.

What the creature might be he had no definite idea. It was not a leopard, or it would have attacked him sooner. It was probably a hyæna or wild dog—both timid of mankind in the open, but anything is formidable when cornered. The growls grew increasingly loud and menacing—they seemed to be drawing nearer, too and every moment the helpless man expected to feel the snapping fangs tearing at his face and head. Again he made a frantic effort, but utterly without avail. The suffocating atmosphere, together with the rush of blood to his head owing to his position, was fast causing him to lose consciousness. He was in a place of darkness being tormented by some raging demon. Surely this was death!

* * * *

"That's better. Buck up. I thought you were a 'goner.'" And Harley Greenoak's voice had a ring of concern, as he bent over his charge.

"So did I," answered Dick unsteadily, opening his eyes to the blessed air and light. "How did you get me out?"

"Man, I gripped you by the ankles, and just lugged. It was touch and go then, I can tell you."

"But how did you know where to find me?"

"When I hear a fellow like you get up when he ought to be fast asleep, and—when I see him slope into the bush with a gun, after the yarn we've just heard to-night, it stands to reason he wants looking after. Dick, your dad spoke true when he told me you were fond of getting into holes."

"Well, if I hadn't got into that hole I should have been still more done," laughed Dick. And then he told the other about the buffalo.

"M'yes," said Greenoak, musingly. "You've got a hundred pounds to spare, I take it?"

"A hundred—" Then Dick broke off as a new light struck him. "Why, man, you don't mean to say I've turned over the bull?"

"Dead as a door-nail—and with one Martini bullet, too. He's lying just yonder. There's a hundred pound fine, you know."

A ringing hurrah broke the calm stillness of the night.

"Then it's worth it," cried Dick. "By the way, there's something in that hole—a wolf or a wild dog."

"Oh," and the other cocked his rifle.

"No," said Dick, with a hand on his arm. "We'll let it off—as it let me off."

Next Month's Adventure—

"THE MYSTERY OF SLAANG KLOOF."

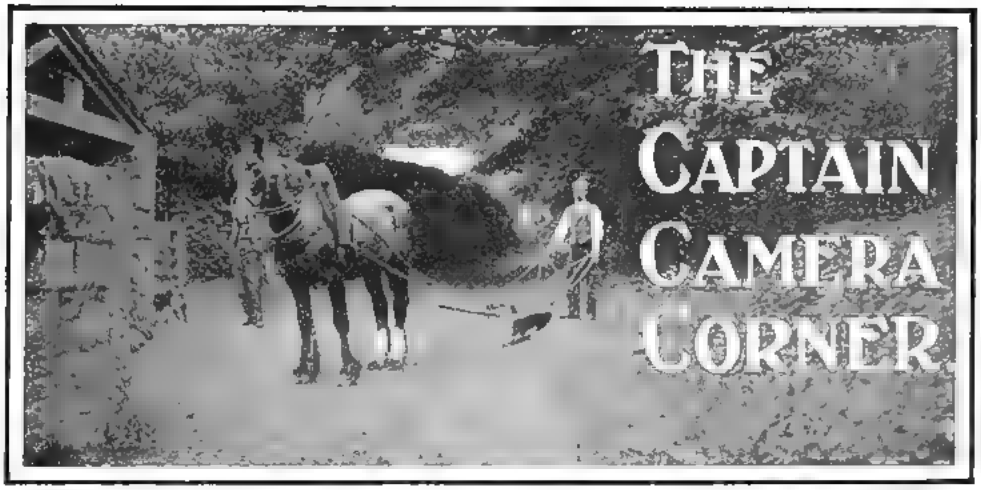


Photo by] [F. M. Ryalls.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

STORING NEGATIVES

THE more negatives you possess, the more important is it that they should be arranged according to some systematic plan, which will enable you to lay your hand on any individual plate or film in a minute or so. It often happens that when once a negative has yielded up its quota of prints it is literally shelved, or consigned to an old plate-box at random, in the company of other negatives with which it has little or no connection. Presently the time comes when that negative is wanted again, and then ensues a search which is so tedious that the unsystematic person begins to feel disgusted.

Now, in the course of my photographings, I have naturally accumulated a good many hundred negatives, and have learned that the value of a series of negatives depends largely on the ease with which any one can be found. Higgledy-piggledy simply *won't do*.

Different Methods of Storage.

There are several methods of storage, each of which has its good points. I am now thinking of plates especially.

The crudest is to use old plate-boxes for each batch of exposures. Thus, if you expend half a dozen plates on the beauties of the garden, consign them to a box labelled "Garden, 6." But for goodness' sake don't mix them up with six more of the pet dog. It may seem a rather wicked waste of room to only half fill a box: but if you mean to escape muddle you must be free with your "empties."

Sometimes only a single negative is made, and a unit certainly is not worth its box. So keep half a dozen "general" boxes, labelled according to the subjects which you deal in most largely. A negative of the village pump could be consigned to "Local"; one of the cow to "Animals"; a single snap of picnickers to "Groups"; and so on. If you suddenly find that a plate can't be classified you should start a new box, suitably named.

Strengthening the Boxes.

Constant use will split the boxes at the corners unless you reinforce them with strips of gummed linen such as is used for mending music. It is advisable to varnish the strips to keep out damp. Effective rubber bands for the boxes can be made by snipping short lengths off an old inner tube that has ended its cycling days.

In addition to naming, you should number your boxes; and you should scratch on the plate at one corner the number of the box to which it belongs. Remember that ease of return is hardly less important than ease of extraction.

Envelopes for Negatives.

These are undoubtedly advisable, but you cannot use them conveniently with plate-boxes, as they are just too large for the corresponding size of box. For the plate-box

system, as we will call it, small pieces of paper should be put between the plates; unless you keep the latter very dust-free, and handle them very carefully, in which case the paper can be omitted. The way to take plates out of a box, is to lay the lid on the table and turn the lot on to it. Then lift them one by one for examination. The inner half of the box is held almost upright, and a plate is replaced by putting it in bottom edge first, and letting it fall back gently against the next plate.

The Consecutive System

is practically that used by professional photographers. Each negative is numbered as made, and the subject is entered in an index with the number opposite. Thus, if a Mr. J. O. Jones had his photo taken, we should find in the book, under J, "Jones, J. O., 10,192."

This system has a great deal to recommend it. It requires a little more time and care than the first mentioned, but is capable of sub-classification: for, apart from the general index, you may have a special subject-index. When adding fresh negatives to the list you should group as many of a subject as possible together; and be careful to cross off the numbers used on a "score" kept separately, so that when you come to the next batch you may know where to begin numbering.

With this system envelopes become a necessity. The number and subject of the negative is written on its particular envelope.

"Negasys."

Messrs. Houghton have brought out what may be termed a neat negative file. It consists of a wooden box, in which are fifty envelopes, each having on its face a list of details to be filled in. There is also a card index numbered from 1–50, which serves to give a bird's-eye view of the contents of the box. The tabs of the envelopes stick upwards, instead of folding over, so that the numbers thereon can be found very easily.

If you use a number of "Negasys" boxes it will be necessary to distinguish each by some letter pasted outside; and to keep an index book covering the lot, as in the case of the "consecutive" system. Of course, every plate should be marked carefully with letter and number. Though entailing a rather heavier initial expense, I think that Messrs. Houghton's files are good in principle.

Varnishing.

I am sometimes asked "how to varnish." The query is about as easy to answer as "how to plane a board quite flat"; since practice alone leads to perfection. Here are a few suggestions: First, practise on old and spoiled plates, and get your eye well in before trying your art on valued negatives. Secondly, heat the plate over a spirit-lamp or gas-burner till almost too hot to bear, before pouring on the varnish. Thirdly, work in a room where there are no draughts and dust, or your varnish plate will gather to it much "foreign matter."

If you wash prints in a glazed pan with no outlet at the bottom, lead the water into it perpendicularly at the centre. This will cause a good circulation, and there will be nothing for prints to lodge against.

Varnishing is a rather messy job, but a valuable negative should always be thus protected from damp or the chemical stains of contact printing. If a varnished negative is scratched the mark will disappear if a second coat of varnish be added. Use two bottles; one to pour the varnish from, the other to pour the surplus into—through a glass funnel. The plate is held horizontally, film upwards, and flooded with a good pool of varnish, which is spread by tipping the plate so that the corners are depressed in succession. The varnish must not be allowed to run over the edges, which it will follow if the tipping is not too severe. The surplus is poured off at the last corner, and the plate is reheated to make the varnish set evenly all over the surface. Set it on its edge to dry, face towards the wall.

Hard-Sat Eggs.—Syd Homsy (Chesterfield) has some hard-sat eggs, and asks for the name of a chemical that will reduce the contents to powder without injuring the shell. I should think this would be a desirable chemical to know, but I have never heard of it. Caustic soda (*Potassium hydrate*) would reduce the contents to a fluid state, but I cannot say what effect it would have on shell. I should say the only remedy for this case is the usual one of making a rather large hole and extracting the contents bit by bit

Food for Young Dog.—Kitty Jordan (Dulwich). Try Spratt's Puppy Biscuits. I have no experience of Melox, but I should doubt if the dealer is justified in saying it is always "alive" in hot weather. Send some of it to the makers, and ask them about it; but do not give it to the dog in that condition. It looks like spoiled stock being foisted upon you. I am sorry I cannot give you information about coming dog-shows. You would probably find them announced in the *Kennel News*, or *Bazaar*.

Gold-fish.—"Goldie" (Pontnewynydd). Look up back numbers of this "Corner": we have dealt with the subject several times.

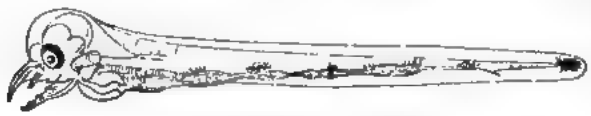
Moths and Plant.—B. C. E. P. (Highbury) sends me descriptions and rough sketches of two moths whose names he would like t know. The larger one I ca not determine, as the particulars given would fit at least a doz n species. The smaller is one of the Plume-moths, apparently *Pterophorus pterodactylus*. Your plant with fine leaves and minute yellow flowers is the Lady's Bedstraw (*Galium verum*).

Name of Beetle.—"Coleopterist" (Tiverton) writes, "To-day I have found a beetle exactly like a common female Stag-beetle in shape, but smaller," and proceeds to give me measurements and weight. It would have been better to have sent me a sketch, or best of all the specimen. I should think, however, that it is *Dorcus parallelopipedus* (there's a name for you!)

Calls of Birds, &c.—F. A. T. (Tockington) (1) has been listening to the notes of the birds in the woods and wishes to know what they are. Mr. C. A. Witchell has published a book on *Cries and Call-notes of Wild Birds* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.), but they require a good deal of study helped by a sight of the bird, for many calls or parts of them are common to several species. Your "sit, sit, sit," &c., was probably uttered by the Hedge-Sparrow. The other *may* have been the Grasshopper Warbler, a real Grasshopper, or a mouse; (2) I have no knowledge of the field-glass you mention. A local optician would let you test the range of those he has in stock from his shop-door. A single glass is as good as a binocular for the purpose, and would be less costly; (3) look up back numbers for hints on drying plants; but don't use red blotting paper. Old newspapers frequently changed are better.

Eels.—Ernest Baker (Birmingham) has kept a black horsehair in water for three months, expecting it to turn into an eel—but it has not done so yet! He wishes to know how much longer it will take to complete the transformation. Well, Ernest, I fear that if you reach the age of Old Parr or Methuselah, the change won't come in your time. Your chum has been hoaxing you with a very primitive bit of unnatural history. Eels come from eggs deposited by other eels, just as it happens in the case of all other fishes; but until a few years ago nobody had to his knowledge seen a very young eel, so all sorts of queer notions arose as to the way in which they were propagated. The eggs could not be found in the places where eels were most abundant, and so it was said they had no eggs. But the eggs, it now appears, are deposited in the sea, and the newly hatched eel is so little like its parents that for years it was regarded as a distinct kind of marine fish, and given a distinct name—*Leptocephalus*. There is nothing very remarkable about that, for most fishes when they leave the egg differ

vastly from their parents in form, just as a caterpillar differs from its butterfly mamma. *Leptocephalus* is really the larval stage of the marine eel known as the Conger, but seeing that vast numbers of elvers—young eels that



LARVAL STAGE OF CONGER

have attained to a likeness of their parents—leave the sea and ascend the fresh-water rivers and streams, it is reasonable to suppose that the adult eels that descend the rivers to the sea every autumn do so for the purpose of spawning, just as the salmon leaves the sea to spawn in fresh water. Here is a drawing of the larval Conger to show how unlike it is to its well-known parent.

Collecting Insects.—M. R. (Milford) wishes to collect butterflies and moths, and would like to know of a simple book on the subject. If it is how to collect, treatment, &c., you cannot do better than get Knaggs' *Lepidopterist's Guide* (West, Newman and Co., 1*s.*). If, however, you want figures of the British species, you had better get Colman's *British Butterflies*, 1*s.*, or, with coloured plates, 3*s. 6d.* (Routledge); or Lucas' *Book of British Butterflies* (L. Upcott Gill, 3*s. 6d.*).

Bird's Egg. B. L. Rigden (Canterbury): Your egg is a rather round specimen of the Redbreast's egg, but the peculiar marking at the larger end is a discoloration due to the fact that it has not been blown, and the contents have solidified at that end. Such a specimen is of little use, and it is liable to go mouldy and to burst if exposed to any dampness in the air.

Name of Moth.—J. C. Finlay (Kilwinning): Your moth was a specimen of the Old Lady (*Mania maura*), though it was scarcely recognisable as such when it reached me. Being enclosed in so small a space, it had fluttered most of the scales off its wings. It is a common species in July and August. The caterpillar feeds on fruit-trees.

Orchids.—J. Barnard (Sutton) will find most of the British Orchids described in the second series of my *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms* (F. Warne and Co., 6*s.*), of which only the first series was issued when he wrote. He will experience no difficulty in getting it now.

Aquarium Aeration.—F. H. (Northwich) asks how he can aerate the water in his 12 × 18 in. aquarium, as he believes his gold-fish need air. He would like a "self-acting aquarium that would use up the same water all the time it is working." See answer to J. D. Tomblin in last month's CAPTAIN. I have little knowledge of these devices. As a naturalist, I believe in the natural method, which is to grow aquatic weeds which give off oxygen in sufficient quantity to keep the water pure and the fish healthy. You will find this the most efficient and the least troublesome method.

Bird's Eggs.—R. Hitchcock (Kinnitty, King's Co.) asks what is the value of certain eggs of which he sends me a list. I am unable to answer these commercial questions: everything depends on the condition of the specimens. Dealers, such as Watkins and Doncaster, issue lists with prices at which they are prepared to supply good specimens, but no dealer, of course, would be prepared to *buy* them at the same price. All eggs for collections are now side-blown, and except in the case of very rare species two-holed eggs are of no value. The Sparrow you saw *may* have been *Passer montanus*, but it is impossible to say on such slight evidence. The description of the egg would quite suit some of the forms of the House Sparrow, whose eggs are very variable: some of them are almost entirely brown.

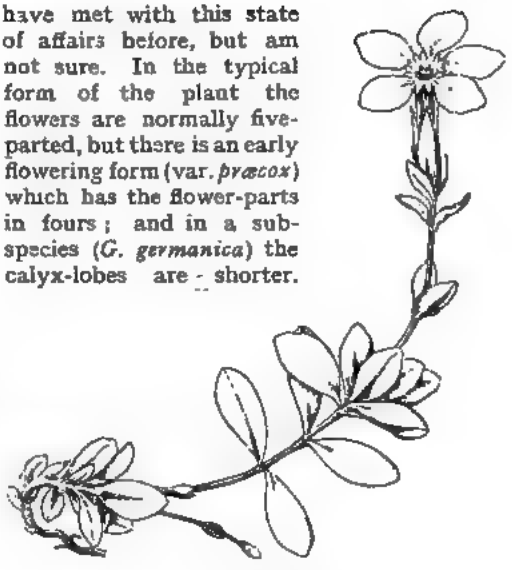
Fancy Mice, Etc.—In reply to "Mousy" (Royston): (1) I have no knowledge of the gentleman he names, or of his prices; (2) failure, no doubt, due to doe being too young. They should not be paired till at least three or four months old; (3) certain cut flowers such as the Carnation, for example—are changed in colour by their stalks being put in various liquids, but to "water" a plant with ink as you suggest would in all probability kill it. Those are not the lines on which florists work, but by a careful crossing of different varieties whose good points they wish to unite in the future seedlings. Natural methods must be followed, not chemical short-cuts.

Dogs.—P. A. Hirst (Newark). I am sorry I cannot advise you in the purchase of a dog. The best plan would be to make inquiries among friends who keep dogs, and bespeak a pup. But whether you get it from friend or dealer, no one can honestly guarantee that it shall be proof against distemper. So far as I know, that kind of dog has not yet been invented. Every dog is liable to have distemper, just as a child is liable to have measles—even though it has already had one attack. Many dogs pass through life without having distemper, just as many persons die of old age without having measles; but you cannot with the least confidence predict of either pup or baby that it will

surely escape these common ills. With respect to the best kind of dog to choose, this is quite a matter of individual taste. If there was any "best" kind for all persons, we should not have the great number of breeds kept up. Brown thinks a Mastiff is "the thing"; Jones would scarcely look at anything but an Irish Terrier; Robinson pins his faith to Dachshunds, and Smith declares that a Bulldog is the only animal worth its keep; and so on. Just take a look at the various dogs that trot about your town, and make up your mind which kind you would prefer; then read the advertisements in two or three issues of the *Bazaar*, and you will see if such can be had at your price.

Tortoise.—T. Morgan (Cardiff) asks, what the Tortoise feeds upon? what does it drink? does it want water to bathe in, and may it be left in the open air all night? The Tortoise question has been dealt with many times in this Corner, but I suppose T. Morgan is a new reader and has not seen my replies, or he would have told me whether his tortoise was a Land-tortoise or a Water-tortoise. As already stated in previous replies, the Land-tortoise feeds on juicy plants; the Water-tortoise on insects, fishes, snails, and such-like. All tortoises want water to drink and to bathe in. They can also be left out of doors in a garden, for when the cold weather approaches they bury themselves to be out of reach of frost.

Gentians.—E. W. Soulsby (Newcastle-on-Tyne) sends me dried specimens of a plant which, he says, "is very rare on our northern fells. . . . It is called by the people Blue Jentin." The generally accepted name for it is the Spring Gentian (*Gentiana verna*), and it is one of the most beautiful of our native plants. It is also one of the rarest—a species only seen in gardens in the South. As a wild flower, it occurs only on elevated wet rocks among the limestone ranges of Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire; and in the West of Ireland.—C. St. J. Nevill (Bromyard) also sends me a fresh-gathered Gentian, which reached me in splendid condition, thanks to the careful way in which it was packed in wet cotton-wool. It is the Felwort (*Gentiana amarella*), a widely distributed species. Mr. Nevill calls my attention to the fact that the specimen bears some flowers in which the calyx and corolla are both four-parted, others that are five-parted, and yet others which have the calyx four-parted and the corolla five-parted. I believe that I have met with this state of affairs before, but am not sure. In the typical form of the plant the flowers are normally five-parted, but there is an early flowering form (var. *præcox*) which has the flower-parts in fours; and in a sub-species (*G. germanica*) the calyx-lobes are shorter.



SPRING GENTIAN.

Now in the specimen sent to me some of the flowers conform to the type, some to the sub-species, and others to the variety; it therefore affords valuable evidence to the correctness of regarding the three forms as belonging to one species, instead of separating them as distinct species, as some authors have done.

Young Raven.—Pat (Brecon) may feed his young Raven on raw meat of all kinds, with bread soaked in milk, snails, worms, &c. Probably, by the time this answer appears the bird will be able to feed itself, and you will then find it will accept all sorts of things that are eatable, including mice, fish, scraps from the table, and fruit and vegetables. The Raven in truth is a general feeder. I never recommend clipping wings or other mutilations of pets. The dealers supply wing-braces which you can put on the bird when you desire to let him out for a run. With this on he cannot fly away, and it does away with the necessity for cutting.

Dog.—G. G. Hore (Montevideo). Your dog is probably suffering from Red Mange, which is usually due to want of exercise in the open air, or to improper feeding. The sores should be washed with boracic acid lotion, and a purgative should be administered, followed by cooling medicine.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

A Tale of Greyhouse.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. R. SKELTON.

I.

"COME, here, you young beast!"

The scene was a lawn, the exact spot a bit of the lawn protected from the gaze of the house by a wide-spreading cedar-tree. For the speaker was a tactician, and was always careful to take cover before performing an illegal act. Seizing hold of another boy's ear and twisting it round was an illegal act—for bullying was strictly prohibited at Charlton Court Preparatory School—and so Cox got well behind the ancient cedar before he hailed unto him Robert, Earl of Yarningale.

The earl was a stout, well-built boy of thirteen, with hair cropped very short. So was Cox. The resemblance between them, indeed, was most striking. Had it not been for the fact that the earl was quiet and studious, and Cox rowdy and idle, you would not have been able to distinguish between them. But most people at Charlton Court School knew which was Cox and which Yarningale at the first glance. Cox was bound to be untidy; the earl as surely spick and span. Cox was in every brawl, shouting louder than anybody else; Yarningale was meek and retiring—when the big school-room was a scene of riot and uproar, you would find him in one of the class-rooms arranging his stamps. He promised to be the mildest peer that ever did "nothing in particular" in the House of Lords.

"Now then," said Cox, seizing his victim's ear, "what did you mean by coughing when you met me before brekker this morning?"

"I—didn't—cough!" gasped the earl. "Oh! *don't*, Cox."

For, holding Yarningale by the shoulders, Cox had proceeded to ram his knee into the other boy's spine.

"But Cox *will!*" cried Cox, proceeding to "toe" the earl with no little force. "Now, then, why don't you blub? Why—don't—you—blub?" he added, punctuating each word with a kick.

For answer Yarningale wrenched himself free and faced his enemy with flashing eyes.

"You beast!" he cried. "I hate you. You're a cad!"

Now if there was a name Cox couldn't abear being called, it was "cad." For Cox was not well-born, although his father was very rich—our young friend being, indeed, the only son of the world-famous vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops." Mr. Cox was probably ten times as rich as Lord Yarningale's grandfather, the Duke of Lapworth—whose heir, his own father being dead, Yarningale was—and it is possible that his knowledge of that fact was partly responsible for making Cox as complete a young bounder as ever stepped this earth.

The word "cad" stung him to the quick. He leapt forward, caught Yarningale by the throat, and flung him to the ground, back downwards. Then, placing his knees on Yarningale's arms, he proceeded to pull Yarningale's nose and cram grass and earth into his mouth.

There was no doubt about which was the superior in physical force—whatever might be the difference in their rank—and poor Yarningale, after vainly begging Cox's pardon and imploring him to let him go, could not restrain his tears. He was feeling absolutely helpless, and Cox was without mercy.

"I am a 'cad,' am I?" shouted Cox.

"'Cad,' eh?" he repeated, bending Yarningale's head round and thrusting his knuckles into the unfortunate boy's neck. "I'll teach you!"

"I AM A 'CAD,' AM I?" SHOUTED COX.

"Indeed?" remarked a quiet voice close at hand. "Get up, Cox."

The young bully, cold with fear, glanced round. There, standing by the cedar, was a master, Mr. Hallam. The very cover which Cox had sought had proved to be his undoing. Had it not been for the cedar he would have observed Mr. Hallam's approach.

"Why were you ill-treating that boy?" asked Mr. Hallam.

"He cheeked me——"

"I didn't!" cried Yarningale, scrambling to his feet. "It's a lie. I never coughed."

The merest vestige of a smile quivered at the corners of Mr. Hallam's mouth. A moment later he was looking stern again.

"Whether he cheeked you or not," said the young master, quietly, "there is no doubt that you were behaving most brutally to him. Do you imagine that it is the act of a gentleman to stuff earth into another boy's mouth and half-throttle him when he is absolutely helpless? You are a downright young brute, Cox. Come here!"

Mr. Hallam, though of tender years, had a firm, determined face. His eyes had a dangerous look in them just now. He had his carrier, full of golf-clubs, with him, and as Cox approached him he selected from the bunch of clubs the most slender of the lot—his putter.

"Bend over," said Mr. Hallam.

Cox assumed a sullen attitude. "Masters are not allowed—" he was beginning, when an imperative gesture from Mr. Hallam closed his mouth. Then he received six of the very best from the handle-end of the putter. He whimpered, of course, at the first blow, but he got his full six, and they all hurt, especially the last one.

"Now you may go," said Mr. Hallam. "Yarningale," he added, his hard tone changing to one of kindness on the instant, "you may come and 'caddie' for me, if you like."

Needless to say, Yarningale did like, and trotted off after his protector with a thankful heart.

"Young *sneak!*" muttered Cox, as he watched the two out of sight from behind the cedar-tree, "*I'll* pay him out for this, see if I don't!"

He did not go away at once, but sneaked along the lawn and watched subsequent proceedings from the shelter of the shrubbery. Having seen Mr. Hallam off on his round of golf, he retired to his class-room and wrote a letter home telling his father that he had been thrashed by a junior master "who had no right to." But Cox, senior, being well aware of the character of Cox, junior, only chuckled over the letter, and did not show it to Mrs. Cox, else there might have been trouble.

"The young dog probably deserved it,"

said the millionaire to himself; "he'd be less trouble in the holidays if he got a few more whoppings at school. Seems to me we parents don't get our money's worth nowadays. Boys are coddled too much—coddled far too much," he added, wagging his head wisely as he went out to the carriage that was waiting to bear him to his place of business in the City.

"By the way, I suppose you *are* Yarningale?" said Mr. Hallam, with a laugh, as he walked across the lawn with his caddie.

"Yes, sir, I *am* Yarningale," the earl assured him.

"You and Cox are so confoundedly alike. I think you ought to wear distinguishing badges," proceeded Mr. Hallam. "Ah! there is Mr. Skipjack. I'm afraid I've kept him waiting."

Mr. Skipjack was another member of the Charlton Court staff—and a disappointed one, for it had long been his ambition to get a house-mastership at a public school. True, he was the senior assistant master at Charlton Court, one of the best (and most expensive) preparatory schools in England, which yearly distributed a big batch of boys amongst the great public schools, but he felt, nevertheless, that a man of his years and experience ought to be in possession of a more substantial billet. Baulked hopes had soured his temper and made him look older than he really was. In figure he was small and slight; he was sharp-featured, and wore a short, iron-grey beard. This, with his glasses, added to the grimness of his appearance. Mr. Hallam, on the other hand, was only twenty-five, upstanding and handsome, a picture of athletic grace. Perhaps by reason of the dissimilarity that existed between them on every point, Mr. Skipjack and his youthful colleague were good friends—although it must be confessed that Mr. Hallam was the only master at Charlton Court who could "get on" with the senior member of the staff.

Mr. Skipjack imposed more punishments than any other master, being truly prodigal with the lines he gave—and Charlton Court, as one boy, detested him. The boys were generally only too pleased to caddie for the masters when they played golf on the diminutive links which the headmaster had laid out in his grounds—which consisted of three fields, five holes being the maximum number that could be squeezed into this small area by dint of ingenious "crossing"—but to-day Mr. Skipjack had been quite unable to get a boy to carry his clubs, and was accordingly feeling very cross. Never before had he listened to such a series of transparent excuses.

The first tee was in a remote part of the lawn, near the shrubbery in which Cox was lurking, whence the ball fled over a ha-ha fence, across the first meadow, and landed, if it were driven truly, on the yonder side of the fence enclosing field No. 2. If it took an erratic direction the ball would, as likely as not, fall into the pond which lay at the foot of the first field, away to the left.

Mr. Hallam drove off first. His ball left the little dump of sand Yarningale had erected in a swift, low line, and dropped just beyond the second fence. It was an excellent drive, but Mr. Skipjack was too jealous to admit it.

Yarningale politely tee'd the latter's ball for him.

"A little higher, Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, smiting an innocent daisy on the head by way of practice.

As Yarningale made the tee a little higher, Mr. Hallam smiled. He thought it would be rather a good joke to go on letting his opponent think that Yarningale was Cox, so he said nothing. Mr. Skipjack, having demolished the daisy, planted himself behind his ball and swung his driver backwards and forwards. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand, looked across the field, and "dressed" his ball again with infinite care. Finally he smacked at it with all his might, but only just snicked it, and the ball rolled off a few yards to the right.

Then it was that Yarningale made a great mistake—and one that brought him a lot of subsequent trouble. Though usually so meek and mild, *he laughed*. It was so funny—the ball trickling away in that feeble manner after all Mr. Skipjack's preliminary exercises. He laughed, and, though he pulled himself up at once and looked very apologetic, Mr. Skipjack glared at him. So! Cox thought fit to laugh. Very good. There would come a time! Mr. Skipjack had a long memory and wielded a vicious pencil when the detention book went its round of the masters.

Seizing his brassie, Mr. Skipjack with his next shot got the ball half-way down the first field—though at the expense of the headmaster's turf. Another smack, and the ball plumped into the pond.

"Give you the hole," he said savagely to

Mr. Hallam, whose ball, all this time, was reposing placidly on the edge of the first green.

"Hard luck," said Mr. Hallam. But his colleague only grunted. So Cox had laughed! Very good.

Mr. Skipjack could really play a very decent game of golf, and his next drive was a capital one. The second hole lay in field No. 3, and one had to drive from field No. 2 across a corner of No. 1, two fences and a wide-spreading oak-tree being the only obstacles that might possibly hinder the ball's flight. Mr. Hallam, having the "honour," had driven off first, his ball falling into the tree. Mr. Skipjack's, on the other hand, rose like a bird, cleared the tree, and dropped some twenty yards from the green.

"How's that, young man?" he demanded of his colleague in a triumphant tone.

"First class," said Mr. Hallam, he being the kind of golfer who, knowing his own strength, is always ready to make excuses for his opponent's mis-hits, and invariably generous with his praise when the other man does something good, or rather good.

"A LITTLE HIGHER, COX," SAID MR. SKIPJACK.

When the trio reached the tree they found Mr. Hallam's ball lying under a tuft of long, rank grass. Mr. Skipjack surveyed the position with satisfaction. His own ball stood out white and clear within a short cleek, or long putter, shot of the hole. He ought to hole out in three.

Mr. Hallam took his mashie out of the carrier and bent himself to his task. He measured the distance, cautiously eyed a low-hanging branch of the oak which threatened danger, made allowance for the slope down towards the green, and then neatly hooked the ball out of its hiding-place. Missing the branch by an inch, the ball flew gently and truly to the slope, dropped there and rolled down on to the green and *into the hole*.

"Heavens! what a fluke!" exclaimed Mr. Skipjack, furiously.

"Afraid it was," was Hallam's calm response. "Still, you can still halve."

"I don't have your luck," growled the senior master. It would seem not, for he miscalculated the short iron shot and sent his ball a score of yards past the hole.

"Two up," said Hallam, taking his driver from Yarningale and striding forward to the next tee.

Mr. Skipjack's temper, ever a fragile element, was permanently affected by his opponent's phenomenal success at the second hole. Thereafter he drove wildly, and spent many valuable minutes getting his ball out of bad "lies." Thrice he had to lift his ball and lose a stroke, ending up an inglorious round by breaking his mashie against a stone.

When the senior of the staff met with this

misfortune he glanced swiftly at the supposed Cox. Yarningale, however, suppressed his mirth, and even managed to look sympathetic. But he had laughed at the first tee. Mr. Skipjack could not forget that. Nor did he fail to remember that he was taking the fifth form—of which Cox was an unsatisfactory member—in French later on that afternoon.

So Cox had laughed, had he! Good—no, bad—for Cox!

II.

One of Cox's enemies—and he had many—had this very afternoon hit upon a mild and safe form of reprisal. The lockers in the class-rooms were not, as their names might suggest, provided with locks, but with brass catches. It was, therefore, possible for any one boy to pay a call of inspection on any other boy's locker. When Cox, who dashed into the fifth form class-room a few moments after Mr. Skipjack had taken his seat, unfastened the door of his locker with a hasty jerk, his Latin dictionary fell to the floor with a loud thud—this weighty tome having been propped against the door in such a way as to emerge hurriedly directly the door was opened.

"Now, Cox!" exclaimed Mr. Skipjack, irritably.

"It wasn't my fault, sir——"

"Silence, boy!"

"Somebody——"

"Do you hear me? Silence!"

With a face as dark as a thunder-cloud Cox procured his books and repaired to his seat.

"All right, young Legge," he muttered, as he passed a fat boy sitting in the front row, "I'll be even with you for that."

"It wasn't me," declared Legge in a stage whisper.

"Legge and Cox, fifty lines for talking!" snarled Mr. Skipjack. "You may have five minutes to look over your French translation," added the master, addressing the form generally.

Mr. Skipjack was a good linguistic scholar, and kept his languages brushed up by spending most of his vacations on the continent. He spoke French like a native, and not in the inartistic, severely British way of the master who has never studied the language under French skies. But Mr. Skipjack's perfect pronunciation was much harder to follow than, say, Mr. Hallam's straightforward "ong" and "ang" rendering of the Gallic tongue.

The piece set for the afternoon's lesson was No. 118 in the neat little red French translation book. The piece was entitled: *Description d'une eclipse totale de soleil.*

Cox, of course, hadn't prepared a word of it. Setting himself feverishly to his task now, he mastered the title at a glance. "Description of an eclipse total of sun," he muttered, and hurried on to the first paragraph, which ran: *Imagons un ciel pur, un soleil radieux.*

"Imagine," breathed Cox to himself, "a sky pure, a sun radiant."

Tout à coup le lustre du soleil commence s'affaiblir, the French went on.

Cox turned up his vocabulary at T. What did *tout à coup* mean? Horror! the T. page was torn out.

"I say," he whispered to Stafford, his next-door neighbour, "what's *tout à coup?*"

"Shut up," returned Stafford, moving his lips but not his head, "Skippy's looking."

Cox applied himself to his task again with desperate energy. He was feeling very hot, his hands were clammy, and he was more than ordinarily savage over the trick that had been played him. He wondered who had done it! Ah! young Yarningale—out of revenge. *All* right. Wait till after!

Now, then, what was *lustre?* Same thing, "lustre," of course. *Tout à coup* the lustre of the sun commences—— What was this beastly verb, *s'affaiblir?* He searched hastily for *s'affaiblir.* He turned up *S.* Nowhere there. What silly rotters these dictionary chaps were! Better try *A.* Here it was: *S'affaiblir,* "to grow weak." So the passage read now: "*Tout à coup* the lustre of the sun commences to grow weak."

Cox was eyeing the next sentence in an apprehensive fashion when Mr. Skipjack's voice harshly interrupted his studies.

"Form line up," said the master.

The form—fourteen in all—lined up, book in hand, in front of the first row of desks. Mr. Skipjack ran his eye searchingly down the row of boys.

"Now, Cox," he said, "I will ask you to begin."

"*Descriptiong*——" began Cox.

"Yes, yes. We will save you the trouble of translating the title, Cox. A baby could do that. "Description of a total eclipse o the sun! Now, then!"

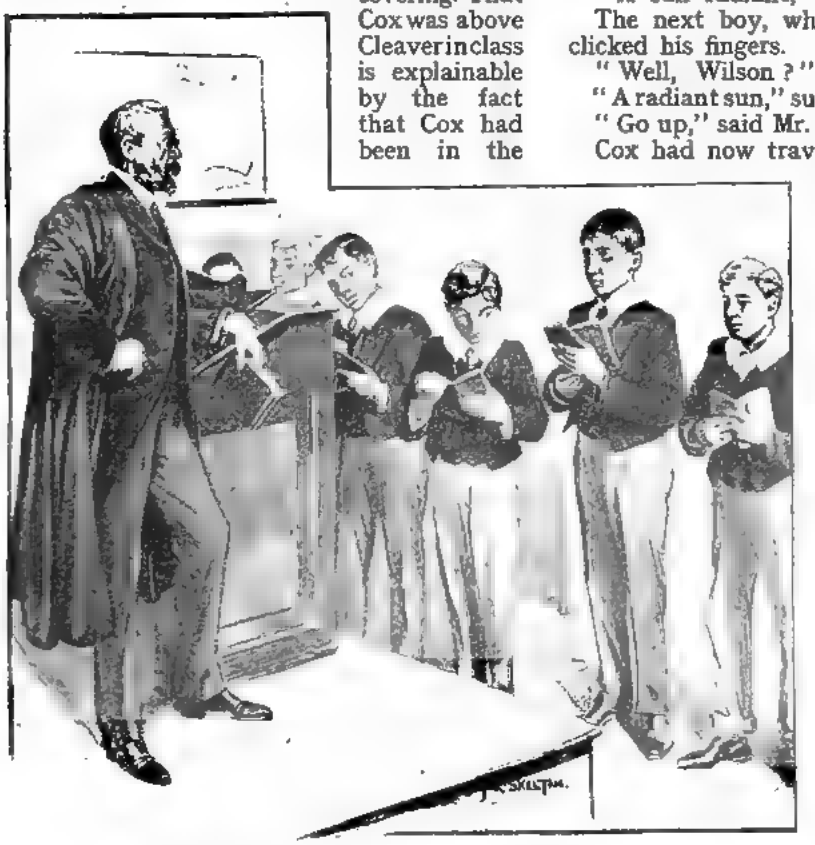
"*Imajong urn see-el purr, urn solale radyou*," said Cox, reading out the French.

Mr. Skipjack looked as if a dog were biting him, but said nothing.

"Imagine," began Cox, "a sky pure——"

"Next boy," said Mr. Skipjack.

"A pure sky," was the rendering supplied by Cleaver, a good boy of eleven, with a calm, pale face, who was diligent and persevering. That Cox was above Cleaver in class is explainable by the fact that Cox had been in the fifth form for a year, whereas Cleaver had only been promoted this Easter. As he was leaving for Greyhouse, the famous public school, at the end of the present term, Cox should by rights have been in the sixth form, among the boys of his own age, but as he could not attain the required standard of knowledge, he had to remain in a form where all the rest of boys were his juniors. Yarningale was in the sixth, his superior position in the school supplying Cox with still another grievance against him.



"IMAGINE," BEGAN COX, "A SKY PURE——"

As Cleaver went up above him, Cox registered a vindictive vow to screw that innocent youth's arm round after school.

"Go on, Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, in the hard, dry voice that Charlton Court knew so well and hated so heartily.

One would have thought that Cox would have put his adjective in the right place this time. But no.

"A sun radiant," proceeded Cox.

The next boy, whose name was Wilson, clicked his fingers.

"Well, Wilson?"

"A radiant sun," suggested Wilson, eagerly.

"Go up," said Mr. Skipjack.

Cox had now travelled down two places. One more mistake, and he would find himself at the bottom of the class.

"This is not good, Cox," added Mr. Skipjack. "Still, you may improve. *Tout à coup*."

Cox hesitated, then grew desperate.

"All a blow," he ventured.

"*Next* boy!" rasped out Mr. Skipjack.

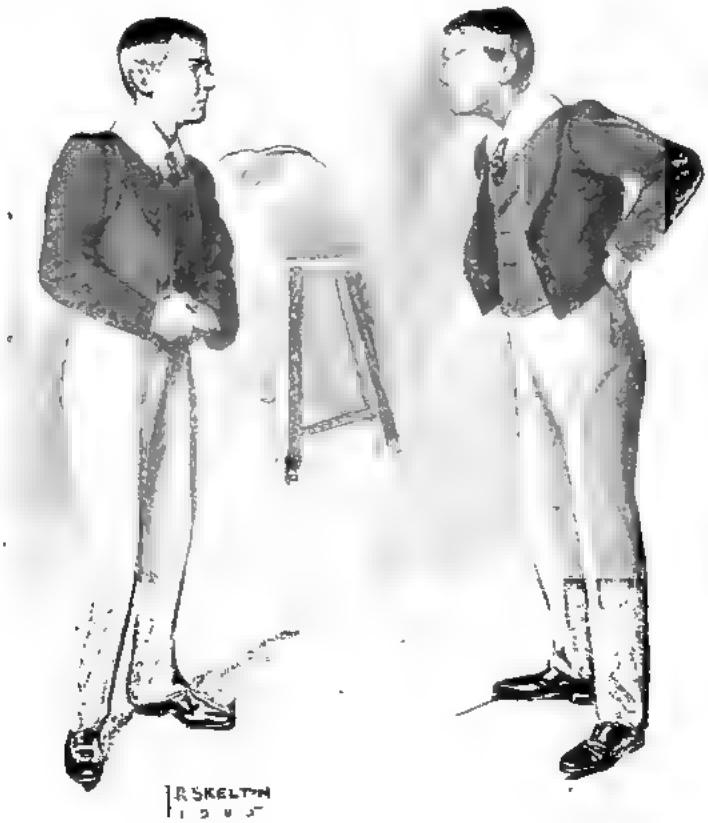
"All of a sudden," said the next boy, and Cox shuffled down below him.

"You will stay in to-morrow afternoon for two hours, Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, remembering how Cox had laughed at the first tee. "Top boy go on."

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Cox as he stood at the bottom of the class during the remainder of the forty minutes allotted to the lesson. To be whacked with a golf-club and sentenced to two hours' detention all in the same afternoon was a record even for him. Then there was that fifty lines old Skippy had set him, and yet fifty more imposed by another master during morning school. Just before dinner he had been summoned to the matron's room and lectured severely about the torn state of his clothing. Miss Peel, the matron, had told him that he gave her sewing-maids

more trouble than any other three boys put together, and that if he did not mend his ways she would report him to the head-master. Cox was not a favourite of Miss Peel's, evidently—nor of the sewing-maids'. Wilson, the merry and bright-eyed, might rip his trousers into ribbons, and the matron would soften down her mild reproof with a gift of chocolate, while the sewing-maids, casting sympathetic glances at the lectured one,

So perturbed in spirit was Cox, indeed, that it was a considerable time before he could get to sleep that night through brooding over his wrongs. And, as is frequently the case with more mature persons than Cox, during the wakeful hours of darkness there came to him an inspiration of great daring. It was an idea that filled him with unholy joy, and he fell asleep with a grim smile on his face.



"THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM YOU WEREN'T COX?" INQUIRED COX.

would declare on his departure that he was "a dear little boy." Such, alas! is the feminine idea of justice!

So it was something more than Mr. Hallam's putter that had given Cox cause to smart. Troubles had, in truth, come upon him not in single spies but in battalions. And, looking round, as such natures do, for an object on which to wreak his vengeance, he determined to make Yarningale pay dearly for all this.

When he awoke on Saturday he found the idea still burning brightly in his mind, and it simmered there during the whole of morning school. During the hour that intervened between morning school and dinner, Cox skulked about the playground, gymnasium, and fields awaiting an opportunity of getting a quiet word with Yarningale. At length his chance came; he found himself alone in the gymnasium with Yarningale.

"I say, Yarny, I want to speak to you,"

he said, with that in his tone which implied that if Yarny tried to escape he would get a kick on the shins.

Yarningale, knowing this, and being of a weak, timorous nature, yielded at once to Cox's request for an interview.

"When you were caddie-ing for Hallam yesterday," began Cox, "I heard Skipjack call you 'Cox'."

"Yes, he did," acknowledged Yarny.

"Then why didn't you tell him you weren't Cox?" inquired Cox.

"I didn't think of it. I'm always being called 'Cox,' you see," explained Yarningale, "and I can't always be correcting people."

"Oh, can't you!" blustered Cox. "We'll see about that. Well, what I want to say is this: by letting Skippy think you were Cox, you got me into a row."

Yarningale looked guilty. He remembered now that he had laughed at Mr. Skipjack.

Cox saw that he had made a point, and hastened to follow up his advantage.

"Yes, you laughed when Skippy foozled his drive, and he got his knife into you—*me*, that is—and took care to put me on first at French. Of course, I didn't know the rotten stuff, and Skippy gave me two hours this afternoon."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Yarningale.

"What's the good of being sorry?" demanded Cox. "Being sorry won't do me any good, you goat! Look here. Skippy's taking detention this afternoon. Suppose you do that two hours instead of me?"

This was the idea that had come to Cox in the still hours of night. Why, if the resemblance between Yarningale and himself was so striking, couldn't he utilise it to his advantage? Why not?

The earl looked bewildered. The scheme was so preposterous, so daring, it quite made him tremble.

"You *are* a funk!" said Cox, who, whatever his other defects, had never yet given any one cause to level such an accusation at *him*. "Well, if you're afraid, say so. But if you let me stay in this afternoon you'll be a cad as well as a funk."

Yarningale coloured up. "Of course," he said, "I'll stay in, but—but—suppose it's found out?"

"It won't be," Cox assured him. "You know what Skippy is. If he keeps a chap from playing cricket he's quite satisfied. He doesn't bother much about what you do, like Hallam does. Besides, you write like me, and if you make yourself look a bit more untidy," added Cox, as he gave Yarningale's tie a rude jerk, "you'll pass for me anywhere."

"All right," said Yarningale, with pale lips, "I'll do it."

"I should just think you will," said Cox, roughly. "Any other chap would have said he would at once."

Cox had a certain rich vein of cunning in his nature—inherited from his father—which helped him on his way through the world not a little. It showed him now, for instance, how to play on Yarningale's weak disposition, in which there was not a single shred of guile.

"You see, old chap," he continued, in a more friendly tone, "I've been invited to tea at the Lomaxes. They're rather pals with my people. Pattie Lomax is a nice little thing. I'm rather sweet on her, and don't want to miss going there. She'd cry her eyes out if I didn't turn up."

Had he been in a less uneasy frame of mind Yarningale would have smiled. It was common knowledge at Charlton Court that Pattie Lomax hated Cox—she had told Judson, the head boy of the school, that she did. The Lomaxes, be it explained, were a wealthy London family who had taken Charlton Grange, the biggest house in the neighbourhood, for the summer.

"Have you got an *exeat?*" asked Yarningale.

"Rather," said Cox. "Got that on Thursday from the Head."

"Well, what shall I have to do in detention?" inquired the earl.

"Write out French translation, I expect," said Cox. "And mind you don't do it too well, or old Skippy may get suspicious. Make a few blots, too," was a further wily suggestion of Cox's as the two boys left the gymnasium and proceeded to the fifth form class-room, where Cox handed over the necessary books to his school-fellow.

"By the way," said Mr. Skipjack to Mr. Hallam at dinner (which was the master's lunch), "would you mind taking duty for me this afternoon? I've just had a note from the Lomaxes asking me to tennis."

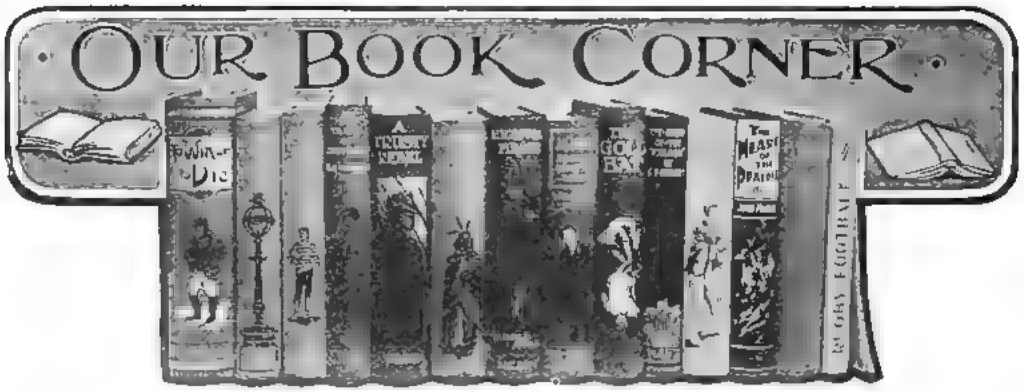
"Certainly," said Mr. Hallam.

"Only one boy is kept in," added Mr. Skipjack, "so there won't be much for you to do."

"Only one—who's that?"

"Cox," said Mr. Skipjack.

(To be continued.)



Great Batsmen: Their Methods at a Glance. By G. W. Beldam and C. B. Fry. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 21s. net.)—This volume sets out to answer the question, "How do the leading batsmen play?" and it fulfils its purpose right well. Part I. is devoted to "Individualities," and comprises upwards of 280 full-page action-photographs, taken in the one-thousandth part of a second by Mr. Beldam, of thirty of our leading batsmen performing their characteristic strokes. Part II. deals with "Strokes Illustrated," and in an excellent series of nearly 400 photographs shows how different great batsmen make the same sort of stroke. As explained in the prefatory notes, "It is impossible to see the details of a stroke as the batsmen plays it in real life, as the eye cannot follow the rapid and complicated movements of arms, hands, and bat. From watching a batsman, a general impression of his methods may be obtained, but no accurate information as to how hands, wrists, and arms co-operate during the action of the stroke. Action-photographs make possible the analysis of the components of a stroke, and to discover with some precision how the feet, legs, body, shoulders, arms, wrist, and fingers work together to make up the whole effect." There are photographs illustrating the beginning, middle, and finish of nearly every stroke, and in order to "fix" these as accurately as possible, the same batsman was required to repeat his stroke time after time. No pains were spared on the part of the photographer to get exactly what he wanted. Indeed, in some cases, the very ball which the batsman is shown in the act of hitting was delivered by Mr. Beldam himself. This was made possible by means of an electric attachment affixed to the camera, which enabled him to release the shutter with his left hand, and to bowl the ball with his right. In the text which accompanies the pictures, Mr. Fry has succeeded in being pithy and to the point, and has put all he knows into the description of each picture after a careful study of the same. "Great Batsmen" is the happy result of a combination of action-photography with actual experience, and should prove highly instructive to those who are desirous of becoming proficient in the art of batting.

The Model Locomotive. By Henry Greenly. (Percival Marshall and Co., 6s. net.)—Really the successful model-maker is born, not made. There are many thousands of CAPTAIN readers who, though they take a lively interest in engineering, could not for their very lives make a model locomotive worthy of the name. Yet nearly every one numbers amongst his acquaintances an enthusiastic maker of models. By the former class "The Model Locomotive" will be found quite interesting and well worth reading, whilst to those who have made, or aspire to make, a model railway-engine, Mr. Greenly is a guide, philosopher, and friend. And he speaks with the knowledge that comes of experience. Although in no way exhausting the possibilities of miniature locomotive construction, the descriptions of the details and component parts should enable the reader with a bent for model-making to build any type of locomotive model to any desired scale. One valuable truth emphasised in this work is that

the proportions of a successful working model are not obtainable by a mere slavish reduction of the scale of its prototype. Just how success may reasonably be sought is one of the chief aims of this work. Besides working drawings, there are 370 illustrations.

The Black Barque. By Captain T. Jenkins Hains. (Dean and Son, 6s.)—Captain Hains has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of most invigorating brutality. "The Black Barque" is the *Gentle Hand*, a pirate slaveship, and all connected with her—owners, master, mates, and crew—are ruffians of delightful candour. Some are good, most are bad; but ruffians they all are, every mother's son of them. And so much twaddle is talked about the sea by writers of "sea-stories" that we confess to finding Captain Hains' realistic blackguards a refreshing contrast to the gilt-edged sailormen of much fiction.

"The Black Barque," however, is a disappointing story. It promises well, but never fulfils expectations. The author has lots of good material, but seems unable to make effective use of it. The skipper of the slaver, for instance, one Captain Howard, a notorious old pirate, is a most engaging villain whose further acquaintance we would willingly make. But we never get more than an occasional glimpse of him. Again, there is Tim, the little, freckled Yankee sailor, who meets his long-lost wife in Nassau. We are just preparing to enjoy his romance (an admirable opportunity for an ingenious plot, by the way) when, hey, presto! Tim vanishes off the scene.

Briefly, Captain Hains has considerable power of characterisation, but no constructive ability. At one point the story lags, at another it races; always it is disjointed. His characters are excellent in their way, but he does not appear to know how to fit them with parts in the play. That the author gets his atmosphere admirably, however, we have already remarked.

It is difficult quite to grasp for whom Captain Hains is writing. His theme is hardly one to catch the fancy of the average tale-reader. If "The Black Barque" is intended for boys, we are of opinion he should have exercised a little more discretion. There is nothing we like less than squeamishness, but, while enjoying the frank brutality of the author's style, we think it a pity that he did not omit one or two incidents and allusions that are unnecessarily coarse.

Hugh Rendall. By Lionel Portman. (Alston Rivers. 6s.).—In reading the story of Hugh Rendall's years at Larne, we cannot but recall the classic work which tells of the experiences of Tom Brown, but we fail to see that Mr. Portman suffers by the comparison. He has succeeded, as Hughes did in his day, in giving us a public school story which is wholesome, interesting, and really true to life.

The character of Hugh Rendall is well portrayed and we watch his struggle between the two conflicting influences of Lowden and "Smith" with the closest interest. Hugh is not represented as a prig in any sense of the word, but as an ordinary healthy boy of a good type, with the usual boyish love of mischief indeed, but also with an ingrained common sense and steady pluck which keep him straight and help him to win his way.

The author shows in the story how much the tone of a school depends upon the individuality of the headmaster.

Mr. Reece, who ruled the school during Hugh's earlier years, is described as a cold and unsympathetic personage whose waning energies and consequent slackness are reflected only too clearly in the staff and the school; but Mr. Bevan, his successor, a young man full of sympathy, energy, and common sense, makes friends with his sixth form, and through them keeps in touch with the whole school, thereby inaugurating a change by which Larne gradually regains its high estate. Admirably contrasted are the two ladies, Mrs. Rendall and Mrs. Gurney. The former, well-meaning but narrow and tactless, contrives to alienate her son's affections, and to be a hindrance rather than a help; the latter, an ideal schoolmaster's wife, wins the confidence of the boys by real sympathy and tact and wields an unobtrusive power for good in the school which it is difficult to estimate.

The story is so life-like that we are surely justified in assuming that Mr. Portman has drawn largely upon his own personal experience of school and masters, and, if this assumption be correct, we cannot congratulate him on his discretion in giving us such a clue to the identification of Larne as we find in the names of the dormitories. Apart from this, we have nothing but praise for the story.

COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Last day for sending in, October 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, December 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class, ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 18.

The Results will be published in December.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***Scholarship-Appointment Competition.***—See "Editorial."

No. 2.—***"'Captain' Birthday Book."***—This time take the month of *November* (thirty days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season November falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Footballs by Messrs. H. Gradidge & Sons, and Messrs. Gamage. Value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d., or Photo and Postcard Albums.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—***"Drawing of Fruit."***—Send a sketch in pen, pencil, or water-colours, of a plate or bunch of fruit. Prizes: One dozen of Messrs. Hardmuth's Koh-i-noor Pencils and a Sketch-book will be awarded to the winner in each class.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—***"Then and Now."***—Put yourself in the place of a man who went out to Australia twenty-five years ago, and during that period lived largely in the Bush. What do you think would be the changes in our social life, manners, clothing, entertainments, ways of getting about, &c., by which he would be most struck on returning to this country in the year of grace, 1905? Tabulate the changes, keeping the number down to twelve, and comment on each change to the extent of two lines or so. Prize: Very superior Russian iron Magic Lantern, made by Messrs. W. C. Hughes, value £4 4s.

No Age Limit.

No. 6.—***"October Celebrities."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of October. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Markt & Co.'s No. 1 Cycle Speed Indicators, value 12s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***December 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial October Competitions."

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

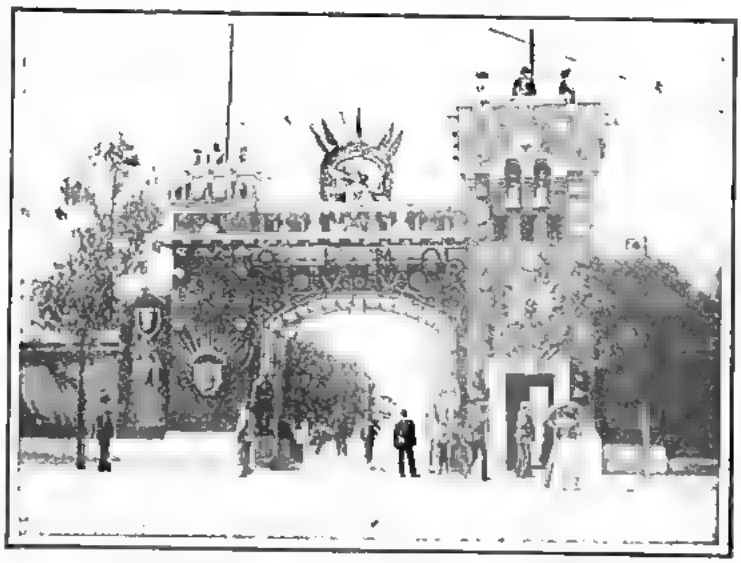
Nottingham Goose Fair.

THE Nottingham Goose Fair is held annually in the great market place on the first Thursday in October and the two following days. This Fair, one of the oldest in England, is embodied in a charter granted by King Edward I. in the year 1284, and originally lasted for fifteen days.

The title "Goose" Fair (which is, however, of not more than four hundred years' standing) is doubtless correctly held to have had its origin in the large number of geese annually driven thither in flocks from the outlying stubbles, and the Lincolnshire and Cambridge fens. The Fair was originally a large mart for the sale of geese and other commodities, and it need hardly be said that the general inhabitants did not take any too lively an interest in these proceedings but later, however, the appearance of the early shows and theatres gave a less serious aspect to the Fair, and, from that time to the present, public interest has in no way abated. The following anecdote will show the popularity the Fair had attained in the early days of the eighteenth century.

In 1704, Marshall Tallard, the Commander of the French forces at Blenheim, was conveyed to Nottingham as a prisoner, and here resided for many years.

It is traditionally told of him that shortly after his arrival he wrote to the King of France suggesting the continuance of hostilities, as England was nearly drained of men. Shortly afterward, visiting Goose Fair, he immediately wrote to his monarch, this time counselling him to give up the war forthwith, "as he had seen as many men congregated in one English market place as could conquer the whole of France." So if at that time the Fair was such an attraction, the interest aroused in the present day by the modern cinematograph shows, roundabouts, and menageries can easily be imagined.



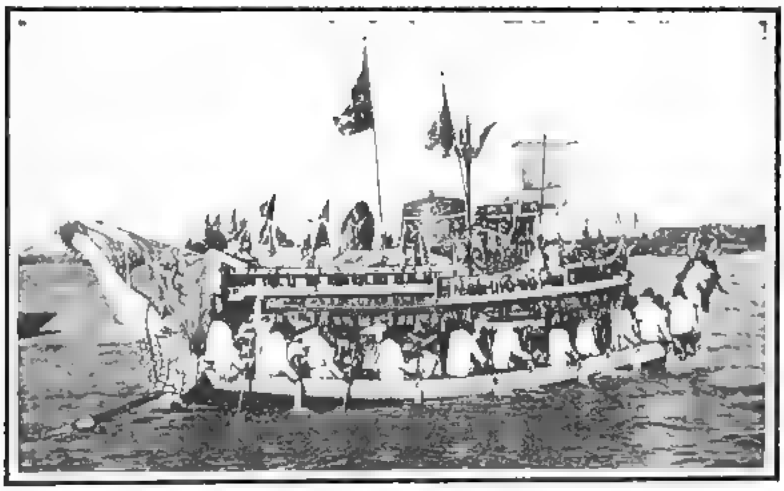
THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE GUN WHARF, PORTSMOUTH, DECORATED WITH OLD WEAPONS AND ARMOUR ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET IN AUGUST.

Photo. by Kathleen F. Brinsley.

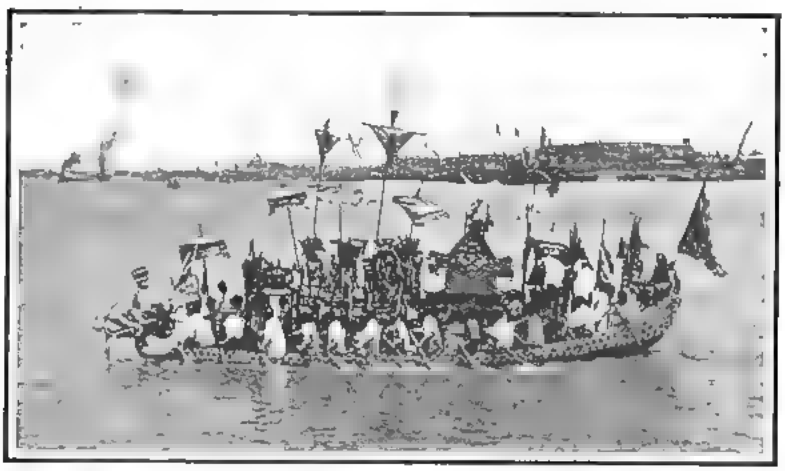
The Fair commences at twelve o'clock noon on the Thursday, the Mayor opening it in his official robes, and from that time until past midnight nothing can be heard save a continual babel of voices, the hoot of the engines, and the bands and steam organs of the various shows.

Although the Fair presents a rather boisterous appearance, the people are, on the whole, good-tempered and patient, and, at the close, are well content with the enjoyment afforded, and look forward to the recurrence of the Fair with as much zest as a school-boy to his next holiday.

GEORGE ALEC. WHITE.



A DRAGON BOAT AT SHANGHAI, DURING THE "DRAGON FESTIVAL," A QUAINT RELIGIOUS CEREMONY OBSERVED EVERY YEAR BY THE CHINESE.



THE "CELESTIAL DRAGON" ABOUT TO SWALLOW THE "SUN," WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO OCCUR ANNUALLY, ACCORDING TO CHINESE IDEAS.

Photos. by H. D. Cranston. Sent by E. J. W. Clements.

How to Get on.

[Some hints to CAPTAIN readers who contemplate entering on a commercial career.]

IF you are late in the morning, see that you leave punctually at night.

As a topic for conversation with chance acquaintances the weather is played out: chat about your firm's business.

Don't work too hard. You might knock yourself up, and good men are scarce.

Dress is an important question. Plenty of starch, a fancy vest, and a tartan tie are *de rigueur*.

There is no objection to your doing private correspondence during business hours. Always use the office stationery.

Keep a proper sense of your own importance. Having been in the "eleven," remember it is beneath your dignity to do "coolie" work.

Devote an hour in the morning to reading your newspaper. If its colour is pink, so much the better. The guv'nor will be glad to see you take an interest in Sport.

Practical jokes enliven the routine of business. They are generally played on the cashier, and help to remind him of you when the next list of advances is being made out.

A. S. (jun.)

Challenge Trophies.

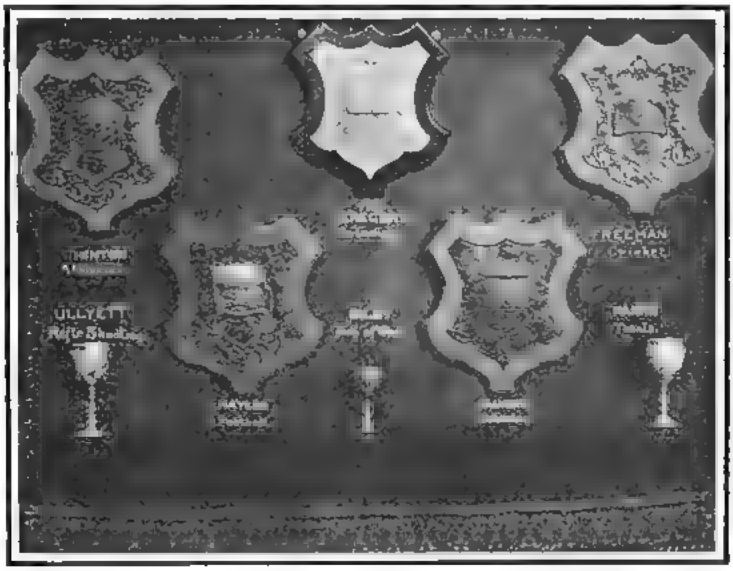
THE Haberdashers' Company's Hampstead School has an excellent set of challenge trophies for school competition, as shown in the accompanying photograph. The shields for athletics, football, and cricket are competed for amongst the "Houses." As there are no boarders, the "Houses" are formed by grouping together the

boys according to the initial letter of their surname. Thus, A to D comprise the "Crows," E to J the "Eagles," K to R the "Magpies," and S to Z the "Swifts."

The swimming-shields are awarded to the Forms with the best swimming averages, the "Gregory" being first, and the "Calvert" second. The "Bilby Cup" is also an interform trophy, for tug-of-war. The tennis and rifle-shooting cups are for individual competition.

In addition to the above, the Hampstead Haberdashers have held for the last two years the shield presented by the City of London Swimming and Life Saving Association.

G. X. C.



THE HABERDASHERS' COMPANY'S HAMPSTEAD SCHOOL SPORTS TROPHIES.

Photo. by H. W. Barr.

Army Nicknames.

THERE is hardly a regiment in the British army which is not known by some name other than its official one, and the history of many of these is very interesting.

The Life Guards were once known as the "Cheeses," because when the corps was remodelled in 1788 it was said that "it was no longer composed of gentlemen, but of cheesemongers." "Piccadilly Butchers" was another name the Life Guards earned for themselves during the riots of 1810.

"The Cherry Pickers" was the sobriquet given to the 11th Hussars owing to some of its men being captured in a fruit garden while on outpost duty in the Peninsula. Everybody knows the 17th Lancers as "The Death or Glory Boys." Colonel Hole chose as the crest of the regiment a "death's head" and added the words "or Glory" in memory of General Wolfe, with whom he had served in 1759, the date of the raising of the regiment.

"Sand-Bags" and "Coalheavers" are amongst the nicknames applied to the Grenadier Guards, the latter on account of the fact that they once enjoyed the privilege of working in plain clothes for hire in the coal trade.

"Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard" was the name accorded to the Royal Scots Regiment as the result of a dispute between it and the Picardy Regiment, in 1637, concerning the antiquity of the two corps. The latter are credited with having said that they were on duty the night after the Crucifixion, to which the Scots replied, "Had we been on duty, we should not have slept at our post."

The Spaniards dubbed the Norfolk Regiment "The Holy Boys" by reason of the figure of Britannia on their cross-belts, which was taken to represent the Virgin Mary. The Leicester Regiment is known as the "Bengal Tigers" from its badge, a green tiger, a distinction given to it after the Nepaulese War of 1814.

"The Nanny Goats" is the popular designation of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers by reason of the custom they observed, until about one hundred years ago, of having a goat led at the head of the drum. The Connaught Rangers were called "The Devil's Own" by General Picton, on account of their bravery in the face of the enemy.

The Medical Staff Corps are not inaptly termed the "Linseed Lancers" and "Poultice Whollopers."

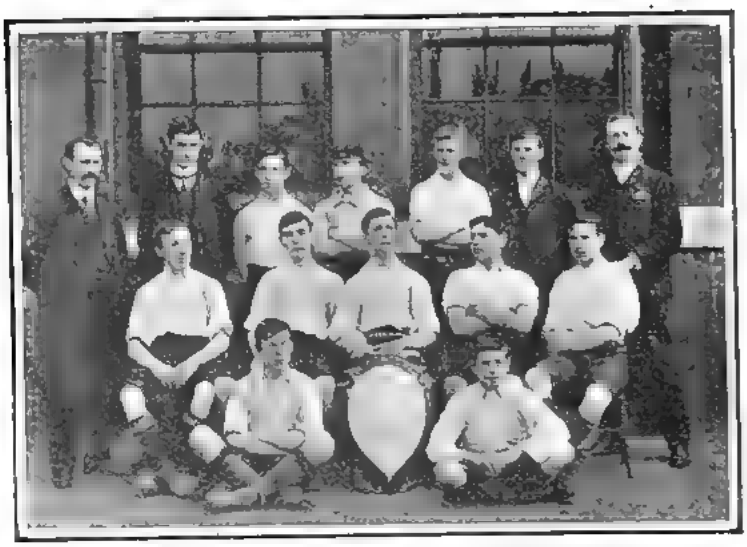
W. M. I.

Impressions of Canadian Farming.

SO much has been said and written on the subject of Canadian farming that a few words by one who has experienced the life may be of interest to CAPTAIN

readers. To any one thinking of taking it up for a livelihood, I would say "don't," unless to bridge over the period till he can get employment in his own profession; or in the eventuality of his acquiring a farm of his own, which latter requires capital. I arrived out here in February and engaged with a farmer in Northern Ontario. This part of the province, by the way, is very rugged and picturesque, many of the forests hardly having been touched by the lumberman's axe. For the first month the routine of work was briefly as follows: The farmer and I rose promptly at five o'clock. We went out to the cattle-stable, fed all the live-stock, and milked the dozen or so cows before breakfast. Having appeased our hunger we speedily hitched the horses to the sleigh and drove to the nearest wood. Notwithstanding the keen wintry air, we "peeled" to the vest and were soon at work felling trees and afterwards sawing them, with a double-handed saw, into logs two feet long to serve as fuel during the summer. This work, let me say, is pretty tough to the greenhorn, and he must think nothing of jumping into three feet of snow and sawing away at some tough old maple or cedar. This woodcutting in the winter is absolutely necessary, as the farmer cannot spare the time in the spring or summer from his field work. At six o'clock in the evening we loaded up and drove back to the farm-house for supper. You only get three meals a day on the farms out here—breakfast, dinner, and supper. After we had partaken of the latter there was the stock to be fed and the lacteal fluid to be extracted from the patient old "cow-bosses." This lasted till nine o'clock, when we retired and snatched eight hours slumber. In short, this extremely strenuous life did not suit the present scribe.

VICTOR MCQUILKIN (Toronto).



MILE-END PUPIL TEACHERS. WINNERS OF THE LONDON PUPIL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TROPHY, 1904–5.

Sent by P. T.

The Girl of To-day.

GIRLS of medieval days
Had their share of blame and praise,
But it seems to me—and others say the same—
That the maiden of to-day,
Let her do whate'er she may,
She invariably seems to get the blame.

For they try to din it in
That she's getting masculine,
And she's not to be compared with girls of yore;
Who were gentle, shy and coy,
Had not manners like a boy,
Or a voice that had developed to a roar.

She is blamed because her feet
Are not dainty and "petite"
(For she takes size sevens in all her boots and shoes)—
Just because she's got the sense
Not to put up with pretence,
And attempt to squeeze her foot in number two's.

Then this maid, some people say,
Thinks of nothing else but play,
And that needlework should occupy her mind.
But—I don't presume to preach—
She can do a bit of each
And be none the worse for either, you will find.

But the thing she's nagged about
Is the slang—which *will* come out;
And which causes more annoyance than her feet!
But if you give it just a thought,
Don't you think that "ripping sport"
Is a slight improvement on "divinely sweet"?

Now just leave the girls alone,
'Tend to matters of your own,
For your grumbling more or less begins to pall.
And we very well can guess,
So you might as well confess,
That you couldn't do without them after all.

E. M. HASKINS.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The Nelson Centenary.—On the afternoon of October 21, 1805, at a quarter past one, Admiral Nelson was struck by a bullet during the progress of the battle fought by the British fleet against the combined fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. At 4.30—when the fight had been practically won by the British—Nelson breathed his last. On this account October 21 has ever since been commemorated as "Nelson's Day," the lofty Column erected in Trafalgar Square being entwined with laurel, while massive wreaths are piled and hung around its base. This year being the centenary of the great sailor's death, it is only fitting that we of THE CAPTAIN should once more dwell upon the story of Nelson's career and of the victory which sealed it with unparalleled glory.

Nelson, like many others who have achieved fame, was a member of a large family—a family of eleven. His father was the rector of Burnham Thorpe, a little village in North-West Norfolk, not far from Sandringham. Though the house in which Horatio Nelson was born no longer exists, Burnham Thorpe may fitly be made the object of a healthy pilgrimage by wheel or on foot. In those days men lived a long time, and did not move about as they do in this restless age. The Rev. Edmund Nelson held the living of Burnham Thorpe for forty-six years. There he died, and was buried by his wife's side, and there his famous son expressed a wish to be buried, too, "unless it should please the King to order otherwise." And it did please the King, for, as most of my readers will be aware, Nelson was buried with much solemn pomp in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where, too, some seven-and-forty years later, his great contemporary, Wellington, was interred. Mr. Cuthbert Hadden, Nelson's latest biographer,* relates how, when quite a young boy, Nelson was dared by his young companions to go to Burnham Thorpe burial ground at midnight, and to bring back, in evidence of his having been there, a twig from the yew-tree standing beside the church. Horatio went, and came back with the twig—and this was no mean feat at a time when superstition was rife everywhere—especially in country places—and local gossip peopled churchyards with ghosts. That yew-tree is still in existence What boy, with true hero-worship in his blood, would not to-day think it well worth while to sally forth at midnight and obtain a clipping from it!

It is quite certain that had Nelson lived nowadays he would never have gained admittance to the Navy. He came of a weakly stock, apparently, and was more or less ailing all his life. Whenever he went to sea he was sick, and his weak health tinged his temperament with a confirmed melancholy. Not content with furnishing him with a poor constitution, Fate dealt him other blows, for he lost an arm and an eye in the service of his country. His arm was lacerated by a grapeshot at Santa Cruz. "Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments," he said; "I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." Possibly in these days of high medical skill that arm would have been saved, but in 1797 a badly wounded member was generally amputated. Without, of course, any anæsthetic, Nelson watched them take the limb off.

* *The Boy's Life of Nelson*, by J. Cuthbert Hadden. (Partridge and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Not many hours afterwards, Mr. Hadden informs us, he was writing a letter to Lord St. Vincent with his left hand. It will be news to many to hear that some time before he lost his arm Nelson had learnt how to write with his left hand.

An Uncle of the rector's son procured the boy's admission to the Royal Navy. A delicate and puny boy of twelve, "poorly and slenderly fitted out," Nelson went to London with his father on a cold spring morning in 1770. From London he had to proceed alone to Chatham, where, with the assistance of a naval officer who took compassion on the lonely lad wandering about in an aimless fashion, he found his uncle's ship and went aboard. Here he held no particular rank, it being the custom then to allow captains to carry young relations to sea as their "servants." Subsequently Nelson went to the West Indies on a merchant vessel, and later on to the Arctic regions, all this time picking up a knowledge of seamanship which proved invaluable in assisting his progress up the ladder of ambition. When he returned from the ice-bound seas of the North he was a thoroughly sound sailor, and his uncle used his interest to get him attached to a squadron fitting out for the East Indies. During this trip he was rated as a midshipman, and so became a full-blown naval officer. Thereafter, in spite of his battle with ill-health, he travelled steadily upwards, and was a post-captain by the time he was twenty-one! He saw much service in the tropics, took to himself a wife—a widow lady—in 1787, and soon after "paid off," as the naval term is. This means that for the time the Admiralty had no work for him to do, so, with his wife, he retired to his father's parsonage at Burnham Thorpe, and did not again go afloat till 1793.

LORD NELSON.

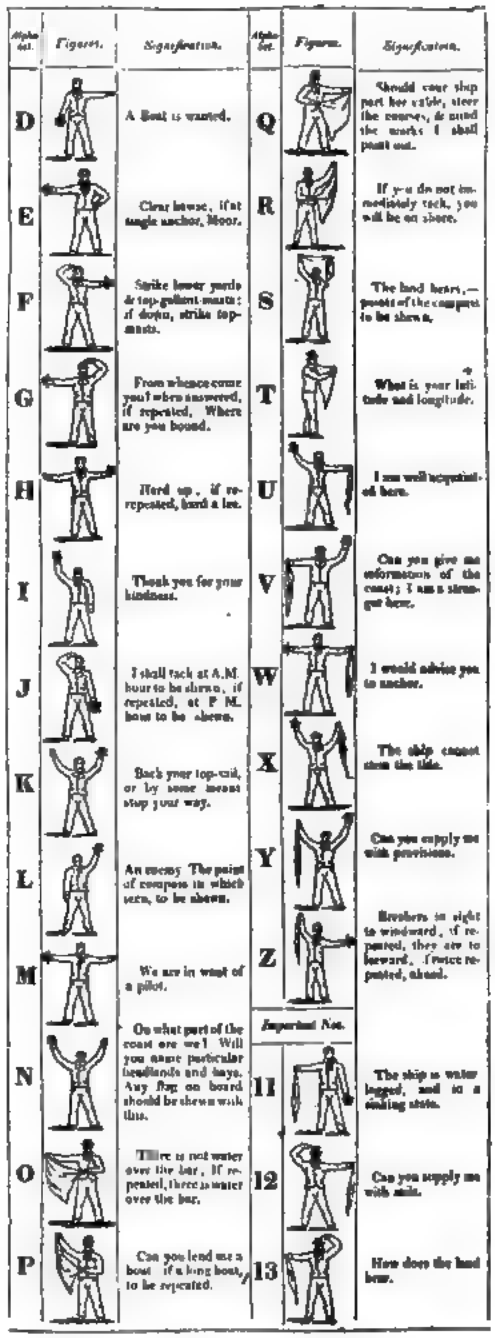
From a pictorial postcard published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, Limited.

This period of idleness is amazing to think of, for Nelson had already proved his worth. "Various reasons," says Mr. Hadden, "have been suggested for Nelson's failure to obtain a ship for five years, but they are all more or less conjectural. It was certainly curious that he was not commissioned in 1790, when almost the whole service was called out on account of some friction with Spain." Nelson was convinced that some prejudice existed against him at the Admiralty, and that the King held an unfavourable opinion of him. It is very possible that this was so, as Nelson was more than a little fond of his own way. The fact remains that this strenuous young officer spent some of the best years of his life—his early thirties—kicking up his heels in a drowsy Norfolk village. His half-pay amounted to £120 a year, and he had a little money of his own. Had his private means enabled him to dispense with his half-pay, there is no doubt that he would have given up the service in disgust. However, he lived on from month to month hoping against hope that his applications for a ship would be successful, and whiled away the long period of waiting with gardening and farming. He even went bird's-nesting, and scaled again the trees that he had climbed as a boy. It is a pity that Mr. Hadden did not see fit to give us more details of Nelson's life at this epoch, for it is difficult to conceive how such a marvel of nervous energy, as Nelson was, managed to exist for five years in a remote village like Burnham Thorpe. No doubt he went to London, and took the air on the coast occasionally, but the parsonage was his headquarters, and, though his father—now old and infirm—was delighted to have

his sailor son at home for a spell, for the old clergyman was very fond of Horatio, Nelson must have capered with joy when, on January 30, 1793, he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, which ship he subsequently declared to be "the best sixty-four in the service."

I have no space in which to recount at any length how Nelson, after this, went from success to success, and quickly made one of the biggest names in the Navy. Most people are now familiar with the tales of his daring career. It was at the battle of Cape St. Vincent that, in defiance of his admiral's orders, he brought his ship, the *Captain*, into action and engaged seven Spanish ships of the largest size. He himself had the smallest seventy-four in the British fleet, but that fact did not debar him from picking out and attacking the *Santissima Trinidad*, a mighty four-decker of one hundred and thirty-six guns, said to be the largest ship in the world. It was like a terrier assailing a mastiff. Of course, he got the worst of it, but even then, with his ship terribly battered and placed *hors de combat* as regards sailing, he determined to board the *San Nicolas*, which had become entangled with the *Santissima Trinidad*. In Mr. Hadden's excellently compiled biography you will find Nelson's own account of this adventure. Never did a daring move meet with more complete success. Nelson ends his account by relating how, when the Spanish officers surrendered their swords to him, he gave them, as he received them, "to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang froid*, under his arm."

It was on August 1, 1798, that Nelson won the Battle of the Nile, which feat gained him a peerage, large money grants, and numerous foreign decorations. His full title, by the way, was "Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe." After the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, he was created a viscount, and in 1803 he was appointed to the chief command of the Mediterranean fleet. He only quitted his flagship, the *Victory*, for three hours from May, 1803, to August, 1805—a period spent in the blockade of the French fleet in Toulon and in chasing it to the West Indies and back. Finally came Trafalgar—his crowning triumph—and his death.



A section of a chart, showing the system of signalling as introduced into the Royal Navy by Lieut. William Pringle Green, on October 3, 1812. Lieut. Green was a midshipman on H.M.S. *Conqueror*, at the battle of Trafalgar, and was promoted for his conspicuous bravery in that renowned action. We are enabled to reproduce the above through the courtesy of his son, Mr. John W W Green, Fleet Paymaster, R.N.

MR. F. C. SELOUS, THE FAMOUS HUNTER, WHO DESCRIBES IN THIS NUMBER HOW HE SHOT HIS FIRST ELEPHANT.
Photo, Elliott and Fry.

In the annals of British history no more fascinating hero than Nelson has ever appeared. What dazzles the mind more than anything else in the story of this greatest of sailors is his wondrous daring and his extraordinary self-confidence. His courage was not the bull-dog pluck of the unimaginative man; he was fully alive to the dangers that lay before him, and yet went on, to do or die. His battle-cry when he boarded the *San Nicolas*, for instance, was "Westminster Abbey or victory!" The tale of his career exemplifies what can be achieved by dauntless courage backed by quick-wittedness. He had his faults, but these we can afford to overlook. It is enough for us that he won Great Britain her queenship of the seas, a title which she has worthily retained to the present day.

Scholarship Competition.—For the benefit of new readers I am repeating the particulars of the Scholarship Competition announced last month. The Scholarship is of the value of £25, and is offered for competition among readers of THE CAPTAIN by Mr. James Munford, Director of Kensington College, an institution which makes a speciality of training members of both sexes for commercial life, private secretary work, &c. The competition takes the form of a general intelligence paper, and is open to all readers who have not, at the time

of entering, attained the age of twenty-two. Mr. Munford will himself adjudicate on the papers submitted, and wishes it to be known that extra marks will be given for good, clear handwriting, correct grammar and punctuation, and elegance of composition. The winner of this scholarship will be entitled to one year's training at the College and to a satisfactory appointment when qualified. No reply to a question is to exceed 400 words in length. Replies are to be written on ordinary foolscap paper, or paper of the kind used in school examinations, and only one side of the paper is to be used. The replies should be directed to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN in the usual way, the envelopes being marked "Scholarship - Appointment Competition." The competition is open to both sexes. In order to allow time for our Colonial readers to compete, the competition will remain open for three months, viz., until November 18, 1905.

It is an enterprising move on the part of the Director of Kensington College to offer this scholarship for competition, and I have no doubt that there will be a large number of entrants. A further inducement to compete takes the shape of extra prizes offered by THE CAPTAIN—*i.e.*, a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Eighteen; a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Sixteen; and a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a Colonial candidate. The following are the questions to be answered:

(1) Do you think too much time is given in our Public Schools to athletics? What is likely to be the result on the welfare of the nation if such be the case?
(2) What are the principal qualities of heart, mind, and body to which may be attributed the wonderful success of the Japanese? What is the real cause of the Russian defeat?
(3) What is knowledge? State clearly the use and abuse of books in the acquisition of the same.
(4) What is geography? Describe geographically any portion of England, large or small, with which you are *personally* acquainted.
(5) (*a*) Give a short historical account of the means by which the English people have secured their exceptional liberties; or (*b*) give a short account of the reign of Queen Victoria, with special reference to the advance in literature, science, arts, and manufactures.
(6) What living author may be said to hold out promise of being the most lasting of his generation?
(7) Comment on the saying, "Experentia docet."
(8) Divide 14,678,918 by 358.
(9) Multiply 3.4678 by .056789 correct to three places of decimals.
(10) A dealer marks his goods so as to allow himself 15 per cent. above the cost price, but gives his customers a reduction of 5 per cent. off the marked prices for ready money. What percentage of profit does he make on a cash sale?

School Sports Results, 1905.—At the Manchester Grammar School Sports, held on July 4, Mr. J. L. Paton, the High Master, instituted a system of bronze tokens in place of the usual cups and trophies. "If a boy, or a man," he said, "cannot compete in an event for the sheer honour of winning, he is no use. The boy who cannot be induced to race except for a cup is not wanted. . . . I want to see inculcated that spirit which characterises the interest in cricket, football, and lacrosse." There is something to be said for this innovation, but I hardly think other schools will make a similar change, for, after all, a bronze medal does not loom so large as a silver cup, and certainly cannot occupy such a prominent position on one's sideboard when one's running days are over. Below I append further sports results that have come to hand:

BRADFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. C. Whiteley, 5 min. 1¼ sec.
Half-mile.—T. G. P. Northwood, 2 min. 24⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—F. E. Steinthal, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—F. E. Steinthal, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—F. E. Steinthal, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—T. G. P. Northwood, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—E. T. Gleave, 17 ft. 7 in.
Cricket Ball.—A. S. Fairbank, 75 yd. 1 ft.
Weight.—F. E. Steinthal, 30 ft.

CARLISLE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—H. S. Higginson, 5 min. 31 sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. S. Higginson, 63⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—J. Graham, 12 sec.
High Jump.—G. Bott, 4 ft. 7½ in.
Long Jump.—W. T. Featherstone, 17 ft. 1 in.
Cricket Ball.—J. R. Bell, 84 yd. 9 in.

KING EDWARD VII. SCHOOL (LYNN).

One Mile.—A. C. Morton, 5 min. 20 sec.
Quarter-mile.—A. F. Ritchie, 58 sec.
220 Yards.—W. C. Morgan, 26 sec.
100 Yards.—W. C. Morgan, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—F. C. Hunter, 20⅗ sec.
High Jump.—W. C. Morgan, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—W. C. Morgan, 18 ft.
Cricket Ball.—C. E. Turner, 97 yd. 3 in.

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE UPPER SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. F. Rogers, 5 min. 16⅗ sec.
Half-mile.—W. H. Weightman, 2 min. 14 sec.
Quarter-mile.—G. F. Rogers, 55⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—G. S. A. Bishop, 25 sec.
100 Yards.—G. F. Rogers, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—F. B. Chavasse, 20 sec.
High Jump.—G. F. Rogers, 5 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump.—F. B. Chavasse, 17 ft. 9 in.
Cricket Ball.—D. Hobart, 81 yd. 1 ft.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL, OXFORD.

Mile.—Lee, 5 min. 17 sec.
Half-mile.—Acott, 2 min. 15 sec.
Quarter-mile.—Pearson, 58⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Jones (ii), 11⅘ sec.
High Jump.—Pearson, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—Pearson, 17 ft. 5½ in.
Cricket Ball.—Dawes, 72 yd.

MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—M. W. Paterson, 5 min. 26 sec.
Half-mile.—E. Walker, 2 min. 25 sec.
Quarter-mile.—A. Kirk, 60½ sec.
220 Yards.—A. Kirk, 26½ sec.
100 Yards.—A Kirk, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—V. Hassan, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—F. Sutton, 5 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump.—C. M. Howard, 17 ft. 5½ in.
Cricket Ball.—J. E. Rowbotham, 53 yd.

NEWTON ABBOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—J. Webb, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half-mile.—J. Webb, 2 min. 20⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. Ingham, 61 sec.
100 Yards.—J. Webb, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—J. Webb, 18 sec.
Long Jump.—G. C. Maclaren, 15 ft. 1½ in.
Cricket Ball.—J. Webb, 80 yd.

NORMANTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—F. M. Dixon, 6 min. 5 sec.
Quarter-mile.—J. A. Wood, 63 sec.
220 Yards.—J. A. Wood, 29 sec.
100 Yards.—E. H. Dixon, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles (100 Yards).—E. H. Dixon, 16⅘ sec
High Jump.—E. H. Dixon, 4 ft. 8 in.
Long Jump.—E. H. Dixon, 15 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—T. L. Lees, 78 yd.

POCKLINGTON SCHOOL.

Quarter-mile.—Dalton (major), 59 sec.
120 Yards.—Marks, 12⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Dalton (major), 11⅘ sec.
High Jump.—Dalton (minor), 4 ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump.—Dalton (minor), 17 ft. 3 in.

KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN, SPORTS RECORDS.

Mile.—R. Edwards, 4 min. 48 sec.
Quarter Mile.—D. Young, 52 sec.
100 Yards.—L. A. Bruce, 10½ sec.
Hurdles (120 yards).—F. M. Hobbs (1885), 17 sec.
High Jump.—C. Gill, 5 ft. 6 in.
Long Jump.—R. Bruce, 21 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—Lamothe (1885), 109 yd. 2 ft.
Weight.—E Dickson (1893), 33 ft. 10½ in.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sirrom" sends me his first attempt in poetry. Having read it, I am left with a sort of sorrowful feeling in my heart, for, although "Sirrom" is evidently one of THE CAPTAIN'S best well-wishers, and has been inspired to verse-making by the glories of our thirteenth volume, it is palpable that "Sirrom" is *not* a poet. Nevertheless, I print his poem. Whatever "Sirrom" does hereafter, he will always be able to say that *one of his poems has been published.* And this is the poem:

THE LUCKY THIRTEENTH.

Listen, readers of THE CAPTAIN, boys and old boys the world o'er,
And tell your friends who are not of the treat they have in store
By purchasing the thirteenth vol.
Of the splendid magazine edited by the Old Fag:
It will cause the hours to brighten and the moments ne'er to lag,
When the holiday's forsaken by Old Sol.

There is heaps of sound advice, from the editorial pen,
Intended to develop boys into real manly men
(Though he never really preaches, the Old Fag);
And many a kind encouragement to readers, high or low,
From the optimistic point of his fountain pen doth flow—
At times, indeed, he's something of a wag.
[*Thank you.* O. F.]

For fellows who to sports and games are naturally inclined,
There is every month an article, crammed with good things, from the mind
Of the man who brought the precious "ashes" back.
The gentleman I refer to is the versatile "Plum" Warner,
Who is ably following Mr. Fry in the old Athletic Corner:
Of explaining shots and strokes, he has the knack.

You say it's stamps, not runs, that you collect? Oh, very well;
Then let me recommend you, sir, to Mr. Nankivell:
His philatelic knowledge is unique.
There's a special den for naturalists, and sensible reviews
Of the latest books for boys, which instruct or which amuse.
He's rather smart, that literary "beak."

The enthusiastic camera fiend, and the ardent cycling man,
Mr. Williams caters for, and unfolds the happy plan
Of touring with a lens and two speed gear;
While the splendid lot of authors the Old Fag has at command,
Together with the artists, the finest in the land,
Make THE CAPTAIN, as a mag., without a peer.

There is humorous Mr. Wodehouse, with his healthy "men of Wrykyn;"
Far western tales; while some will find the very sort they like in
Mr. Ellbar's naval yarns, O.H.M.S.
The serial tale, "John Baywood," is replete with incident,
And though with the Hickson system you may possibly dissent,
I'm sure you'll like the stories none the less.
"SIRROM."

"Conjunctions."—I fear your letter is too vague to answer very satisfactorily. You should have quoted examples to show your exact difficulty. It is perfectly correct to begin a sentence after a full-stop with what is called a governing conjunction, such as *when, if, because,* &c., as, though the sentence actually stands first in order, it is really joined in sense to the principal sentence which follows, and the order might easily be reversed, *e.g.*, "*When* it is fine, I will go out." Or "I will go out, *when* it is fine." The second order shows the force of the conjunction more clearly, but both are absolutely correct. Provided that the sentences which the conjunction joins are not separated by a full-stop it is quite permissible to begin with the conjunction if the sense is kept perfectly clear. As I said before,

we must have definite examples properly to appreciate the difficulty.

"Youth."—We have answered "art" queries in several numbers. Look back. Don't make "art" your career unless you possess talents beyond the ordinary. Even then you would find no little difficulty in earning a living.

"Dear Old Fag,—This is my first long letter to you, but I have read THE CAPTAIN since early in 1903. I always take great interest in the answers you give to correspondents, although I sometimes cannot agree with you. In the June number you advised some one to disregard physical culture —dumb-bells, &c. I and many friends have benefited greatly by strictly carrying out Sandow's System, and I do not see how a boy can become really strong and healthy without training of this kind. Any one who, entirely disregarding the necessary development of his muscles and physical bodily training, merely indulges in cricket, football, and other sports, benefits very little by those sports. I was very delicate and frail when I was about ten years of age, and sports did me no good, but I am now strong and fit (thanks to Sandow), and have had no illness of any sort for three years. My height is unusual—I measure 5 ft. 9½ in. (barefooted), and am only fifteen years old. I grew very rapidly, but am now getting much stronger and broader. Hoping that you are in good health, I am, dear Old Fag, yours very sincerely, 'Mooroolbark' (Melbourne, Australia)."—All I can say is that I am very pleased to hear that "Mooroolbark" has benefited so greatly from physical culture. I still, however, adhere to my original statement, *i.e.*, that in my opinion the ordinary outdoor games are the best and healthiest "developers."

Nottinghamshire to Argentina.—In a mild way we endeavour to help readers who write asking for information and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. We are always glad to give such information as we possess, and we are well rewarded by the grateful epistles we receive in return. Some twelve months ago a Nottinghamshire reader wrote in asking about the chances of railway employment in foreign climes. This is not the sort of information even an O. F is well up in, so we sent the letter to a good-hearted friend of ours who knows not a little about foreign railways. Our friend told us all he knew concerning railway employment abroad, and the result was that we wrote to our Nottinghamshire reader advising him to turn his attention to South America. Not long ago he wrote to say that he decided to take our advice, and, by way of a beginning, started to learn Spanish. This occupied his spare time during last winter. When he was fairly forward in his study of the tongue, he felt himself qualified to apply for a post on a South American railway. This he did, and, as luck had it, the manager of that railway happened to take a trip to England soon after, and on his arriva, here arranged an interview with our correspondent, and subsequently offered him an engagement. The offer was accepted, and our reader sailed from Southampton early in August. Our congratulations and good wishes went with him. The moral is that you must do a thing thoroughly if you want to get on. We advised this young fellow to turn his attention to South America, which is largely Spanish in its people and language, and he promptly set to work to learn Spanish. In this strenuously competitive age it is this type of man which forges ahead: sitting with your hands in your lap waiting for "something to turn up" isn't any good at all. From Notts to Argentina is a far cry, but we know that among our "constant readers" we shall have no more faithful or constant reader than our friend that we advised, who—lucky chap!—is now wearing a wide-brimmed sun-hat, while we are ordering in tons of coal for the winter!

Swimming at Public Schools.—"Pauline" writes: "Swimming and polo are very popular at St. Paul's. Last year we played several matches. We drew against the Oxford University 'A' team in the hundred yards, beat them in the two lengths team race, but lost at polo. We beat Dulwich in swimming and at polo, Charterhouse in swimming and diving, and in the race against Harrow we won by 30 yd. The Old Paulines beat us in swimming by half a yard, and we drew at polo. This is really very good, as the O. P.'s had an Irish Polo International playing for them. Of five matches, we won three, lost one, and drew one."

"S. M. M." writes: "May I point out an objection to Arthur G. Negus' 'Easy Way of Saving a Drowning Person'? I have noticed persons being taught to swim by being pulled quickly across a swimming-bath from the opposite side. As long as the rope was drawn *quickly*, the beginner could keep his head above water, but if he was only being drawn slowly across he began to sink. Applying this to a drowning person, it is obvious that unless the rescuer be an exceptionally strong swimmer, and can swim very fast even when he is towing some one behind him, the drowning person will be drawn along with his head under the water. The average swimmer does not go fast at any time, and when towing some one else would probably move very slowly. The drowning person would doubtless be brought ashore by this means, but in an unconscious condition, and would most probably lose his hold after a minute or so."

E. J. M. (Temple): Mr. B. Beasley, Brampton Park, Huntingdon, undertakes to cure stammering. Write to him for particulars.

Kirriemarian. — I question whether tea-planters ever advertise vacancies, but if they do the journals they would favour would probably be the *Field*, *Daily Telegraph*, and the principal Anglo-Indian papers. The greatest caution must be exercised in selecting a person with whom to become a pupil.

"Southern Cross."—(1) I have received a number of complaints about the Colonial Competitions. One reader says Colonials ought to have as good prizes as British readers, and another, an Australian reader, like yourself, declares that he hasn't time to get his competitions in by the date given. As regards the first complaint, it must be clear to all you Colonial readers that we can't offer for competition among a few hundred colonials prizes similar to those competed for by a vastly greater number of British readers. As to the second complaint, you will observe that I am extending the time limit by a month. (2) Your essay is not original, being inspired by an essay which has already appeared in the CAPTAIN. Do try and make up something all out of your own head. That is the only kind of thing that merits attention and reward.

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: "Faultfinder," P. T. O'Kell, B. Weaver, W. J. Goodbrand.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"'Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK No. 2 "FLASH" CAMERA: Constance H Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. T Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. A. Kerridge, Mary I. Wilson, May MacCowen Hall, G. S. Hunt, Edith M. Nanson, W. S. Jackson, Margaret Hoare.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Percival Dacre, Passaic, St. Flora's Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Lottie Tucker, South Cliff, Malvern Wells.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert Albrow, Victoria T. Down, Gwendolen Okeden, Dorothy Nanson, E. L. Blakley, Bernard Weiver.

CLASS III (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Mirston, 13 Denman Drive, Newsham Park Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION A. L. Crofield, Kathleen Palethorpe, Emmeline d Auvergne, Alan L. Miller, F. D. Cadell, A. D. Skinner, Norah E. Childs, C. M. Miller, W. H Palethorpe.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Cat or Dog."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Olive C. Hacbutt, The Grange, Bathampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Varley, John B. Hall, A. J Wydall, Nora Simmonds, Marion Hill.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Frieda E. Myers, "Parkfield," St. Asaph, North Wales.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred Cooke, Greystone Road, Benketh, nr. Warrington, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E Burton, Bernard J Harris, David Westwood, George A. Bell, George W. Tanner, J Craigie Bone, V. E. M'Cullagh, L. E. Horton, S. Webster, G. Mackenzie, A. Meeres, John Grier, T. Webb.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Gladys M. Hynes, 81 Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Scott, Ernest Mould, George Taylor, Sydney Hassell, G. W. Robertson, Frank Farrell. H F Walton, P. C. L. Bone, Edith Moncrieff, Charles Bennett, Edgar Heckley, Tom Cowell, Sidney M. Smith, Edgar Osborne, George Taylor, A. S. Abercromby, James Cape, George Butterfield.

No. III.—"An August Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN W. H. L. Gronow, 10 Shortridge Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Eric Moore Ritchie, 1 Wynnstay Grove, Fallowfield, Manchester; Margaret J. C. Reid, 64 Osborne Place, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION J R Bird, A. Tapply, P. J. Dacre, G Austen Taylor, Harold Scholfield, Harold Morris, P. F. Williams, H B Heginbottom, J. W. Smith, A. H. Lodge, Benjamin Corbyn, Gertie Bird.

CLASS II (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: James McGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry Oliver, 3 Kensington Road, Lytham, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Morris, H. B. Champion, J. J. Shell, A. J. Turner, Hugh L. Ivall, Reginald Lamb, A. W. Fox, Evelyn Palethorpe, J. Brimelow, H. Middleton Smith, Alice M. Cox, J. M. Beattie, R. G. White, George Chambers.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Eyre S. Carter, Manor Farm, Farnborough, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry Lawler, John H. Patrick, Roland M. Young, Eileen D. E. Harland, Harold C. Machon, F. W. Gillatt, David M. Berry.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert M. Williams, (jun.) F. Herbert, the Rev. H. D. Nicholson, M.A., M. J. C. Simpson, George Milne, Constance N Daly, Charles F Shaw, R. W. Copeman, Mrs. Herbert Bindley, George H. Durnford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Bernard Meldrum, "Eversley," Bowdon.

HONOURABLE MENTION Ernest Townsend, W. J. Watt, G. S. B. Cushnie, D. Douglas Wilson, H. J Hutchings, Percy E. Klitz, Edgar Goodman, M R. Eaton, E. W. Blyth.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Winifred G. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, co. Down, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Russell Sadd, T. A. Pimm, Morley Copeman, A. E. Chard, Stanley Broughton, George T. Cargey, Arthur W. Fox, G. F. Stephenson, L. Foster, W. A. Page, T. H. Stern, George F. Bourne.

No. V.—"Fill-ups"

(No age limit.)

WINNERS OF SIX-SHILLING BOOKS: Ethel M Kempson, 27 Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow; L. W. Butler, Vesey House, Sutton Coldfield, nr Birmingham; Kathleen Palethorpe, Saleby Grange, Alford, Lincs.

HONOURABLE MENTION, Maud M. Lyne, W. F. Curtis, L. Coldicott, W. E. Turner, Edgar A. Peers, Ursula M Peak, W. A. L. Gronow, S. B. Wood, Rev. H. Percival Harris, William J. Allum, Miriam Hewitt, H. D. Rvalls.

No. VI.—"Twelve Best Advertisements."

(No age limit.)

WINNERS OF 5s.: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.; S. J. Butthield, 30 Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E., William Smith, 38 Colchester Terrace, Sunderland, Reginald T Bucknell, 38 Dunster Gardens, Brondesbury, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hildred Baker, W. H. Warren, J. W. Smith, A. M. Cox, T. V. Tupholme, M. B. Leamon, Norah Disney, Maud Mutland, Percy T Lovejoy, Percy Moynihan, H. Easton, W. Seymour Harvie, C. Clarke.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(July.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. A. Lindo, Bank of Nova Scotia, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION. W J Perrott (Cape Town), H. Morris, J. G. Kelshall, S. Westmore James (Trinidad), H. Goodbrand (Natal), M W Rosenthal (Transvaal).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. Morris, Moulton Hall School, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—M W. Rosenthal.

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Sybil E. Hastings, Amraoti Camp, Berar, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION. B. Smellie (India), L. H. Burket (Canada), Fitzherbert Howell.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Fitzherbert Howell, 62 Henry Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—R. H. Tucker (India), Katie Whitman (Canada), E. J. W. Clements (China).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Frank Brierly, 13 Stanmore Avenue, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—G F. Proctor (Trinidad).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the August Competitions.

No. I.—Special mention should be made of the neat and artistic Birthday Books submitted by Constance Greaves, C. T. Down, and Percival Dacre. There are a certain number of competitors who still take no notice of the season in which the months fall, and others whose quotations are much too long.

No. II.—The prize-winning entries in each Class were very well executed drawings (from life, the sketches in Class II. being particularly good.)

No. III.—The "Essay" Comp. appears to be as popular as ever, and a high standard is maintained, in Class I. especially. The favourite subjects chosen this month were the Battles of Crecy, Blenheim, and the Nile, the Birth of Sir Walter Scott, and the Visit of the French Fleet.

No. IV.—Some very clever photographic studies were submitted in all Classes.

No. V.—A number of interesting selections from all kinds of sources were sent in, and the task of discrimination was no easy one. The prize-winning quotations were taken from "Rodney Stone," Henry Newbolt's poems, Lubbock's "Use of Life," and "Selections from Charles Kingsley."

No. VI.—The winning list of most popular advertisements, decided by vote, is as follows:

(1) Nestlé's Milk.
(2) Pears' Soap.
(3) Oxo.
(4) Bovril.
(5) Reid's Stout.
(6) Bird's Custard Powder.
(7) Rowntree's Cocoa.
(8) Peter's Milk Chocolate.
(9) Black Cat Cigarettes.
(10) Sunlight Soap.
(11) Hoe's Sauce.
(12) *Lloyd's News.*

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

BOXES OF SURPRISES

Containing: 1 Squeaker, 1 Squeaking Baby, 1 Howling Baby, 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Serpent, 1 Coon with Tie, 1 Balloon. Price **6d.**, post free, **7d. LARGER BOX,** containing 1 Flying Serpent, 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Howling Baby, 1 Blowout Cigar, 2 Squeakers, 1 Endless Wire, 1 Coon with Collar, 1 Coon with Tie, 1 Squeaking Baby, 2 Balloons, 1 Fifi. Price **1/-**, post free, **1/3.** A the above blow out, and some squeak.

HAMLEY'S SPECIALITY

Hamley's Box of FLYING SAUSAGES. Each box contains 7 Flying Sausages. Price **6d.** per box, post free, **7d.** Singly, **1d.** each, post free. **2d.**

A WOODEN PIPE

is held in the mouth, and when this is blown, an Elephant's Head appears.

Very laughable and amusing.

Price **6d.**, post free, **8d.**

The same can be had with a Monkey's Head.

Price **6d.**, post free, **8d.**

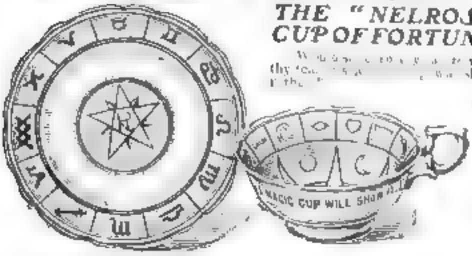
INDIARUBBER SURPRISE EGG

When, by Squeezing same, a Chicken pops up.

Very Amusing and Comical. Price **6d.**, post free, **7d.**

THE "NELROS" CUP OF FORTUNE

[illegible] with thy [illegible] show [illegible]

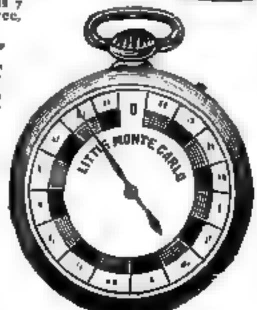


These words encircle a fortune-telling Tea Cup of quaint, old-fashioned shape, designed to successfully realise the old superstition of telling fortunes by tea leaves.

The Saucer contains the signs of the "Zodiac," which are in turn ruled by the planets within the cup.

A concisely written and illustrated book accompanies each cup.

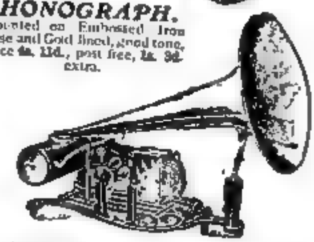
Price **2s. 11d.**, post free. **3s. 6d.**



The "Monte Carlo" Pocket Roulette. A very handy little article for a railway Journey. Perfectly accurate. Price **2s. 11d.**, postage, **4d.** extra. Superior quality **5s. 6d.**, post free, **5s. 10d.**

STRONG PHONOGRAPH.

Mounted on Embossed Iron Base and Gold lined, good tone. Price **4s. 11d.**, post free, **1s. 3d.** extra.



The "Triumph" Phonograph

Fitted on polished Wood Box with Nickel Base with reversible lid enabling Phonograph to be packed inside the box. Price **10s. 6d.**, post free, **1s. 6d.** ex. Edison Bell Cylinders for the above, Comic Songs, Recitations, Bands, &c. Price **1s.**, post free. **1s. 3d.** Gold rimmed ditto. Price **1s. 6d.**, post free, **1s. 9d.** Sent by post at purchaser's risk.

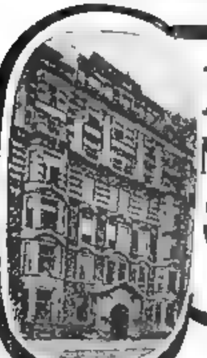
HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

6d., post free, **8d.**

Packet of Magic Flowers, Surprise Watch, The Magnetic Top, Packet of Meteor Balloons, Packet of Card Dominoes, Box of Patience Cards, The Skyscraper.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES, LONDON.

510a & 512 Oxford St., Nr. Marble Arch; 59 Knightsbridge, Nr. Albert Gate; 202 Regent Street, Nr. Oxford Circus; 35 New Oxford Street, W.C.; 231 High Holborn, W.C.; 86 & 87 High Holborn, W.C.



Pitman's Metropolitan School:

THE AVENUE TO BUSINESS SUCCESS.

ARE YOU COMPETENT?

In this age you need to be fully equipped with a sound commercial education [illegible] you wish to obtain success in business. How many people think they are competent [illegible] are sadly deficient [illegible] commercial [illegible] **Pitman's Metropolitan School,** Southampton Row, London, [illegible] most up-to-date business school [illegible] over 70 qualified teachers [illegible] positions every year [illegible] men and women [illegible] Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping [illegible] and up-to-date business methods [illegible] and other examinations [illegible]

You can study at home. Appointments obtained without charge. Prospectus No. 129 sent free upon request.

THE LARGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

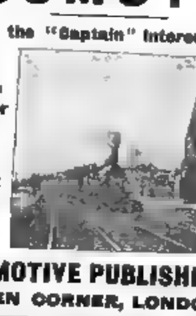
DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

LOCOMOTIVES

All readers of the "Captain" interested in RAILWAYS and LOCOMOTIVES, should send for one of our volumes, containing about 250 pages and over 1000 illustrations of Railway Locomotives, Carriages, Stations and Scenes. Sent Post Free, 1s. 6d.



THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

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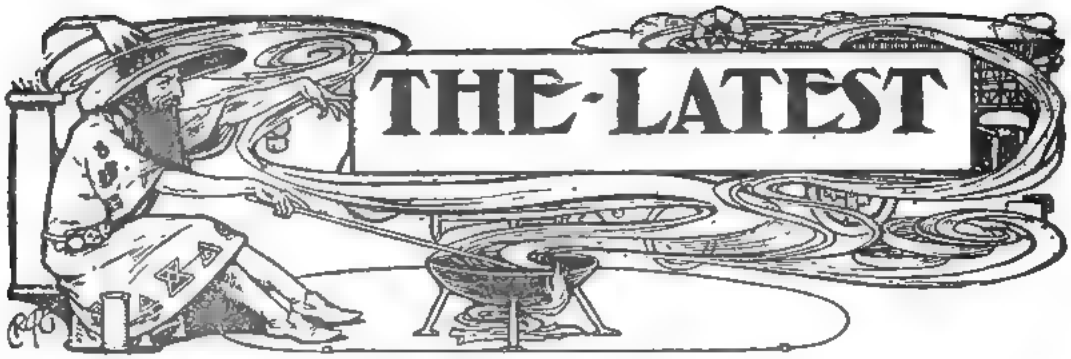
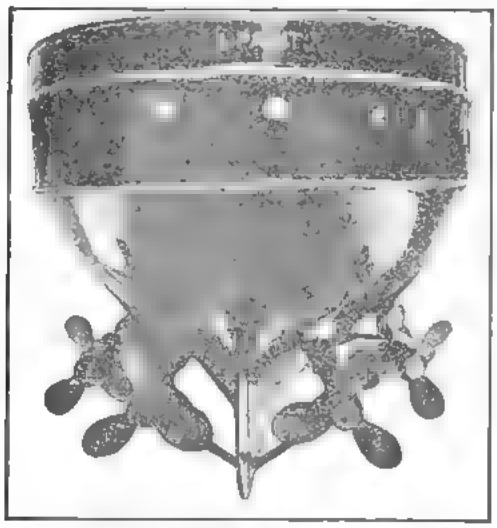


Across the Atlantic in Three Days.

ONE of the most interesting exhibits at this year's exhibition at Earl's Court is a model

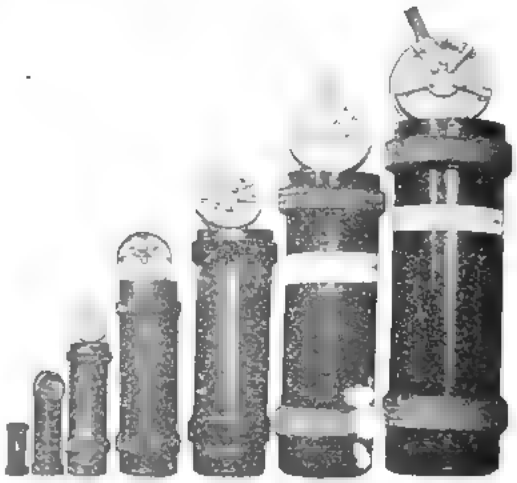


THE PATENT PAINTON STEAMER.

of a passenger vessel designed by Mr. Richard Painton. The vessel is to be driven by rows of propellers—sixteen altogether—placed along the sides and stem of the vessel. Steam-power will be used, but merely to generate electricity; for each propeller will be worked by an independent motor. This invention has been carefully examined by the naval authorities of several nations, and a bill is to be brought before the United States Parliament to vote the money for two men-of-war to be built on the Painton principle.

Parcels Tubes for London.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made to get Parliamentary sanction for a great system of pneumatic despatch tubes for the carriage of parcels under the streets of London. The accompanying photographs show this system of parcels transport as actually in use in America.



PARCEL CARRIERS FOR PNEUMATIC TUBES.

DESPATCHING CARRIERS IN PNEUMATIC TUBES.

THE MUCH DISCUSSED NOVEL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE

HUGH RENDAL

A Public School Story

By LIONEL PORTMAN

Second Impression
Now Ready

6s.

A Clever and Amusing Cambridge Story.

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Undergraduate

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Vew and Cheap Edition, **2s. 6d.** *net.*

The *Birmingham Post* says: "Daring in conception, and not far short of perfect in detail, 'Peter Binney, Undergraduate' is the best story of University life in humorous vein since the days of 'Verdant Green.'"

***THE CRITICS** are unanimous in declaring that "Hugh Rendal" is the best Public School story that has been written in recent years.*

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

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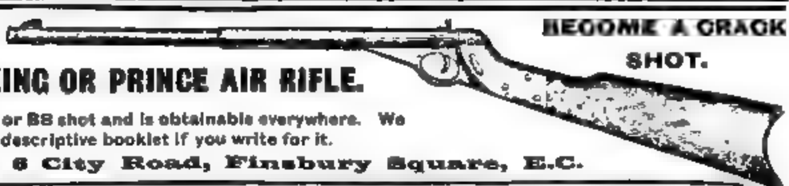

BECOME A CRACK SHOT.

THE KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

3/6 each.

Shoots Darts or BB shot and is obtainable everywhere. We will send you descriptive booklet if you write for it.

MARKT & CO., 6 City Road, Finsbury Square, E.C.

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP

MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound TECHNICAL and GENERAL EDUCATION to boys desirous of entering the MERCANTILE MARINE and other professions. SEVERAL NOMINATIONS TO ROYAL NAVAL CADETSHIPS UNDER BOTH THE "OLD" AND "NEW" (OSBORNE) SCHEMES OF NAVAL EDUCATION. - Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and Prospectus apply to the Commander,
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Delightful and profitable as a hobby or profession. The **Press Art School** gives thorough instruction by correspondence in all branches of magazine and newspaper illustration. Copyright system. Pupils' drawings placed. Particulars free—Secretary, 128 Drakefell Road, New Cross, London, S E.

NELSON AND THE BEAR—RAPHAEL TUCK.

The Latest in Picture Postcards.

THIS month, instead of devoting all our space to illustrations and notes about the latest inventions and curiosities, we have also found room for reproductions in black and white of some of the latest and best examples of British-made pictorial postcards.

The picture postcard, whilst promoting correspondence and filling the coffers of the Postmaster-General to overflowing, seems also to have put the last nail in the coffin of the lost art of letter-writing. However, in these days of rapid travel, friends and relations see one another far more frequently than was the case forty or even twenty years ago. In fact, nowadays there would be hardly time to read, much less to write, the long letters of grandfather's days. Friendships are not a whit less warm than in the past, only their temperature is not to be measured by letters.

Really, the picture postcard has filled a rapidly widening breach. Two dozen picture postcards a year are, after all, surely a better link than a drawn out letter once in six months! The picture postcard is short and sweet. The message is brief, but the picture is pleasing and causes the card to be preserved when ordinary letters would be laid aside.

It is useless to mourn over what has gone beyond recall. If letter-writing is a lost art, is not the picture postcard easing the burden of national taxation? The old order giveth place to the new, and in the case of the picture postcard the new may be pretty, humorous, artistic, and even instructive, as your taste demands.

DEATH OF NELSON—RAPHAEL TUCK.

RAGLAN CASTLE—SMITH, SAUNDERS AND CO.

"Model Railways."

UNDER the above title, Messrs. W. J. Bassett Lowke and Co., the well-known model engine builders of Northampton, have issued a most useful handbook on model locomotives and railway equipment. This booklet, which is published at sixpence, is not a trade catalogue in disguise, but a really readable volume. It tells you how to select and lay out any description of model railway.

WELLS CATHEDRAL—SMITH, SAUNDERS AND CO.

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Billiards at Home

RILEY'S

Billiard & Dining Tables Combined (Patented).

In Solid Mahogany, with Dining Table Top in three parts. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards this table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

Specification. [illegible] Mahogany Legs and Sides, [illegible] Cushions fitted with [illegible] Frost-proof Rubber, Best Slate Bed covered with [illegible] Netted Pockets, [illegible] Brass Adjustments for [illegible] Marking Board with [illegible] Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, Rest, [illegible] Tips, Cement, &c.

Size of Billiard Table	Size of Dining Table	CASH PRICES	Or in 13 Monthly Payments of
6ft. [illegible]	5ft. 8in.	£13 10 0	24s.
6ft. [illegible]	6ft. [illegible]	15 0 0	26s. 6d.
7ft. [illegible]	7ft. [illegible]	18 10 0	32s. 6d.
8ft. [illegible]	[illegible]	24 10 0	43s.

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

FREE. Full [illegible] Catalogue with Illustrations of all kinds of [illegible] Billiard and Dining Tables, [illegible] full size Tables and Sundries.

THE RECORD BREAK in 1904 was 788 by Stevenson, and in 1905, 821 by Roberts, both on RILEY'S Tables.

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All Correspondence to Works and Head Offices
E. J. RILEY, Limited, Accrington.

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

SCHOOLS

For Boys and Girls, England and Abroad.

"The child is father of the man," says Wordsworth, and so well recognised has the truth of this become that the words now pass as an axiom of our language.

Future success depends on present-day training. How vitally necessary, then, that parents should give the most careful attention to the choice of schools for their sons and daughters.

Messrs. Marshall & Farrar have an intimate knowledge, acquired by personal inspection, of all the leading schools. They will be pleased at all times to send (entirely free of charge) prospectuses and all information required on receipt of enquiry stating age and sex of prospective pupil, district preferred, and the approximate fees parents are willing to pay.

MARSHALL & FARRAR, (Dept. C.) **119 Victoria St., Westminster, London, S.W**

A Storm in a Swimming-bath.

In Munich, Germany, there is a large bath where the sea is imitated by means of sea salt added to fresh water, and an ingenious electrical contrivance which beats the water at frequent intervals, causing big waves to roll along the bath. The size of the waves is regulated by the switch controlling the electric machine.

THE LATEST IN SWIMMING-BATHS.

A Correction.

Mr. Alfred Huth, Fosbury Manor, nr. Hungerford, writes: "I am obliged by your notice of my spring bicycle tyre in 'The Latest' department of your magazine for August, but must, however, request you to be so good as to correct the last paragraph, which is calculated to do me an injury. The invention was made long before the anti-sideslip trial was ever thought of, and you altogether ignore the fact that the competing devices had afterwards to go through an endurance trial of 400 miles in four successive days, in which my tyres proved their all-round efficiency. There is nothing a pneumatic can do, except puncture, that the Syrinx tyre does not do better."

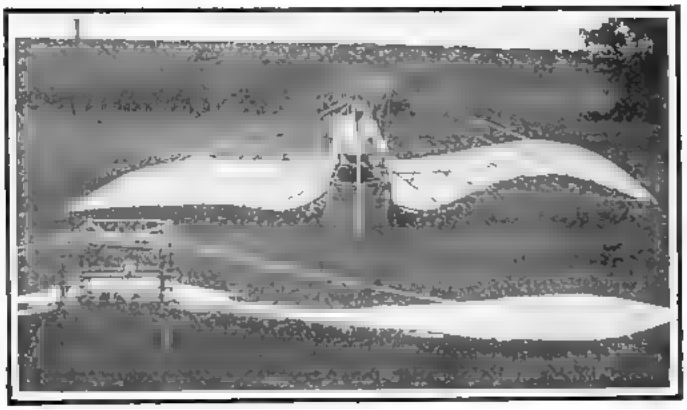
We must express regret for having criticised Mr. Huth's invention in the manner referred to. Had we been in possession of the facts the inventor now sends, our comments would naturally have been of a different tenour.

Our Biggest Battleship.

The *Dreadnought*, the building of which is to be begun at Portsmouth Dockyard this month, will be the biggest battleship belonging to Britain or any other country. Her displacement will be 18,000 tons, and her speed twenty knots an hour; her engines being driven by turbines. In the design of this great warship full advantage has been taken of the lessons taught by the naval battles in the Far East. She will carry ten 12-in. guns of the latest type, each throwing three 850-lb. shells every two minutes with a muzzle velocity of over 2500 ft. a second. No battleship has hitherto been fitted with more than four of these weapons. Her striking power will thus be more than equal to that of any two warships now afloat. This vessel, the largest and most powerful in offence and defence ever constructed, will be built, from the laying of the keel plates to the hoisting of the pennant, in a period of sixteen months. This will be very quick work, for from thirty to thirty-six months is the average time taken to build a large battleship. The cost will be nearly two millions sterling.

Experiments in Flying.

The bird-like apparatus on this page is not a new flying machine, but an interesting contrivance with which Mr. Edgar Wilson has recently been experimenting at Wembley Park, near London. He hopes soon to build a real flying machine embodying "new" ideas in aerial navigation.



"EDGAR, THE EAGLE."

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GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS

One may enter upon a course of instruction, under the personal direction of Mr. Munford, with the absolute certainty of securing a profitable Secretarial or Commercial appointment when proficient. So thorough is the system of training—covering, as it does, such subjects as Shorthand, Typewriting, book-keeping, modern languages, office management, and secretarial technique—that pupils from this College instantly obtain larger salaries and secure appointments more readily than do pupils of any other institution. WE claim—and we are prepared to prove our assertion—that for the past eighteen years we have found a satisfactory position for EVERY ONE of our qualified students. Such a claim cannot be made by any other college. For this reason, therefore, Kensington College should be given the earnest consideration of parents and guardians and of every young man or woman desirous of entering upon a successful career. *Write for "Booklet C.*

"... for the services of the students had exceeded the total number in the College by 30. All the students sent up for the different examinations had passed."

Times, July 17, 1905.

KENSINGTON COLLEGE
143 QUEEN'S ROAD, . . .
BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.

AND ITS GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS.

Established 1789. Model Makers to the Admiralty.

WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES, RACING YACHTS, ETC.

Tested under Steam and Guaranteed

SCALE MODELS of the **Principal Express** Engines (British made) of **L. & N. W. Ry., C. Ry., L. & S. W. Ry., G. N. Ry., M. Ry.**, &c., gauge 2½in., length 25in. Fitted with pair outside **D.A.S.V. Cylinders**, Eccentrics, **Guides**, Connecting Rods, Cross Heads, Brass **Tubular** Boilers, with **Smoke Box**, Steam Whistle, **Glass Water Gauge**, Dome, **Wheel Steam Valve, Safety Valve, Steam Pressure Gauge**, Reverses from Foot Plate, complete with Tender, Spirit Tank, &c., **95/6, 77/6, 75/6,** and **70/-**, carriage free. 30ft. oval railroad, 10/- extra. Ditto, 2in. gauge, without Pressure Gauge, 22½in. long, **60/-**. Ditto, 1¾in. gauge, 16in. long, **22/-**, carriage free. 25ft. oval railroad, 7/6. All run **backwards** or **forwards**, straight or circular. Send to-day for our **Special Illustrated Catalogue**, over **150 Engravings** of above and other **Engines, Rails, Signals, Bridges, Stations, Coaches, Waggons**, and all Rolling Stock, also **Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts**, &c., and latest novelties, **free** on receipt of stamp for postage.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT,
Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians,
Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B.

Learn to Write ADVERTISEMENTS

Your Success Rests on Your Advertising Ability.

THE REASON why some men and women earn more money now than previously is because they recognised the possibilities of the Advertising Profession, and used their spare moments in learning advertising from the Page-Davis School.

This applies to Mr. W. Rollison, whose occupation was that of gardener. He found time to learn advertising, and the result is that he has established and is now managing the mail order business of the Valley Orchard Co., Evesham.

Mr. E. H. Butler, who is now with The Lamson Paragon Co., also earns more money to-day because he went through the Page-Davis Course.

The students who are now earning £900 and £300 per year were, not long ago, in ordinary positions, but they found time to prepare for the positions they now hold.

We absolutely guarantee to teach you the Advertising Business by correspondence, which enables our students to earn from £5 per week. Page-Davis students were not exceptional men and women. They were just ordinary people with Common Sense and the determination to increase their salaries. They became exceptional by reason of their knowledge of advertising.

OUR LARGE PROSPECTUS FREE.

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THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, M.A.
Photo. Mills.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newman.

President, F. C. GOULD, ESQ. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR OCTOBER 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.—I have a heavy mail this month from the Antipodes. Hitherto the distance between New Zealand and us seems to have been a bar to the steady progress of the League. But now a regular correspondence has been established, and is kept up with as much steadiness and punctuality as our own.

Every month brings its own pleasant surprises, and this one is not an exception. A short time ago there were only two or three members of the B.E.L. in Wanganui. On "Empire Day" they, with twelve friends, met together and decided to form a branch of the B.E.L. No sooner was this resolution announced in the town than fifty new members were enrolled, and the Club set about appointing officers, as follows: President, Mr. A. G. Bignell (Mayor of Waganui); Vice-Presidents, Messrs. A. D. Willis (Member of House of Representatives), W. Empson (Principal Collegiate School), G. Bridge (Chairman Education Board), W. Bruce (Chairman School Committee), Jas. Aitken, B.A. (Head Master District High School), F. Webb Jones (editor *Wanganui Herald*), and Maurice Spurdle (organiser of the first meeting); Hon. Sec., Clifford Hood 66 Bell Street; Hon. Treasurer, A. Mackinnon. With such influential support, we can rest assured that the principles on which the B.E.L. are founded will be zealously fostered and that this, our newest branch, will have no lack of advice and help to gain it the success it deserves.

I have also suggestions from various branches in our Colonies as to the formation of a Camera Club with a view to the exchange of amateur photos. I shall be glad to hear from my readers on this subject, and give them full particulars.

BROMSGROVE.—I have a cheerful letter from the Hon. Sec. of this branch. He writes asking "if there is any objection to a *second* branch being formed here." Certainly not. I only wish many more of our larger towns were as enthusiastic. Another pleasing feature of this letter is that the writer "paid Kidderminster comrades a visit and found they have a splendid branch and a very business-like Committee and secretary." Now this is just the sort of thing I should like to see more universally practised. The winter session is coming on, and I think nothing could be nicer than paying visits to one another. By this means the interests of the League would be kept up and strengthened, to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

Correspondents are wanted in Iver (Bucks), Heaton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Birmingham, Leeds, Blackpool, and many other places, for particulars of which Readers are requested to write to Headquarters.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Every week the importance of this section becomes more apparent and extensive. CAPTAIN readers can now be put in communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire. I should like to obtain more correspondents in Japan, and I hope, now that the war is happily at an end, that I shall be able to arrange regular communications between home members and those in the Far East.

For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to Headquarters.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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SOMETHING QUITE UNIQUE.

Strongly Bound in real Japanese Covers, "A Marvel of Artistic Finish and Quality."

Unsolicited Testimonials from all parts daily.

Over 50,000 already sold.

Art Colour.

Artistically Lettered in White.

3 Cards on a Page.

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261, to hold 200	. .	1/-
262, ,, 300	. .	1/6

4 Cards on a Page. 2 Upright and 2 Oblong-Shape Cards.

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215, to hold 300	. .	2/-
216 ,, 400	. .	2/3
217 ,, 500	. .	2/6

Newest Shades of Dark Green Leaves.

Sent Post Free and Packed in strong box. Approval.

Illustrated Catalogue of other Designs sent Free on Application.

GEORGE TAPLIN,
Manufacturer, Harringay, London, N.

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FOR OCTOBER. Sixpence Net.

Some of the principal contents:

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including special photographs of THE NEW ZEALAND RUGBY TEAM.

THE GIPSY OF ENGLAND.
A superbly illustrated article of great interest.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE BULL-DOG.
An expert article, strikingly illustrated, dealing with this popular dog which, originally bred for bull-baiting, is now valued for show and as a companion.

MACHINE-MADE MARKSMEN.
Answers the question raised by Lord Roberts: "How to make a Nation of Rifle Shots," and contains many original illustrations, including four of Sergeant Comber, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, on the range.

THE ART OF PETER LATHAM. By EUSTACE MILES.
ALPINE ICE AXES. MODERN SPORT IN SCULPTURE.
And many other features.

The October FRY'S is a powerful number.

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CLUB OUTFITS.

ASSOCIATION GOAL NETS, REGULATION SIZE 24 ft. × 8 ft., SIZE OF MESH, 5 ins. SQUARE, STEAM TARRED HEMP LAID CORD, 30/-, 37/6, & 45/- per SET.

JERSEYS.—Vertical Stripes, Button or Lace Fronts, with Collar.
Special Quality, 3/9 each, 42/- doz. Cheaper Quality, 2/9 each, 30/- per doz. Postage 4d.

SEND FOR OUR NEW FOOTBALL LIST.
POST FREE ON RECEIPT OF CARD.

SHIRTS.

HARLEQUIN or STRIPES

FLANNELETTE SHIRTS.
Harlequin or Stripes, 1/10 each. 2/2 reduction on 1 doz.
Superior ditto 2/6 each. Reduction on 1 doz., 3/-.
FLANNEL ditto, 5/6. Postage, 3d.

SHIN GUARDS.
CANE BARS, BEST MAKES, 1/-, 1/4, & 1/8. Postage 3d.

BRASS INFLATORS 9d., 1/5, 1/11, 2/6. Postage 3d.

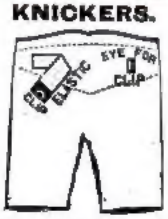
FOOTBALLS.

THE "CROWN"	...	...	5/- each.
THE "CLUB"	...	...	5/9 "
THE "GOAL"	...	...	6/6 "
THE BRITON	...	...	7/6
THE KIKOPH	...	...	8/11

Postage 4d.

KNICKERS.

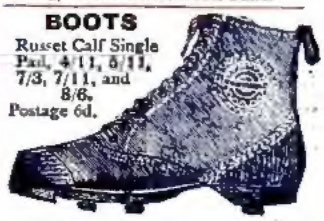
STRONG NAVY SERGE KNICKERS



BELTLESS KNICKERS A BOON TO FOOTBALL PLAYERS

BELTLESS KNICKERS, with Elastic and Patent Clip, 2/3. ORDINARY MAKES, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9. WHITE SWANSDOWN, 1/4, 2/2, 3/3. Postage 3d. 2/- reduction on 1 doz. Pairs.

BOOTS
Russet Calf Single Pad, 4/11, 5/11, 7/3, 7/11, and 8/6. Postage 6d.



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Are assured to all who commence their daily course with a pure, wholesome, and highly nutritive food beverage such as

CADBURY'S COCOA

It gives strength and staying power to the athlete, as well as reliable nourishment to those whose duties call for much mental or physical exertion.

The Lancet describes CADBURY'S COCOA as "the standard of highest purity at present attainable in regard to cocoa."

CADBURY'S—ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

"Really wholesome Confectionery."—*Lancet.*

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

Brooks Saddles for COMFORT & QUALITY

THIS NAME DENOTES PRE-EMINENCE

THE MODERATE PRICES PERMIT THE USE ON ALL RELIABLE MACHINES

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